

# 테리판

파그마의 후예

MAYA&MARU GAME FANTASY STORY

박새날 게임 판타지 장편소설



마야 & 마루

ILLUSTRATOR, SILVERBIN

# Overgeared

– 템빨 –

- Part 8 -

-Author-  
Park Saenal



## CHAPTER 301

On the large screen, Elfin Stone scattered into black smoke. It was an incredible result.

Lim Cheolho stretched out a hand towards Yoon Sangmin and Team Leader Ashley, whose mouths were gaping open.

“Come on, give it to me.”

The two people pulled out a 50,000 won note.

“Ugh...! My allowance...”

“I won’t be able to buy chicken this week...”

Yoon Sangmin and Team Leader Ashley had some of the highest salaries in South Korea. However, they both had strict wives and only lived on a small amount of money. Their loss in the bet was really heartbreaking.

“I shouldn’t have bet... I never imagined this.”

They were convinced that Grid’s party wouldn’t succeed in the Elfin Stone raid. Lim Cheolho smiled warmly. “Grid won because he blocked the first Blood Field. If Blood Field was deployed at the beginning of the raid, the Overgeared members wouldn’t have been able to hold on that long.”

“I agree.”

Grid’s skills were improving day by day.

After reaching level 300 and waiting a short time to activate his newly acquired Item Combination skill, he could exert a fighting power comparable to the combat specialist legendary classes.

It was strong enough to transcend all presumptions. There was a reason Grid was included in the ‘five people who could make miracles’ that Lim Cheolho mentioned.

“But Grid... Isn’t it a little dangerous? Didn’t he die in the Blackening state?”

Chairman Lim Cheolho laughed at Yoon Sangmin.

“Grid will get to experience a whole new world.”

In the meantime, Grid’s radius of activity was too narrow. The Human World. He was active only in the Eternal Kingdom on the continent. It was necessary to experience the wide world that two billion users enjoyed.

“In the first place, it isn’t a dangerous place. Most of the residents are friendly and similar to humans.”



[You have died.]

Grid had died before in the past. He died four times to the green slime that even level 5 beginners could go against. However, death was unfamiliar to Grid after he became Pagma’s Descendant.

The last time was with Doran. It had been a long time since he struggled against Yura and died. If it was the Grid of the past, he would’ve been trembling about the penalties caused by death. He would’ve cursed. But now he was different. He was worried about the safety of his party members.

‘Is everybody okay?’

Grid wasn’t sure if the Elfin Stone raid succeeded. His mind had darkened the moment the 5th strike of Linked Kill had landed.

“Status window.”

Lv.300 (11.05%)

“...Hah.”

Grid smiled as he checked the experience gauge on his status window. When he encountered Elfin Stone, Grid’s experience gauge was only 0%. If he had failed the Elfin Stone raid? Of course, his level would’ve decreased. However, now his experience

gauge was at 11%.

In other words.

“The raid was a success.”

The death penalty at level 300 meant a 30% drop in experience, so he had gained 41% experience from Elfin Stone. It was a huge number, as expected of a named boss.

‘Everyone will be safe.’

Thank god. A relieved Grid was reminded of the pavranium.

‘Did he drop my pavranium?’

There was no need to worry even if it didn’t drop. His party members would search the city for it.

“In the meantime, I...”

The durability of his items was ruined by death. In particular, the item combination meant that Failure only had 10 durability remaining. If things went wrong, it would’ve been destroyed.

‘I need to repair my items.’

Grid turned to head to Khan’s smithy and hesitated.

“...Where is this place?”

Grid’s resurrection point was Reidan. The landscape that unfolded before his eyes should be familiar. But the surrounding scenery was unfamiliar. It was a small and tranquil village with around 20 shacks. Grid stood alone in the center of it.

“...?”

The confused Grid unfolded the map. However, Grid’s location wasn’t marked anywhere on the map.

“What the hell is this?”

Grid frowned and swept over the village. There wasn't a general store in the village. There were just 20 shacks, macaroon trees, and a small stream.

'There aren't any people.'

Grid picked a sweet and sour macaroon and placed it in his mouth. Why did he resurrect here instead of Reidan? A bug was unlikely. He never once heard of a bug being discovered in Satisfy.

"Kuk..."

Grid's thinking ability was unable to analyze the current situation.

'I need to go back to Reidan.'

In order to do that, he needed to know his current location. Grid tried to ask the guild members for assistance.

{Does anyone know my location right now?}

[You have failed to send a message to the guild. Hell is disconnected from the human world.]

"...Hell?"

Hell was a place with a blue sky and warm breezes? Shouldn't hell be darker and filled with lava?

"Dammit!"

In the end, Grid revealed his nature.

"This is hell! I fell down into hell!"

If he knew this, he would've lived a nice... No, he would've paid more attention to his demonic power figure!

'I killed too many people in the empire, the Vatican, and Winston.'

Grid currently had 401 demonic power. It happened when Grid was sure that he fell into hell because his demonic power was too high.

"They are...?"

A group was entering through the entrance of the village. They had strange appearances. Some men had horns on their foreheads, while some women had purple skin. They didn't look strong, but it was hard to see them as humans.

'Demonkin?'

He didn't want to fight when the durability of his items was so low.

The demonkin found Grid who was trying to run away. It was so fast that Grid failed to escape.

'Damn... In the end I have to fight. But demonkin do farming?'

The demonkin held farming equipment in their hands and their clothes were dirty. It was like Piaro's usual appearance. The demonkin asked him a question.

"Who are you?"

"A traveller...? Why would a traveller come to a place like this?"

"...?"

The demonkin weren't wary or hostile towards Grid. They treated him normally. It was great for Grid.

'The demonkin aren't hostile towards humans?'

Grid felt doubt and suddenly looked down at his hands. They were pale. He looked at the rest of his body, but it was the same. Grid realized.

'Blackening wasn't over.'

That's right. Grid was currently in a half demon state. The demonkin perceived him as

their own people. An old demonkin put down a basket full of unfamiliar plants and looked benignly at Grid.

“You seem stiff for some reason. Don’t be nervous. Everyone’s just curious because it has been almost 100 years since a visitor came to this village. Wasn’t it an exhausting trip? Would you like to have a meal? As you can see, this is a poor village and we can only cook Atura grass.”

“...Grass? You eat grass? You don’t eat humans?”

Grid blinked and questioned. The demonkin laughed.

“This young friend made a funny joke.”

“How can we eat humans?”

“We are fortunate not to be eaten by humans.”

“...?”

Their perception of humans was quite strange. These demonkin seemed different from the stories that Grid had heard.

‘Living in this shabby neighborhood... Are they weak among the demonkin?’

Then Grid cocked his head with surprise. It was because a demonkin called Helmis came up and grabbed his wrist.

‘Do they know that I am human?’

Grid was nervous as Helmis looked at his hands with interest.

“Looking at your calluses, you are a blacksmith? Isn’t this very interesting? I’ve never heard that there was another blacksmith among the demonkin.”

‘Blacksmith?’

Blacksmith among the demonkin?

‘Perhaps...’



Was the one who made Iyarugt a demonkin?

A notification window popped up in front of Grid.

[Blackening will end in one minute.]

Blackening wasn't lifted even if he died. The problem was that it wouldn't last forever.

'This...'

He didn't know what would happen if he changed back to a human here. The demonkin were surprisingly good people so Grid asked them.

"Do you know how to go to the Human World?"

The demonkin said hopelessly.

"We don't know either. Even the great demons can't freely enter the human world, so how can trivial people like us know the way?"

"Why do you want to go to the Human World? You, aren't you a little strange?"

"Something is suspicious."

The demonkin started to question Grid.

'Did I screw up?'

Grid gulped. At that moment, Noe jumped out of Grid's pet inventory.

"Nyang! It was the smell of home!"

The short-legged cat sniffed and his tail waved as he smelled the familiar scent of hell. Looking at his bright expression, Noe seemed quite happy. He even seemed to be doing a shoulder dance.

‘Cute.’

Grid wanted to continue watching Noe dance. The demonkin’s faces turned pale as they gazed at Grid.

“Heok! M-Memphis!”

“The best demonic beast of hell!”

The astonished demonkin shouted and knelt down when they saw Noe. A memphis. The most intelligent and mighty servants of the great demons, they were objects of worship for common demonkin. Then Noe finally noticed the bowing demonkin.

“Ah! Do you see Master? This body is so great!”

Grid scolded him.

“You only hid when I was trying to hunt Elfin Stone.”

“I’m sorry...”

Noe’s expression changed rapidly. The demonkin started speculating when they heard Noe called Grid his master.

“M-Memphis’ Master!”

“We didn’t know who you were and we dared offend you!”

“Kill us!”

Although they were demonkin, they were also friendly people who invited him for a meal. It happened when Grid was about to answer them.

[The duration of Blackening is over.]

[Your demonic power is sealed and your species has returned to a human being.]

[It is impossible for ordinary humans to enter hell. You are expelled from hell.]

“Kuk...!”

Grid’s vision blurred. Then after a moment, he opened his eyes at Reidan’s resurrection point.

{Grid! Are you okay?}

{What, why were you marked in an unknown location?}

There was an uproar in the guild chat window. Jishuka and the Pavranium Expedition members were clamoring. Grid could feel how worried they were.

‘The Elfin Stone raid must’ve succeeded if they can make contact with the outside world.’

{Grid! Look look! These are the items Elfin Stone dropped!}

{Really amazing! A growth type item! We didn’t even know that these items existed!}

“...!”

Grid’s eyes widened. It wasn’t because he checked the item options of Elfin Stone’s Ring and Iyarugt that was shared by the party members. There was another reason why he was surprised.

“You came.”

“...Yura?”

Why was she here? Yura looked at Grid and her cheeks puffed out. She could make a cute face like this?

Yura was standing next to Lauel and the Overgeared members.

‘Acting like this because she’s pretty. Tsk tsk, those pathetic guys.’

Grid was smiling despite this. The power of beauty was truly great.

## CHAPTER 302

Grid's party would fail at the Elfin Stone raid. It was regrettable, but it couldn't be helped. Elfin Stone was too strong. The Overgeared members all thought so, except for Yura.

She believed that Grid would produce results that would overturn everyone's expectations. This wasn't an inadequate belief that stemmed from her liking towards him. It was because she became a Demon Slayer and realized the power of a legendary class.

"Didn't struggling with the strong help you?"

She believed that Grid would succeed in the raid. Yura smiled at Grid. Grid's expression was full of confidence as he replied.

"Yes, it was a very big help."

There was an insurmountable wall in Grid's consciousness. It was none other than Hell Gao. The great demon whose body was sealed by Sword Saint Muller, with only the soul remaining. He was very strong. It was impossible to defeat him unless the fire stones were taken.

But now it was different. Grid was comparable to Hell Gao. No, he might even be stronger after gaining the experience of defeating Elfin Stone.

'Sooner or later, I will hunt Hell Gao again.'

Then it would be different from the past. Grid would raid Hell Gao without resorting to the fire stones, and would eventually reach a higher ground.

'I must become the best.'

He didn't want to ever sacrifice his colleagues again due to his own helplessness. It was enough to only experience that dirty feeling once. Grid's expression as he vowed was more mature than before. The growth of the 28 year old youth was continuing without stopping.

How charming would he be once he was over 30 years old? Yura's heart thumped at the thought. She trembled as Grid stared at her.

"But why is your level so low? The 5th place ranker is only level 203? Have you been cheating people?"

What was this? He seemed to go back to the time when he spat things out without thinking. But Yura accepted it well. She thought he was better than a man who was pretentious or always bluffed.

"Check my class."

"Class? Aren't you a black magician?" Grid only saw Yura's level in the guild members information and belatedly confirmed her class. Then he was shocked. "Demon Slayer? What is this? Huh? Uh? L-Legendary...!"

At the press conference for the 1st National Competition, Lim Cheolho had stated this: There were a total of nine legendary classes.

However, two legendary classes were part of Overgeared. Grid's heart was overflowing with joy.

"You are really welcome!"

Grid was so happy he wanted to embrace her. But he didn't want to be labelled as a molester and refrained.

After that.

Grid left Reidan with Yura and Huroi. It was to join up with the Pavranium Expedition. He had 84 days left in his quest to secure the remaining pavranium. City 13 was one of the most difficult ones, and it was already cleared. Their power was strengthened, so it would be easier to secure the rest of the pavranium.



The 13th vampire city.

After Grid died killing Elfin Stone, the surviving party members searched all over the city. The ultimate goal of this expedition was to secure the pavranium. But it was

difficult to find. The scale of the city was too big and it was also dark.

“The torches have already run out.”

“If I had known this, I would’ve packed more.”

“Zednos. You’re a third advancement magician, and yet you can’t use any light magic?”

“I only learned wind magic.”

“Sigh, you should learn the basic spells, regardless of attribute.”

“I’m willing to continue with this path. Who knows? If I keep learning only one type of magic, I might obtain a hidden class.”

“Ugh... What if we ask for Minor to be sent? He would find it quickly.”

“Let’s look a little more.”

Four more hours passed. They killed the scattered remnants of the vampires’ familiars while searching and eventually found a deep cave. The entrance was covered by a rock wall, making it look like a secretive and suspicious place.

“This seems like it?”

Vantner took the lead. The moment when all the people behind him entered the cave.

[The Guardian of the Labyrinth has detected an intruder and woken up from a long sleep.]

[The traps have been activated.]

*Papat! Pa pa pa pat!*

*Kwarururung!*



A rain of arrows fell from the ceiling while spikes rose up from the ground. The chain lightning that came from the walls was stronger than many magicians. In the past, Grid couldn't cope with the damage from Braham's traps and survived due to his immortal passive. But it was somewhat lacking to threaten the current Overgeared members.

"Titan."

*Kuwaaah!*

Vantner summoned an illusionary giant. It was a skill that increased the physical defense power of each party member, as well as blocking the projectiles.

*Jjejeong! Jjeejeeong!*

Most of the arrows were neutralized by the giant. The thorns rising from the ground pierced the soles of their feet, but the increase in defense allowed them to avoid any fatal wounds.

"Wind Curtain!"

Chain Lighting was weakened by Zednos' magic. Thanks to that, the party members could escape from the traps. Two very large golems were waiting for them.

"Wow, they're huge. Aren't they a bit bigger than the ancient weapons that attacked Reinhardt?"

"This golem..."

Jishuka and Vantner were familiar with these golems. The two people thought about it.

"They resemble the golem that Grid fought when he obtained the pavranium."

"However, they look much bigger and stronger."

"It means this place definitely has pavranium."

"Okay, let's take them down lightly."

The two guardians of the labyrinth! They were 150 levels higher than the golems that

Grid defeated in the past. They were also stronger than the ancient weapons that invaded Reinhardt. But the Overgeared members also grew. The golems couldn't exert any power against the elites of the Overgeared Guild. No matter how high their stats, the golems had simple defensive patterns, so they weren't a threat to rankers who had transcendent control skills.

"The defense is quite high."

"Slow down and concentrate on the feet. Knock it down."

"Zednos, look for the mana core. Then I can deal fatal damage to the mana core with my quick-draw sword technique."

*Kurururu!*

20 minutes after the battle started. The guardians of the labyrinth had high defense and health, but they eventually collapsed. The party members' expressions brightened as they identified all the minerals that dropped.

It was because they imagined Grid's happiness. As they were thinking this, someone's voice was delivered into their minds.

[Now dogs and cows dare touch my things.]

"Dog?"

"Cow?"

"Us?"

He was referring to them, who were in the top 20 of two billion users?

"Who are you to say that?"

Vantner growled and asked the voice.

[I am the great magician Braham.]

Braham was looking forward to it. He wanted to see their terrified reactions when they heard his name. However, the Overgeared members responded in a completely

unexpected way.

“It’s just a specter of the past.”

“You’re the one who installed the traps? You have a sneaky personality.”

“If you’re dead, you should leave peacefully. Why are you staying in this world to harm people?”

“Give us the pavranium.”

[You guys...!]

Braham knew that the intruders were Grid’s subordinates. It was thanks to Euphemina, who was currently in the Siren Kingdom. Braham had watched them through Mumud’s Orb when she had been staying at Reidan. Braham didn’t like them.

[You truly fit together! All of you are just like Pagma’s Descendant!]

Grid, the thief who stole the pavranium instead of making the Vessel of the Soul. Even now, he was sending his minions to rob Braham’s pavranium. It was an act that couldn’t be forgiven.

[I will show you!]

Grid would take a direct hit if he killed these guys! Braham pulled out the weapon he had prepared for when he would reunite with Grid.

[Mumud!]

*Kwajak!*

An old coffin emerged from the ground. The Overgeared members were surprised at the sight of the coffin.

“Another vampire?”

“What magician can summon a vampire?”

The Overgeared members determined that it was a vampire, but this was a big

mistake.

*Creak.*

It was a skeleton, not a vampire, that emerged from the open coffin.

“Skeleton?”

In Satisfy, skeletons were summoned using bones. What skeleton was kept in a coffin? Zednos turned pale as he found the orb in the skeleton’s hand.

“Mumud...! I knew that name was familiar. He was Braham’s disciple!”

“Then?”

“That skeleton, it’s a lich!”

“What?!”

A lich was on a different dimension from a skeleton. They possessed infinite magic power and were rumored to surpass the 10 great magicians of the continent. Braham’s soul fluttered as he identified the nervous reactions of the Overgeared members.

[Demands are a privilege of the strong. You want me to give you the pavranium? You children who don’t understand who you are going against, I will punish you.]

*Kiyaaaaaah!*

The lich stood up. The magic power emitted by it was reminiscent of Elfin Stone.

“Let’s escape. We can wait until Grid comes back.”

“Yes, we don’t have to fight it now. Let’s go back safely.”

They were still exhausted after the Elfin Stone raid. The risk was high and there was no merit to fighting the lich without a plan. The Overgeared members quickly judged the situation and tried to escape.

*Step step.*

At that moment, someone's footsteps were heard in the cave.

'Perhaps?'

'Grid!'

Grid always appeared with perfect timing. He was like a character in a movie who appeared in a moment of crisis. He was a person who made them feel a strange anticipation.

"I finally found it. Lich Mumud."

"...!"

The Overgeared members thought the footsteps belonged to Grid. Their brightened faces distorted instantly. They never imagined the true identity of the owner of the footsteps.

"Why are there so many guests?"

A man appeared in front of the Overgeared members and the lich. He swept back his pale green hair and scanned the Overgeared members.

"Look at these guys who are rushing around because they received their third advancement. Don't you know how to play alone?"

Who could speak in such an unreasonable manner to the prestigious Overgeared members? There was only one person. This man had the nickname of Crazy Person. Or Mad Dog.

"Agnus...!"

## CHAPTER 303

“Agnus...!”

He was ranked 6th after Yura disappeared from the rankings list. He was originally thought to have an epic class, but now it was known that he had a hidden growth class. He never showed up in public. However, a few top rankers knew his strength. They often bumped into him at the hunting grounds.

“Hey, Overgeared noobs.”

Jishuka, Peak Sword, Pon, Regas, Faker, Vantner and Zednos. Agnus didn't shrink back despite facing the party of eight. Rather, he poked fun at them.

“I've been looking for that lich for 11 months. Don't touch my prey or I'll kill you.”

“You bastard!” Vantner cried out furiously towards Agnus. “If you don't want to die, don't make fun of us!”

Agnus shrugged. “Bald Vantner. You're really stupid.”

Vantner's face turned red.

“I'm not stupid or bald! This is a shaved head! Aren't you the one interfering? We found this place first!”

“So what? Are you going to fight that lich?”

“Why not?”

“Kukuk! Aren't you funny? You look tired, probably from defeating the master of this city? Mumud was close to being a legendary magician. Now that he's beyond death, he's even stronger. He isn't something you guys can go against.”

“You bastard! Yet you want to raid him alone...? Oof! Oof!”

“Relax. Our purpose isn't to raid the lich.”



Jishuka blocked Vantner's mouth. Then she suggested to Agnus.

"I will give you that lich. We won't get involved in the raid. Instead, we have something separate to do. Can you not restrain us?"

"I will think about it if you kneel down."

"You should act in moderation, Agnus."

"Kukuk, yes, yes. I understand."

Jishuka was surprisingly passive towards Agnus. This was also a good development for the Overgeared members. Agnus would get the lich and they could concentrate on securing the pavranium.

Vantner couldn't accept it.

{Are you going to just let him go? Why are we leaving it alone when he is treating us like this?}

Vantner was the lowest ranking member of the party. He had no experience with Agnus. However, the other members were different. They all had at least one hunting ground overlap with Agnus.

{It's better to avoid Agnus.}

The sky above the sky, Kraugel. Pon acknowledged Kraugel as this. However, that was just in a one-on-one fight. Agnus was king of the dead and could rule over hundreds.

{He's a man who absolutely shouldn't be our enemy.}

Vantner didn't understand.

{All of you have been saying that he's great for a long time, but I honestly don't know. Is he so strong that we have to flee, despite there being eight of us?}

{We aren't running away. We are just avoiding him?}

{That is the same thing! Ah, damn! I'm sorry towards Grid! Ignoring the Overgeared Guild is no different from ignoring Grid!}

{... Speaking of Grid. If the two people meet, they will fight.}

{Their personalities are similar. Grid and Agnus absolutely shouldn't meet.}

{We need to find the pavranium before Grid arrives.}

*Papat!*

The determined Overgeared members scatter all over the cave. Vantner was left staring at Agnus alone, and eventually had to follow his party members. Agnus looked at them and muttered.

“Don't rush. I have to test the performance against you if I get Mumud.”

Braham shouted at Agnus, who was smiling in a disgusted manner.

[Why do things keep on getting twisted? Who are you?]

“Me?” Agnus' gaze shifted towards Braham's soul. “I am someone looking for your body.”

*Kwajik! Kwajjik!*

The ground around Agnus split apart and hundreds of skeletons popped out. Death knights and a lich were included. Third advancement necromancers could obtain death knights, but liches were different. There was no lich summoning in the skill tree of the third advancement necromancer.

In the first place, liches were originally human. Even the great magician Braham couldn't fully control Lich Mumud. He took advantage of the coffin for vampires. Braham identified the lich summoned by Agnus and was astonished.

[You...! You are Baal's Contractor!]

“Don't bring up that damn name.”

Agnus frowned and waved his hand. Then the death knights and hundreds of skeletons hit Lich Mumud.

*Kiyaaaaaah!*

Mumud fired off magic power. The flash of light shot forward in a straight line, turning the skeletons in front to powder. It was like a dark dragon's breath.

"Hoh." Agnus didn't shake despite losing dozens of skeletons at once. Rather, he was pleased. "As expected."

Now, become his.

"Kuahahaha!"

Agnus burst out laughing. In response, the death knights, lich and skeletons' eyes turned red. Braham's soul shook like a lamp in front of the wind.

[This dog...!]

He couldn't lose Mumud. Braham only had a handful of souls left, so Mumud was almost his only support. But Baal's Contractor showed no mercy. The powers of the death knights and lich strengthened the skeleton soldiers, gradually driving Mumud on the defensive.

[Indeed, you were chosen by Baal for a reason...!]

*Puok!*

The death knight's sword struck Braham's soul fragment. At the same time, Braham's voice stopped. It took a few more minutes before Lich Mumud was under control.

"Sigh."

Agnus made a tired expression. His dark circles had noticeably become thicker. He sighed and swept away his matted hair. Then he approached the captured Lich Mumud and drew an unidentified sigil on the skull. It was a sigil of absolute domination, that could only be used three times in total.

*Kyaak!*

Lich Mumud screamed. It was strange, since the undead couldn't feel pain.

"Kukuk."

After a while. Lich Mumud stood next to Agnus. Agnus stroked his skull like he was cute and looked around.

The Overgeared members had already left.

“I took too long. Well, it’s okay. This has brought me closer to my heart’s desire. I’ve become the owner of two liches. The third and final one will be saved for you, Braham.”

He would surely find out where Braham was buried.

“Kukukuk!”

Agnus laughed and left the cave.

After a while.

The Overgeared members appeared one by one in a corner of the empty cave. They wore the invisibility cloaks and received a huge shock as they watched Agnus. Vantner was sweating as he asked.

“Agnus is a necromancer with a lich? I can understand the death knights and skeleton soldiers, but how can he summon a lich? Even Braham can’t...”

A lich and three death knights. It was a power that could be considered an army. It was a level that could wreck a nation.

Pon looked troubled. “His strength is on a completely different dimension compared to when I saw him last year. This is making me anxious.”

It wasn’t good for such a crazy person to gain such power.



“The entrance is open.”

The 13th vampire city. The entrance that was like an ant hill was wide open. The city’s master Elfin Stone was defeated, so the entrance was released.

“Where are they?”

Grid was waiting with Huroi and Yura, and eventually sent a whisper to Jishuka.

*–We just arrived at the city's entrance. Where are you? Have you found the pavranium yet?*

Jishuka hurriedly replied.

*–We found it! We will leave here soon, so head towards the 14th city first.*

*–Why do we need to go first? We'll wait at the entrance.*

*-No, just go ahead!*

‘What is this?’

It was strange. A thought crossed Grid's mind as he frowned.

‘Perhaps...’

Could they be in danger? They were considerate and didn't want him to get caught up in it? It was quite possible.

‘How useless.’

Grid was no longer a person to be protected. It was the opposite. Grid turned a cold gaze towards Yura and Huroi.

“Are you ready to fight?”

“Of course, My Lord.”

“I'm always ready.”

“Okay, then let's go.”

Grid's group went through the entrance. At the same time.

“Huh?”

Agnus popped out of the ant hill. It was exquisite timing that allowed Grid's party to

barely avoid him.

“Was I mistaken?”

He thought he felt something when he warped through the doorway, but he wasn't sure. In any case, his work here was over, so Agnus looked at his schedule.

“Next is the Sword Grave.”

The legendary blacksmith, Pagma. At the end of his life, he allegedly made and destroyed thousands of swords. According to the history records acquired through quests, Braham often visited it...

Agnus sent a whisper.

*–Veradin, have you located the Sword Grave?*

*–I'm sorry. I mobilized all of my resources, but couldn't find it.*

*–Really worthless.*

*–I'm sorry.*

*–Find it quickly. I'll head to the next one.*

*–I will keep that in mind.*

“Tsk.”

Agnus clicked his tongue and started to cross the desert. He didn't shed a single drop of sweat, despite the boiling heat.



“Huh? You're safe?”

Around 10 minutes after entering the 13th vampire city. Grid reunited with the Pavranium Expedition. Jishuka examined the puzzled looking Grid and asked.

“Are you okay? You're not injured? You weren't bitten by a crazy dog?”



Jishuka told Grid to head to the 14th city first because she was worried that he would face Agnus. Fortunately, it didn't seem like that happened.

"Why would there be a dog in the desert?"

Grid responded like it was absurd. A relieved Jishuka handed him presents.

"Then take this."

They were the items dropped by Elfin Stone, various minerals, and pavranium.

"Everyone has suffered."

Grid bowed in thanks to Jishuka and his companions. The party members smiled brightly.

"It was you who suffered the most."

Strictly speaking, it wasn't the case.

Grid got a bus ride from them. If they hadn't given up the experience, he wouldn't have reached level 300 and they would've failed to clear the city. Securing the pavranium? He couldn't even dream of it.

Grid vowed.

"Once this expedition is over, I will give all of you the best items."

"Are you talking about the Grid set you mentioned before?"

The moment that the party members were becoming excited.

"What? Why is this girl here?"

Jishuka belatedly discovered Yura with Grid. Yura calmly replied, "You still speak in such a violent manner. I'm afraid that it will have an adverse effect on Youngwoo-ssi's feelings."

"Youngwoo-ssi? He's Duke Grid. Can't you distinguish between reality and the game?"

“I will call him what I like. It’s none of your business.”

*Pajjik!*

Sparks flew as the two women’s gazes crossed.

‘Beauties are fighting over Grid... ’

‘Grid already has Irene... ’

The party members were jealous of Grid. They were truly envious. However, Grid didn’t pay attention to them. He was busy identifying the newly acquired items.

[Three pieces of ??? have been collected.]

[The information about the ??? Pieces has been updated.]

‘This...!’

Grid’s eyes widened.

## CHAPTER 304

[Three pieces of ??? have been collected.]

[The information about the ??? Pieces has been updated.]

*Ttiring~*

[Red Mirror Piece]

Pieces of a round mirror made of blood stones.

The exact function of the mirror isn't known.

The third prince of the Saharan Empire is looking for this mirror. It is recommended that you gather all the pieces and give them to him.

Weight: 3

'This...!'

Grid verified the updated information of the unknown pieces. Then another item passed through his head.

'Amethyst Shield!'

[Amethyst Shield]

Rating: Epic

Durability: 200

Defense: 200 Magic Resistance: 200

A beautiful shield that shines purple, red, or black depending on the angle. It is a symbolic piece that is awarded only to the head of the Red Knights.

It was an item lost three years ago when Piaro, who was framed as a traitor by Asmophel, fled to the Eternal Kingdom.

The third prince of the Saharan Empire is looking for this shield. It is recommended that you bring it to him.

Weight: 350

It was an item he acquired more than a year ago in Satisfy time. The Awakened Guardian of the Forest had dropped it. How could he meet a prince of the empire? He had placed the item in his inventory and forgotten about it.

‘The performance isn’t very good, but I kept it because it’s a quest item.’

How could he have forgotten about it...?

‘Well, a busy person can forget about the little things.’

His memory wasn’t bad. Grid had a habit of getting involved in incidents every day, so he rationalized it to himself.

‘Anyway, there seems to be a big episode since the empire’s third prince is always mentioned.’

Could he get a hint from Piaro, the owner of the Amethyst Shield?

‘Once this expedition is over, I should talk with Piaro.’

Grid determined and checked the remaining items. First was Iyarugt.

“Legendary Blacksmith’s Appraisal.”

[The blacksmith who became a legend can appraise items with an excellent discerning eye. If a hidden feature exists in the target item, it will be found.]

[Iyarugt]

Rating: Unique (Growth)

Durability: 351/351 Attack Power: 793

\* Sword Mastery Level +5.

\* The skill 'Blood Cry' is generated.

\* Decreases the healing ability of the target by 50% when they are hit.

\* A critical strike will cause a bleeding status that will last for 3 seconds. The bleeding damage will be proportional to your attack power.

\* The target's bleeding effect will be maximized when three combos are achieved. At this time, the damage done to the target will increase by 200% for 1 second.

\* When five combos are achieved, the target's thinking ability will be destroyed for 0.3 seconds. At this time, you can link the skill 'Hell Sword.'

Iyarugt is a sword made by the only blacksmith of hell, out of a soul and blood stones. It has exceptional damage for a one-handed sword.

The soul of Iyarugt will turn the wearer into a master of swordsmanship. However, he rarely accepts anyone as a master.

Conditions of Use: A person chosen by Iyarugt.

Weight: 290

[A hidden function doesn't exist.]

'Amazing...!'

A legendary rated two-handed sword had an attack power of 1,040~2,166. On the other hand, Iyarugt was a unique rated one-handed sword, but its attack power was close to 800. This was a tremendous number considering the fact that two-handed swords normally had more attack power, while one-handed swords normally had more speed.

‘It also increases the level of Sword Mastery by 5. The average damage might rise or fall slightly compared to Failure. It will be far superior if it’s raised to a legendary rating.’

It was an excellent sword. The material was far superior to blue orichalcum, but there was also the skills of the blacksmith.

‘Hell’s only blacksmith...’

Helmis. A demonkin he met when he died in the Blackening State and fell to hell.

‘Is it his work?’ But it was strange. ‘He seems to have an affinity with the blacksmithing class itself... If we meet again, will he teach me?’

Grid was filled with expectations. But he didn’t want to go to hell. Of course, hell was very different from his imagination. It was a peaceful world with a clear blue sky and grasslands. The demonkin were also surprisingly friendly.

However, he shouldn’t be misled by appearances. A rash decision was always poisonous.

‘Hell is the land of evil.’

He should avoid that place, as long as he didn’t know what risks might be present. Grid dismissed the reunion with Helmis and examined Elfin Stone’s Ring next.

[The blacksmith who became a legend can appraise items with an excellent discerning eye. If a hidden feature exists in the target item, it will be found.]

[Elfin Stone’s Ring]

Rating: Epic (Growth)



\* During normal attacks, 12% of the damage done to the target will be restored to you as health.

\* During skill attacks, 5% of the damage done to the target will be restored to you as health.

\* This effect is only invoked once every 21 seconds.

\* Strength, stamina and health +20

A ring that contains Earl Elfin Stone's unique magic power.

It raises the potential and survival ability of the wearer.

Weight: 1

'This is also amazing...!'

In Satisfy, a potion's cooldown time was long and healers were precious, so the value of a vampire's ring was astronomical. In addition, Elfin Stone's Ring was applied to skill attacks. This was a unique feature that went against common sense, and the compatibility with Grid's legendary skills was excellent. The only thing lacking was that the cooldown time was 21 seconds, but that wasn't a huge disadvantage.

'It gives me a 60 point stat bonus... '

Wasn't it like gaining six levels? Grid's heart pumped. He was glad about obtaining another top quality accessory after Doran's Ring and Dark Bus' Ring. It was worth sacrificing his life to succeed in this raid.

A notification window popped up in front of Grid.

[This item has a hidden function.]

[The information of Elfin Stone's Ring has been updated.]

“...!”

Grid’s eyes widened. He was amazed to see the true function of Elfin Stone’s Ring.

\* If this ring grows to a legendary rating, the wearer can summon Vampire Earl Elfin Stone.

“...Uh?”

He was able to summon the strongest and worst boss? There was no mention of whether the summoned person would be a subordinate, or if he would still be hostile to Grid. But if he thought about it with common sense, Elfin Stone was more likely to be his subordinate.

Grid clenched his fists tightly. He was thrilled as he imagined Elfin Stone becoming his slave. However, there was one thing that bothered him. Grid turned to stare at the party members.

“All of you should know the value of these items. It’s too burdensome for me to gobble them up alone.”

The party members smiled brightly.

“Don’t you normally do this for us?”

“We can get items from a legendary blacksmith for free, as long as we provide the materials.”

“Besides, don’t forget that the main player in this raid is Grid.”

“In the first place, we wouldn’t have raided Elfin Stone if it wasn’t for you.”

“Everyone...”

He was deeply grateful for their help with his quest, as well as giving him such consideration. Where in the world did such nice and kind friends exist? Grid vowed yet again. He had to return double the grace they showed to him. But before that, there was something he needed to do.

“Jishuka. Please fire Phoenix Arrow here.”

“Huh? Why?”

Phoenix Arrow was a symbol of Jishuka’s authority, as well as her ultimate skill. It was the strongest skill that summoned a fire bird and turned the whole area into a sea of fire. Why did Grid want her to use Phoenix Arrow here? Grid pointed towards the pavranium that Jishuka had given him.

“To smelt this.”

“...”

Jishuka recalled a disgraceful moment from the past. Grid had wanted her to use her ultimate skill as a substitute for a blast furnace. Her pride was upset. However, she couldn’t refuse her guild master just because of pride. Moreover, Yura was also present. Jishuka wanted to prove that she was better than Yura.

“...I understand.”

Jishuka used Phoenix Arrow. It was a tremendous decision considering her normal prideful personality. Her colleagues looked at her with a pitying gaze.

‘Grid’s attitude towards women is too lacking.’

‘He isn’t delicate...’

‘Our poor Jishuka. Falling in love with an uncaring guy like that.’

*Ttang! Ttang!*

Grid became a bad guy who devoted himself to making an item. Using the fire that Phoenix Arrow generated, he smelted the pavranium and attached it to Lifael’s Spear. As a result, a small handle was attached to Lifael’s Spear. It meant that he could swing Lifael’s Spear by holding it in his hand.

But it still wasn’t complete. In order to truly be reborn as Lifael’s Spear, he needed to acquire the remaining 14 pavranium.

‘If I collect all 14 pavranium...’

The length of the handle had to be increased in order to enhance the spear to its best performance. At that time, it would be truly reborn as Lifael's Spear. Its power would be comparable or even higher than Iyarugt's.

"Give me any equipment you want repaired."

Grid reached out to his party members. Then they entrusted him with the items that were damaged during the course of the city raid.

*Ttang! Ttang!*

Indeed, Grid was a legendary blacksmith. There were dozens of items to be repaired. His speed was several times faster than ordinary blacksmiths. Grid's true power was revealed when he was holding the hammer.

After that.

"Let's depart."

After the maintenance, Grid's party left the 13th city and headed towards the 14th city. They planned to conquer the 14th and 15th cities first, then start sequentially from 12 down to 1. They were tired at the thought of all the city masters being like Elfin Stone, but the party didn't shrink back.

It was because Grid's increased strength and the addition of Yura raised the morale of the party. Unlike the concerns of the party, the expedition proceeded smoothly. The masters of the 14th and 15th cities were only barons, not earls. They were ridiculously weak compared to Elfin Stone.

"Indeed, if vampires like Elfin Stone were so common, then this world would've already been dominated by vampires."

The party was able to deduce that the difficulty of the 13th city was exceptionally high. Only Grid was suffering among the party members who had regained their composure.

## CHAPTER 305

‘No, dammit!’

Pagma’s Descendant could wear all types of equipment items unconditionally. This was one of Pagma’s Descendant’s greatest strengths, and was the source of his destructive power. However, he couldn’t equip Iyarugt. It was because Iyarugt rejected Grid.

*–An inferior demonkin? The demonic power that I feel from you is too weak and low quality. You don’t deserve to be my master.*

[You are rejected by Iyarugt.]

[You have failed to wear Iyarugt.]

If Iyarugt had cursed him, he could’ve cancelled it with his passive immune status. But Iyarugt just didn’t tolerate Grid’s existence itself. It wasn’t a matter that could be overcome with status immunity.

Grid was baffled. He never imagined that there would be an item he couldn’t wear.

‘It’s frustrating.’

There was only one way to increase the rating of a growth item. Use it a lot. However, Grid couldn’t wear it so he had no way to increase the rating. Grid wanted Iyarugt to become a legendary weapon, so he was now in a difficult situation.

‘I have to increase my demonic power?’

Iyarugt rejected Grid because his demonic power was too low. If he increased his demonic power, Iyarugt would no longer reject Grid. But Grid was unwilling.

‘The higher the demonic power, the more likely I am to go to hell.’

Demonic power rising. It meant he would become a demon sooner. The reason Grid could be sure of this was because of the notification windows he saw when he was in hell.

[The duration of Blackening is over.]

[Your demonic power is sealed and your species has returned to a human being.]

[It is impossible for ordinary humans to enter hell. You are expelled from hell.]

The system had clearly said so. It was impossible for a human to enter and stay in hell. In other words, if his demonic power was high enough to allow him entry to hell, he had already become a demon.

‘A demon...’

If he played a species hostile to humans, would it be possible to progress normally in the game? It would be tough. He wouldn’t be able to keep his position as lord of Reidan, which meant the collapse of Overgeared. In the worst case scenario, Irene and Khan would leave his side. Grid wanted to avoid becoming a demon as much as possible.

‘For the time being, I will use Iyarugt only when Blackening is activated.’

If he handled it briefly, he would improve his understanding of the item. If it reached 100% understanding...

‘At that time, I will use the Legendary Blacksmith’s Reconstruction.’

He would change Iyarugt into a soul that obeyed him, making him the perfect master of Iyarugt. Grid’s face distorted in a wicked manner as he pledged.

‘I will change its name to Yakult.’

It was a 200 won drink that Grid had drank since he was a child, and Iyarugt was hard to pronounce. It was a good choice to change the name into something easier to call.

“Kukukuk...!”

The demon sword Iyarugt, which had swordsmanship comparable to a great demon. It wasn't long until his noble pride would be brutally trampled on.



Yura joined the party from the 14th city onwards. She was level 203 when she joined. She might've been the former 5th ranked user and a legendary class, but wasn't her level too low? The party members judged that Yura joining them was too premature. She would be a burden, rather than help the party.

But she defied everyone's predictions. The legendary class, Demon Slayer, seemed to be fatal to all demonkin. Yura showed off a transcendent combat power against the vampires.

*Tatang! Tang tang!*

A Demon Slayer's main weapon was a magic gun. For convenience, a magic gun was a weapon that could only be produced at an alchemy facility and it depended on the user's control ability. It required discharging a constant amount of magic power quickly and properly as a bullet.

Every attack required a series of steps, so it wasn't easy. If Grid was given a magic gun to use, he would fail more than 100 times. Maybe it would take him more than three minutes to shoot a bullet.

But Yura was different. She skillfully handled the magic gun based on her masterful control from her time as a black magician, as well as her innate talent. Even magic gunmen would admire her skill.

“Kuak!”

“Kiyaaak!”

The pure white pistol blended with Yura's white skin. Every time she fired a magic bullet, the inferior vampires would shed blood.

“What is this...?”

The vampires made disbelieving expressions. A human woman with ebony hair tied up. She was so beautiful that she even attracted the vampires who regarded humans as food, and she didn't have any divine power. Yet her abilities were deadly to them.

Their bodies turned to black smoke, but still received damage. It was an attack that even neutralized the black smoke.

"This woman...! What is your identity?"

A vampire shouted when he saw his kin die from the bullets. The vampires reigned as a top-level predator, but they were now terrified of a human. Furthermore, a Korean woman! Peak Sword's patriotism rose at the sight.

"Do you know Yura!!!?"

"...That person, it's obvious that 'do you know' are the only English words he speaks."

"He doesn't even know how to use it correctly."

The party clicked their tongue at Peak Sword's tendencies. Yura just focused on the battle. The passive skill that was fatal to all demonkin, 'Purification' was refined into the magic bullets and then she shot them with 'Demonkin Contempt.'

*Tatang! Tang tang!*

The biggest advantage of a magic gun was the speed of the bullets. It was almost impossible to cope with the bullets, unlike arrows. The disadvantage was the slow firing speed.

Unlike the guns of modern society, the magic guns had to undergo the magic refinement process, making the shooting speed very slow. This was a fundamental problem that couldn't be overcome, even with Yura's skill.

*Click!*

Yura shot at the head of a bullet and was reloading her magic power.

"Damn human!"

The surviving vampires rushed over and wielded their sharp nails at Yura.



“This!”

Vantner, the only tanker of the party, was protecting Zednos. It was because Zednos used a wide area spell and attracted the aggro. He couldn't help Yura. Someone ran over as Vantner looked shocked.

“Yura!”

The person desperately called out Yura's name. Was it Grid? No. Grid was struggling with Iyarugt while hunting alone. In the first place, he wasn't paying attention to Yura. The person rushing to help Yura was Peak Sword. Yura was the proud daughter of South Korea, so he couldn't tolerate her being hurt.

“I'm coming! Yura!”

Peak Sword shouted. In fact, Yura didn't need his help. A legendary class. In addition, it was a combat focused legendary class.

*Supak!*

Yura put away her magic gun and pulled out a sword. She used the skill 'Brilliance Sword' and swung at the vampires. The vampires tasted the pain of burning flesh. Peak Sword couldn't help admiring it.

“You can even use swordsmanship...!”

That's right. A Demon Slayer's main weapon actually wasn't a magic gun. A Demon Slayer possessed the Weapons Mastery skill and could use all types of weapons. It was just that the active skills specialized in the gun and one-handed swordsmanship.

“You're really running wild against the small fry!”

The intermediate vampires witnessed the junior ones being beaten up by Yura and rushed over. Panic appeared on Yura's face. The junior vampires were in the mid-200s, while the intermediate vampires were at least level 280. The level difference between them was so large that Yura couldn't do any damage at all.

“Where are you looking?”

Jishuka's voice was heard as Yura looked around for a way to escape the vampires.

Jishuka was talking to the vampires.

“Your opponent is me!”

*Pepepeng!*

The arrows revolved like a drill and pierced the hearts of the vampires. Jishuka connected fire arrows with the dancing arrows, causing them to explode.

“I didn’t help you. I was just maintaining my experience.”

Yura smiled at the words.

‘I’m happy.’

Due to her innate talent and beauty, Yura was always alone. People of the same sex were jealous or wanted to borrow money from her, so she never opened up her heart to make friends. But the Overgeared members were different.

They were all people with the same talent as Yura. They didn’t give Yura special treatment or try to keep her in check. Yura was able to realize again. It was much more rewarding being with someone, rather than being alone.

‘It is really good that I joined Overgeared.’

The reason why Yura joined Overgeared was because of Grid. She wanted to quickly regain her ranking by joining Overgeared. There was also her personal liking. Grid was different from ordinary men. He was indifferent to her. Every once in a while, he showed annoyance.

This aspect was attractive to Yura. Was she masochistic? No (perhaps). Yura just felt comfortable with the man who didn’t put pressure on her. The main point was that Grid’s help in the National Competition was very attractive. It was the first time she had a crush on someone, so Yura wanted to be near Grid.

However, now she liked the Overgeared Guild itself.

“It’s up to here!”

*Chaaeng!*

It was around two days after Grid's party started killing the vampires in the 10th city. The boss appeared in the middle of the city, as windows of a building were shattered. Just like the 14th, 15th, 12th and 11th cities, the boss was a True Blood Baron.

"Daring to make a mess in my city! It can't be forgiven!"

*Kuoooooh!*

Bloody magic power spread in all directions. The surge of magic power was enormous. It was much stronger than a normal dungeon boss. But it was nothing compared to Elfin Stone. Grid's party had experience raiding Elfin Stone, so the baron vampires were no threat.

"Blackening."

Grid revealed his power from the beginning. The red sword and dark power coming from him made him look like a grim reaper.

"K-Keok! Why are humans so strong...?"

The boss of the 10th city scattered into black smoke. The vampire ring he dropped was distributed among the Overgeared members.

"Okay."

His understanding of Iyarugt was approaching 20%. It was very slow, but it was at least going up. Grid once again vowed to rename him Yakult and started searching for the pavranium.

Then he encountered Braham's soul in the cave with the pavranium. It was a reunion after around one and a half years of Satisfy time.

[Pagma's Descendant! We finally meet!]

'Eh?'

It was an unexpected reunion. It was because Braham's soul didn't appear in the 11~15th cities. To be honest, Grid had almost forgotten about Braham's existence.

'Will he be angry?'

Grid was stealing the pavranium instead of performing the quest, so Braham would obviously be angry. Grid greeted him awkwardly.

“I-It has been a while.”

But Braham’s response was surprising.

[Please help me!]

Not only was Braham not angry, he was actually begging. It was different from the personality that Grid knew. The class quest left abandoned was about to undergo an upheaval.

## CHAPTER 306

Braham Eshwald.

One of the nine direct descendants of Shizo Beriache. He was one of the cleverest in the clan, and one day he had a deep question.

‘God Yatan gave us the Curse of Idleness because of our strength and ambition, but why?’

God Yatan had a destructive desire. He wished to bring destruction to all the beings blessed by the goddess of light, Rebecca. Absolute strength and cruelty was necessary to accomplish this desire, and the right species was the vampires.

Vampires were powerful and could achieve God Yatan’s wish. So why seal their power with the Curse of Idleness? He couldn’t understand it.

Furthermore.

‘Why wasn’t any prohibition placed on the great demons?’

It stunk. Braham smelled something nasty and started to explore deeper into the gods. Then after 483 years, he discovered a fact. God Yatan’s destructive instinct only activated in a certain cycle.

‘Once human desires reaches the peak, chaos will come to the world.’

In other words, it happened when Goddess Rebecca could no longer control the world. Only then would God Yatan’s destructive instincts be exercised.

‘God Yatan will emerge to destroy the world, then Goddess Rebecca will once again create a new world.’

Yatan and Rebecca. The two opposing gods on the surface were actually cooperating with each other.

“Kukuk... We’re just playthings in the hands of the gods.”

Even now, the creatures of Yatan and Rebecca were hating and slaughtering each other. It was originally designed like this. Yatan and Rebecca were actually in a relationship to maintain the balance of this world?

Braham felt a great sense of betrayal. His infinite reverence for Yatan vanished. He suddenly realized the reason why Shizo Beriache, originally one of the great demons, was expelled from hell into the human world.

‘Mother was like me.’

The clever Beriache would’ve known about the reality of Yatan. She questioned him and was cursed with the Curse of Idleness, as well as being expelled from hell.

‘What about the other great demons?’

Did they know the truth, or were they just obedient puppets?

‘No matter what.’

There was only one thing Braham wanted.

‘I will overcome the Curse of Idleness.’

Shizo Beriache was a great demon of predation. The vampires who inherited her blood also had the same tendencies. Among them, Braham wanted to eat knowledge. However, due to the Curse of Idleness, he slept most of the day and it was almost impossible.

‘There is deep meaning in the great god’s curse.’

He must’ve cursed us to restrain our appetites. But what was the reality?

‘There is no god in the first place.’

Yatan. In other words, the omnipotent entity they thought of as a god didn’t exist. He was a passive machine that existed just for the providence of the world. There was no reason to serve it or endure the current trials.

‘Yatan, I will overcome the curse you laid on us and will be faithful to my instincts.’

He would accumulate knowledge and become a perfect existence! On that day, Braham pledged to explore all the disciplines and magic of the world. Over hundreds of years, he built up his knowledge and devoted himself to magic research by using all types of species as his test subjects. Among them were his clan members.

And this was the beginning of the worst situation.



“Braham! I’ll kill you!”

A vampire was crying while hugging his lover’s dead body. It was Elfin Stone, the 9th child of Shizo Beriache.

“Leah, you dare do to her...! Leah!!!”

Elfin Stone was enraged that his lover was the victim of the research. Braham asked him, “Brother, do you fail to understand my inquiring mind even until the end? Don’t you wonder about the source of my inquisitiveness?”

“I don’t understand! How can I understand your strange behavior when studying magic, to the point of even sacrificing your clan members? You’re just crazy!”

“...You’re saying this as well?”

He blamed the Curse of Idleness. They didn’t question anything. They found everything annoying and only coped with the things in front of them.

“There is no value for our clan.”

Braham confirmed it.

“Brethren, listen to me. You’re worse than the humans you treat as livestock. You have no right to grab at my ankles.”

“Stop talking such sophistry!”

Elfin Stone used Blood Field and summoned Iyarugt to attack Braham. But he wasn’t his match from the beginning. Braham was a duke while Elfin Stone was just an earl, so the difference was clear.

“Dammit...! Dammit! Brahammmm!”

“Disgusting.”

The sight of the screaming and bleeding Elfin was sad and funny. Even as Elfin Stone was about to be killed by the enemy, he couldn't endure the drowsiness and his eyes were closing.

“Braham.”

A woman appeared in front of the laughing Braham. Shizo Beriache.

“Mother...”

Braham was shaken. Beriache had been sleeping for hundreds of years after being directly cursed by Yatan, so why was she awake at this time?

‘She should’ve woken up in 50 years.’

Braham was confused when he suddenly felt something strange from Beriache.

‘I can’t feel her vitality.’

Beriache was dying. Why? She should have eternal life.

‘That girl...!’

Braham belatedly noticed the girl standing next to Beriache. It was a black-haired girl who looked exactly like Beriache.

“Is this my 10th sibling?”

Braham’s expression distorted. The magic power coming from the girl was far beyond Beriache’s power.

“Mother! You gave birth to a being beyond yourself!”

“...You broke the taboo that the clan members shouldn’t be harmed, no matter what.”

“Mother, that...”



Braham tried to explain, but closed his mouth. He knew that his actions of sacrificing his clan members for his greed wouldn't be forgiven. Beriache looked at him with hatred.

"I have loved you more than anyone."

"..."

Tears appeared in Braham's eyes. It was because Beriache, who should be enjoying eternal life, now had wrinkles on her neck. All of this was due to that girl! Braham struck at his new sibling. And he failed to hit the girl, Marie Rose.

"Excuse me for doing this from the beginning."

"...!"

The power of Marie Rose was absolute. Despite being a newborn, she defeated Braham who was the strongest of the clan.

*Paduduk!*

"Ack...!"

Braham groaned angrily as he grabbed his injured wrist. Beriache's hate-filled gaze didn't leave him. She was merciless.

"I have warned all of you that our clan has a craving for predation, so an unimaginable situation will occur if we hurt each other. You have killed many clan members while I was sleeping, and now you want to harm your sibling in front of me? I will punish you to set an example!"

"...!"

Braham's expression twisted. Marie Rose's little fangs bit his neck and all the blood in his system was sucked out, causing unimaginable pain. On this day, Braham lost his eternal life. He was banished from the clan.

After 100 years.

Braham concealed himself as a human while studying magic and succeeded in

overcoming the Curse of Idleness. But now he had a finite life. He needed to regain eternal life in order to eat more knowledge.

Braham started to explore immortality magic, and in the process, he gained the title of great magician. In the end, he couldn't complete the magic of eternal life. But there was no need to feel despair. It was the next best thing, but he completed the resurrection magic.



Braham finished recalling the past and returned to reality. He stood in front of the human called Grid.

[I asked you to make me the Vessel of the Soul. Then I will be resurrected. I will be able to repeat this resurrection several times in the future. But you said that you can't create the Vessel of the Soul because you can't receive God Yatan's blessing?]

"Yes. It's impossible, since I have a hostile relationship with the Yatan Church."

Braham begged Grid.

[If so, please give me permission to possess your body.]

"Possess... What?"

Grid doubted his ears. Possession! It meant that a ghost would be inside his body! Wasn't this the material of a third-rate horror movie?

"W-What if I don't want to?"

Grid disliked supernatural phenomena. Braham tried to persuade him.

[There is no need to worry about your body. The only thing I will do is fly to the Yatan Church to receive Yatan's blessing.]

"Will it be that easy?"

Grid asked suspiciously, but Braham answered without hesitation.

[I can smash the Yatan Church, even if I was occupying the body of a five year old child.]

Indeed, this was the confidence of a legendary great magician who survived fighting against the dragon Trauka.

[I will give you all the pavranium I possess if you let me borrow your body for half a day. In addition, I will teach you one spell.]

“Why does an already dead person want to be resurrected?”

Braham’s answer was simple and concise.

[I want to explore all the knowledge that exists in this world. I will become immortal!]

Then a notification window popped up in front of Grid.

[The Second Class Quest: [Great Magician’s Resurrection has been updated.]

[Great Magician’s Resurrection]

Great Magician Braham is insatiable. He has no intention of stopping his search for knowledge.

It is part of his natural instincts, so he can’t be condemned.

Quest Clear Conditions: Accept Braham’s soul and make a Vessel of the Soul out of the pavranium that has been blessed by God Yatan.

Quest Clear Reward: Learn a magic spell. Acquire all the pavranium scattered throughout the continent.

‘The total number of pavranium was 28.’

Out of that number, Grid currently owned 11 pavranium.

‘I need at least 18 pieces of pavranium to perfectly reproduce Lifael’s Spear.’

If he obtained all the pavranium, he would have 10 pieces remaining, even if he made

Lifael's Spear. No, he didn't need to cling to Lifael's Spear. He should be able to create an even better item if he took advantage of all 28 pavranium. But the reward of the magic spell attracted Grid more than the pavranium.

'Can I really learn magic as a blacksmith?'

It might be only one spell, but it was a spell taught by a great magician. Obviously the spell would be terrific. The thrilled Grid accepted the changed quest without hesitation.

"Okay! I will accept your request!"

At the same time.

[An excellent choice!]

Braham's soul fragment shouted and flew towards Grid.

[Braham is trying to enter your body. Would you like to accept?]

"Of course!"

At the same time, Grid's body was surrounded by light.

[You have accepted the soul of the great magician, Braham.]

[Your class will be changed from Pagma's Descendant to Great Magician.]

[From now on, your body will move according to Braham's will.]

"Wow..."

The party members watching the situation let out impressed sounds. It was because Grid's status window was amazing after he accepted Braham's soul.

Grid (Great Magician)

Lv. 545

Health: 858,310

Mana: 13,965,000

The party information window didn't show detailed information such as attack power, magic power, defense, skills list, etc. However, they could guess it based on the level, health and mana. The white-haired, red-eyed Grid spoke to the open mouthed party members.

"I am thankful to everybody. The securing of the pavranium is now meaningless, so return to Reidan first."

*Pahat!*

Grid's body disappeared with the light.

## CHAPTER 307

A vast body of water. There was a flash of light over the endless sea and a man appeared.

Grid. As Braham's soul occupied his body and immediately teleported to this place, he opened up the status window.

Name: Braham Eshwald (Grid)

Class: Great Magician

Title: Possessor of Great Knowledge

\* The best intellectual of this time. The truth hasn't been learned yet, so he is still obstinate. This pursuit of knowledge is very strong, sometimes acting as a poison.

\* Intelligence will rise by 35%.

\* There is a low probability of running wild.

Title: One who Became a Legend

\* Abnormal conditions don't work well on you.

\* You won't die when health is at the minimum.

\* Easily acknowledged.

Title: ???

\* ???

Level: 545

Health: 858,310/858,310 (Correction)

Mana: 13,964,000/13,965,000 (Correction)

Strength: 258 Stamina: 3,400

Agility: 1,009 Intelligence: 15,880

\* In this human flesh, Braham Eshwald's full strength can't be drawn out. Most of his stats are sealed.

Every level up gave 10 stat points. In other words, it meant that the sum total of Braham's stats at level 545 exceeded 20,000, which was beyond common sense. Of course, there were many ways to raise stats apart from levelling up, but even considering this, Braham's stats were too unrealistic.

Grid's total stats exceeded 14,000, but that was because he had a large variety of stats. Grid only had around 6,000 points in his combat related stats. It was ridiculously high, but it just seemed shabby in front of Braham.

'It even says that Braham's stats are sealed. What was his original strength?'

Considering his health and mana, Braham's strength and stamina should be at least 10 times higher than it was now.

'Rather...'

'In this human flesh, Braham Eshwald's full strength can't be drawn out.'

This phrase really bothered him.

"You, are you not a human?"

[My appearance is no different from humans, and I have a finite life.]

'... Does that mean he's human?'

Humans were humans. No. If that was the case, answer simply instead of making it so complicated.

"So, where is this place?"

It was difficult to distinguish the sea from the sky. Grid was confused about whether his feet were in the sky or sea right now, or if he was standing upright or upside down. Braham laughed at him, who was struggling before the overwhelming majesty of nature.

[A legend feels awe at something like this?]

“Isn’t it natural for humans to feel smaller in front of nature?”

[A legend is transcendent. You shouldn’t think of yourself as a simple person. It is no different from making a wall around yourself.]

‘It is plausible.’

Originally, Grid was suspicious of Braham. Pagma was recorded as dying 100 years ago. On the other hand, Braham said that Pagma died 300 years ago, making him a liar and suspicious. But was it because Braham’s soul was now inside him? His suspicions and wariness towards Braham faded and he started to sympathize with the words.

[You should only beware those who can threaten you, and feel contempt towards the rest. That is the attitude of a legend.]

“Then do you fear caution as well?”

Grid sounded him out. Grid’s mouth smiled. It was Braham’s smile.

[I am beyond the boundaries of fear.]

“...Ah, I see.”

It was like this when they met a year and a half ago. Braham had high pride. He was already dead, but what would he have been like when alive?

“In any case, where is this place?”

Grid asked Braham again.

[The Red Sea]

Red Sea. It was the largest sea that separated the East Continent and West Continent.



In the past thousands of years, both continents had poured a myriad of resources into crossing the sea, but they failed.

Only a few people succeeded in intercontinental movement. In the process, tens of thousands of victims were said to have shed blood here, turning the sea red.

[This is the center of the world. It is a source of infinite mana. That is where the worst creatures can exist deep in the sea.]

“You don’t have to explain every trivial detail.”

[Okay, I will get to the point. I can obtain something from here.]

*Kuooooong.*

Immediately after Braham’s meaningful remark, big waves occurred on the surface of the sea.

*Kururung!*

A tsunami occurred in a short amount of time. A thunderstorm occurred in the darkened sky, causing a shiver to go down Grid’s spine.

“What is this all of a sudden... Heok?”

The grumbling Grid suddenly realized it. The source of irritation that stirred the endless sky and sea. It was Braham. The notification windows proved this.

[Braham has used Spell Drain.]

[There is no target.]

[The target isn’t limited.]

[Magic power has been stolen from the atmosphere.]

[Magic power has been stolen from the sea.]

[Magic power has been stolen from the sun.]

[Your magic power has temporarily increased.]

[Your magic power has temporarily increased.]

[Your magic power has temporarily...]

...

...

“This is ridiculous!”

Spell Drain. It was a magic that could steal a certain amount of magic power from the targeted user, monster, or NPC. It was a basic spell that any magician could learn, and the effects were insignificant.

Braham’s Spell Drain was showing a power that was beyond common sense. By designating the target as all of nature, the amplification rate of the magic power was unthinkable.

[This is enough.]

Braham stopped Spell Drain when his magic power was several times higher than before and used Teleport. Grid’s body disappeared again with the light.



The location of the Yatan Church’s main temple changed from time to time. There were many hostile forces, so they had to keep the location a secret. Since Satisfy opened, there wasn’t a single user who knew the location of the temple. Even the black magicians who were members of the church didn’t know the location of the main temple.

But today.

“I finally found it.”

The 1st ranked explorer, Skunk's party succeeded in finding the Yatan Church's main temple. It was truly a historic achievement.

"Isn't it small and unimpressive? I thought it would be a nice place like the Rebecca Church's Vatican."

"The Vatican is unnecessarily big."

Eighth Canyon. The steep walls were in the shape of the number eight, and the temple was located on the outskirts of the canyon. At first glance, it was like a shabby temple in a rural village. However, the three pillars placed at the entrance of the temple looked exactly like those described in the book.

"Contact every guild and church. Sell this information at an expensive price."

The Yatan Church had committed a lot of evils. There were many users with quests to subjugate the Yatan Church. Skunk's party could become rich if they traded the information.

"Hao is offering 1.5 million gold."

"That dog."

"The Giant Guild is offering 1.8 million gold."

"It is still lacking."

"The Violet Guild is offering 2.35 million gold."

"Violet? Oh, the first paladin of the Dominion Church."

Damian of the Rebecca Church, Toban of the Judar Church, and Violet of the Dominion Church. They were often called the three main paladins. Among them, Violet's ranking was the lowest. However, it was rumored that her combat ability was the best. In the first place, it was natural that the Dominion Church's paladins would be more specialized in battle than the paladins of other religions.

"2.53 million gold... It's a little less than I expected."

Skunk made an ambiguous expression while his companions tried to persuade him.

“It has already been one year and eight months since the massive war between the allies and the Yatan Church started. But there are fewer people obsessed with the Yatan Church’s quest than I thought.”

“The Dominion Church is a religion that admires war.”

“I don’t think anyone will offer more than Violet. Make the deal with Violet.”

Skunk nodded.

“Hmm, okay. Instead, I have a condition.”

“What condition?”

“She should come with reporters from at least 15 countries.”

Skunk’s party had found the Yatan Church’s main temple! Skunk was planning to increase the value of himself and his party by spreading this great news all over the world. The party members nodded.

Then three days later. Skunk’s party met up with Violet. Dozens of reporters filmed their meeting.

“The publicity is excellent.”

Skunk shrugged at Violet, who handed over the advance with a cynical smile.

“Don’t you want to spread the word that you are the one who shattered the Yatan Church’s main temple? Take them to the Yatan Temple and have them film you in action.”

“Our guild operates an internet broadcasting station. It is more profitable to spread the quest’s progress through the guild’s station rather than sell it to other broadcasters.”

“Ah, is that so? Then the reporters should go home alone.”

Violet paid the reporters for their work. Then she followed Skunk’s guidance and headed towards the main temple.

“Chase after them.”

The reporters weren't going to miss this scoop. Unlike their promise to Violet, they secretly followed her group instead of leaving. The next day. The Violet Guild were able to reach the Yatan Church's main temple, hidden in Eight Canyon.

“This is the place...”

*Gulp.*

Violet's party members couldn't hide their tension as they stood in front of the main temple. Tallos, the Yatan Church's First Servant, was at the main temple. Could they really succeed in raiding him?

There were over 90 of them and their preparations were complete, but the information about Tallos was lacking. They only heard rumors that he was the strongest black magician.

Violet encouraged her uneasy troops.

“The class combination of our group is ideal, and there are four people who have third advancement classes. Our strength is enough to kill the First Servant, and then we will shatter the main temple of the Yatan Church.”

There was a reason for Violet's confidence.

[Kill the First Servant of Yatan (SS+)]

It had been one year and eight months since she received this quest. Violet was only a first advancement paladin who hadn't reached level 200 yet when she got it. Now she was a third advancement paladin.

Couldn't she defeat Tallos, who was a named grade boss that she received at the time of the second advancement? Tallos' level was likely to be lower than everyone expected. Violet made this positive analysis and her group entered the main temple, with the reporters following closely behind.

Then after a while. Violet's group fell into misery.

“Look at these trivial things.”

Yatan's First Servant, Tallos. His strength was beyond belief. As a fourth advancement black magician, he overwhelmed Violet's group alone. Even his subordinates were third advancement black magicians.

Violet's face distorted as she fell victim to a curse.

"This is crazy...!"

She would miserably fail the quest that she had for one year and eight months! Violet thought it was unfair. Her stomach cramped because she paid 2.35 million gold to Skunk and 300,000 gold on the preparations. She wanted to split apart the head of the alliance general who gave her this difficult quest at level 200.

On the other hand, the reporters were busy capturing this scene. They forgot about acting secretly so that they wouldn't be seen by Violet.

'Amazing!'

'A huge scoop!'

Yatan's First Servant that was wrapped in a veil of mystery, Tallos! He was more than expected. The audience ratings would be huge the moment they showed the large scale group that included four third advancement users being overwhelmed. The reporters could get this year's press award and special bonuses.

The moment that Violet's group was feeling desperate.

"Magic Missile."

It was a basic spell that level 10 magicians who just started the game could learn. The weak spell pierced through the temple and struck Tallos' chest.

"Kuaaaaak!"

"Huh?"

"Huh?"

What was wrong with him? Tallos, who hadn't flinched despite being hit by the third advancement users, was screaming with pain. It was natural for all eyes to move in the

direction that Magic Missile came from.

“A fake. Hey, where is Amoract’s soul hiding?”

The white haired man speaking in a haughty manner to Tallos. The people who identified him were astonished.

## CHAPTER 308

“Grid...?”

The man who made Tallos scream with just one Magic Missile. The ID ‘Grid’ was above his head. Violet’s group and the reporters were extremely confused.

“Is that Grid?”

The first legendary class, Grid! How many people in this world didn’t know him? Except for children under six years old and elderly people over 80, most people had probably heard Grid’s name.

Violet’s group also knew about Grid. How he lived a hard life before obtaining a legendary class, how he absorbed the Tzedakah Guild, and so on. There wasn’t much that the rankers and reporters didn’t know about Grid.

That’s why the impact was larger.

‘How could Grid use a spell?’

He often used Fly. However, it was already analyzed that it was a magic that only showed up when he was wearing certain boots. Then what about now? They didn’t know why, but Grid wasn’t wearing a single item. He was wearing the basic clothes that were provided to everyone.

In other words, the Magic Missile he used a while ago wasn’t magic attached to an item, but a spell he used directly.

‘How can a blacksmith use magic...? Heok! D-Don’t tell me?’

‘Perhaps! A second class!’

The mysterious Mongol was the first to earn a second class. Over a period of a year and a half, more than 100 people with second classes had appeared. They couldn’t rule out the possibility that Grid was one of them.

‘A legendary class and now a second class...!?’



‘This is a headline!’

The cameras of the excited reporters were focused solely on Grid. They had completely lose interest in Violet’s group.

‘This is...!’

Violet felt bad for many reasons. She invested millions of gold in this raid, reporters were filming this failure, and now Grid interfered? It was tiring and annoying. She threatened the reporters with legal action, then shouted to Grid.

“Grid! Don’t you know the basic etiquette? Intervening in an ongoing raid without permission, it is an act that deserves criticism!”

Violet was a woman, but she spoke like a man. In addition, her outward appearance was no different from a man. Her hair was short and she was wearing heavy armor with no embellishments. The complex about her physique was a large reason behind her neutral appearance.

“Etiquette?”

Grid slowly descended from the collapsed ceiling. He looked down at Violet with a chilling gaze and smirked.

“You want to impose etiquette on someone superior to you?”

“W-What...?”

Violet’s face reddened. Speaking in this tone to someone he met for the first time? And he was superior? What a bunch of crap!

“It’s the first time I’ve seen such an arrogant expression!”

Grid was a legendary class, duke of a kingdom, and master of the Overgeared Guild. As a representative of all of them, he should be more careful with his remarks and behavior. Violet was extremely disappointed and embarrassed about these arrogant actions.

The same was true for Grid.

‘Braham you bastard...!’

Braham currently had control of Grid’s body. He was the one who just said those words.

“I didn’t say that!”

Grid shouted, but it only echoed in Braham’s brain. He was feeling frustrated while Braham approached Violet. Redness appeared on both of Violet’s cheeks.

‘H-Handsome?’

Originally, Grid’s appearance was ordinary. His cool eyes and prideful attitude made him look not bad, but he couldn’t be called handsome. But now he was different. The white skin that was in harmony with the white hair, the sharp jaws, and the ruby eyes. The subtle difference highlighted his facial features and brought Grid’s appearance to another level.

Even Violet’s heart started pounded, despite lacking confidence as a woman and building up a wall against the opposite sex. The reporters also realized that Grid’s appearance was different from normal.

‘What? How is he so handsome just from dying his hair?’

‘This is obviously...’

The puzzled reporters suddenly recalled something.

‘Plastic surgery!’

The reporters were convinced that Grid received plastic surgery, since South Korea was famous for it. But it was a misunderstanding. Grid didn’t get plastic surgery. He had no major complaints about his face, and was brave enough to endure it if he ever received a terrible injury.

If it wasn’t plastic surgery, how did Grid look like this? It was the aftermath of accepting Braham’s soul. Grid’s appearance was partially assimilated with Braham’s appearance. Just as women had the power of makeup and celebrities had lighting, Grid currently had the power of a soul.

“I am not the one being rude, you are. You should be thankful that I saved you, yet you dared speak to me in such a way.”

‘Wow, really arrogant.’

Violet’s group and the reporters all clicked their tongue at Grid’s arrogance. Violet was filled with anger. She wanted to apply for a PK duel with Grid right away. But her opponent was the leader of Overgeared. She didn’t know how her guild would suffer if she did.

Violet refused to talk to Grid anymore, but he didn’t mind. No, Braham liked it.

“Yes, lower your tail. It is your duty.”

‘I’m screwed!’

Grid wanted to cry. He was scared about gaining a large number of anti-fans because of Braham.

‘I will be cursed in every Internet article about me!’

The number of fan club members would decrease and there would be a flood of personal attacks. In the worst case, people might curse his parents, like how Huroi normally spoke. As Grid was grieving, his body moved on its own.

He ignored Violet’s group and faced Tallos.

“Where is Amoract’s soul hiding?”

During the time Grid wasted speaking to Violet, Tallos had restored his wounds.

“What is Amoract’s soul? Why are you asking me?”

“Magic Missile.”

*Puok!*

“Keok!”

Tallos was appalled. It was because the Magic Missile used by the white haired person

penetrated his chest once again.

‘How can this be?’

Tallos was a fourth advancement black magician and one of the 10 great magicians on the continent. Strong magic power was always surrounding his body, so weak spells couldn’t penetrate through it.

Now a Magic Missile pierced his chest. It was something that shouldn’t have happened.

“No way... What the hell is your identity?”

He tried to repair the wound while asking the question, but Grid once again launched a Magic Missile. Tallos was hit in the thigh and fell to his knees.

‘This is crazy!’

Tallos was about to go crazy. He was elected as the agent of Amoract, yet he was suffering because of Magic Missiles? He couldn’t accept it. Grid fired another Magic Missile at Tallos, who realized the seriousness of the situation.

“Kuaack!”

Tallos screamed as his heart was pierced this time. He coughed up a large amount of blood, as Grid casually asked.

“Just answer my question. Where is Amoract’s soul hiding?”

“Ack...!”

Unlike what the world knew, Tallos wasn’t Yatan’s First Servant. The true First Servant was Amoract, the great demon of conflict. The only ones who knew this truth were the servants of Yatan.

Tallos questioned it.

‘What is his identity? How is he so strong, and how does he know about Amoract?’

Grid fired another Magic Missile at him after he didn’t answer.

“Kuaaaaak!”

Tallos fell after being hit. It was painful, but his shame was greater. He was one of the continent’s 10 great magicians! On the surface, he was Yatan’s First Servant! The dogs of the Dominion Church were watching as he was humiliated by Magic Missile! It was an absolute disgrace!

The incensed Tallos started to attack.

“I won’t forgive you...! Death Fear!”

*Kyaaaak!*

The illusion of hundreds of evil spirits appeared behind Tallos, and a powerful shock wave occurred. The members of the Yatan Church, Violet’s group, and reporters from various national television stations.

All of them felt terrible pain and panic under the influence of the magic that didn’t distinguish between friend or foe. They collapsed and their blood vessels turned black. But Grid was fine. Tallos was greatly confused, but he didn’t make a mistake and linked the next spell.

“Dark Rage!”

*Kwa kwang!*

Grid was hit by black magic power. It was a spell that could even penetrate the thick leather of a basilisk. Tallos smiled with satisfaction but was still alert. Magic was linked continuously and the ground around Grid was devastated as it burned with flames summoned from hell.

He used all his power. It was normal for Grid to be turned into ashes. However, he was fine.

“O-Only Shield...!”

The lowest level defense magic, Shield. It absorbed a certain amount of damage. This extremely simple and basic magic disabled four of his strongest black spells. Did he have trouble? No, it was simple!

“Does this make sense?”

20 years. Tallos had been playing the role of Amoract’s representative for that long. He always maintained his grandeur, but now he was suffering like this.

“You monster! I’m not a match for you, so kill me quickly!”

Grid’s attitude towards him didn’t change at all.

“Magic Missile.”

“Kuaaaaak! Shit! Shit!! Kill me in one blow with Meteor!”

“Magic Missile.”

“Kuheok! You cruel bastard!”

The First Servant of Yatan, killed by Magic Missile! If this rumor spread, he was concerned that the image of the Yatan Church would be severely damaged. Tallos hoped that the white haired man would kill him with higher level magic.

However, the white haired man continued to use Magic Missile, making Tallos go crazy. It didn’t take long for the strong mental power of the strongest black magician to succumb.

“P-Please... Please stop with Magic Missile...”

Tallos was begging. Grid stopped just as he was about to use Magic Missile again.

“Where is Amoract’s soul hiding?”

“L-Ludhadan Cave...”

Magic Missile was more effective than any mental spell. The stronger the opponent’s pride, the more they were affected. It was enough to open Tallos’ mouth, despite his deep loyalty to Amoract.

“Okay. I will take your trivial life in exchange for that answer.”

Tallos begged. He wasn’t begging for his life. He wanted something separate.

“P-Please kill me with advanced magic.”

He would be too embarrassed if he was killed with Magic Missile. Tallos didn't want such a situation. Grid nodded at Tallos, who was desperately asking for advanced magic.

“Fireball.”

“This dog 入 ...!”

Tallos' curse didn't last long. He was swallowed by flames that were as hot as hellfire and turned to ashes.

[You have defeated Amoract's agent, Tallos.]

[2,620,090,770 experience has been acquired.]

[Your level has risen.]

[A Dark Rune has been acquired.]

‘Wow... ’

Grid confirmed that Braham was still level 545 in the status window. This meant that Grid was the one who levelled up, not Braham.

‘S-Such profit... ’

The Overgeared members would be shocked. Grid raised his level and received an unidentified rune just for accepting Braham's soul! He was feeling thrilled by the unexpected gain when the reporters rushed towards him.

“Did you acquire a magician as a second class?”

“Why is your Magic Missile so powerful? That was Magic Missile, right?”

“Your shield’s defense was beyond imagination! How high is your magic power?”

“The fireball seemed like hellfire! What’s the secret behind this great skill?”

The reporters looked at him with envy. Their resentment towards Grid’s arrogant attitude disappeared.



## CHAPTER 309

“The Violet Guild is famous for their excellent raid skills. A month ago, they raided the Rotten Horned Rayon. They couldn’t compete with Tallos’ strength, but you succeeded with just Magic Missile and Fireball. Please give us an explanation.”

The questions of the excited reporters continued. Grid was troubled because some of the questions were as sharp as knives.

‘Rumors might spread that I am a bugged user, or that the S.A. Group is supporting me from the rear.’

Based on the experience he gained, Tallos was far more powerful than Pascal. It was impossible for a user to kill him alone, especially with just basic magic. Grid was troubled by the suspicious reporters.

“I don’t think you understand me.”

Braham borrowed Grid’s mouth and started to chatter.

“I am a legend. I am omnipotent. Trivial beings like you can never imagine, let alone understand me. It is normal.”

“Wow.”

The reporters were shocked. At this moment, Grid was beyond arrogance...

‘Chuunibyou!’

He was calling himself omnipotent with a serious expression? It was also in front of dozens of cameras! Grid wanted to curl his hands in shame.

‘How embarrassing.’

Grid used to be a chuunibyou. But at the age of 27, Grid met the chuunibyou Lael and was able to overcome it. Therefore, the 28 year old Grid had a stigma towards being called a chuunibyou.

‘Braham, please act more moderately for me!’

He was thankful for gaining a level, but that was it. He didn’t know how to get rid of the mess that Braham had entangled him in. As Grid was feeling troubled, Braham used Teleport and left the reporters behind.



“13 minutes ago in real time, the guild master of Overgeared, Grid, destroyed the First Servant of Yatan with Magic Missiles and Fireball.”

“Talos, Yatan’s First Servant, is a fourth advancement black magician, and even Violet’s group failed in the raid. Grid killed him with basic magic, so his strength is beyond common sense...”

“People all over the world are raising suspicions that Grid is a bugged player. The S.A. Group has issued an official position that this isn’t the case. However, the suspicions of users isn’t fading. There’s a conspiracy theory that there is some type of deal between Grid and the S.A. Group.”

The international media covered the Grid incident. Of course, the public opinion wasn’t good. Most people were suspicious of Grid’s overwhelming strength. There was a lot of speculation on SNS.

Then the experts from various fields stabilized public opinion.

“Grid is likely doing a story-driven quest.”

“Story-driven quest? Ah, you are talking about the ‘Bring Chocolate to the Mother Wolf’ type of quest?

“Correct. A typical quest that occurs only when the user meets certain conditions. A story-driven quest is often to ‘experience something.’ A typical example is ‘Bring Chocolate to the Mother Wolf’ quest that most of us would’ve experienced in the early days.”

Bring chocolate to the mother wolf. It was a quest acquired at level 8. The user who accepted the quest wouldn’t be able to control their body, as they turned into a young wolf and brought chocolate to the mother wolf. The user’s role was just to observe the story of the wolf and appreciate it.

“Grid’s appearance and tone are different from usual. The fact that he also easily handled a named boss is proof that it isn’t Grid. It is likely that he is experiencing something very special.”

“That’s right. However, who is that special being?”

South Korea, the United States, France, Canada, Russia, China, Japan and so on. The international experts came up with a common thought.

“Braham Eshwald.”

“The legendary great magician.”

After that, the portal sites around the world became dominated by articles about Grid.

[The legendary blacksmith, Grid! He is experiencing what is it like to be a legendary great magician!]

[Is a great magician the second class that Grid will acquire?]

[The arrogance of a talented and handsome man is charming? Women all over the world are raving over the white haired Grid!]

[Grid’s arrogant way of talking is trending on SNS... It’s likely to become a social problem.]

[The popularity of Grid in Japan, the origin of chuunibyou, is huge! Is this the advent of the 5th Korean wave?]

[The number of Grid’s fan club members have doubled in 3 hours... The advertisements are soaring.]



‘It would’ve become a mess by now.’

Grid sighed. He was afraid of the aftermath of Braham’s words.

‘I saw the reporters’ faces. Their reactions were disgust.’

He could easily imagine how they would write the articles. Grid chuunibyou, Grid is arrogant, Grid is bugged, Grid is crazy, and so on. All types of malicious articles would spread on the Internet, and he would gain millions of anti-fans.

‘I am probably taking over the real time search words...’

He was afraid to log out. Knowing his bad luck, he might be chased around the streets.

‘Should I hire bodyguards?’

How long would his suffering last? Grid had no idea of the actual situation and was feeling frustration, while Braham scoffed as he moved through the Ludhadan Cave.

‘Amoract, you are as careful as Mother said.’

The level of the veil placed over the cave was considerable.

‘But it isn’t at a level to mislead me.’

Grid asked as Braham moved deeper into the cave without hesitation.

“By the way, who is Amoract?”

Why did he need to hide himself behind a representative? Braham’s answer was simple and concise.

“The great demon of conflict.”

“Great demon...! The First Servant of Yatan is a great demon?”

Grid was completely shocked by the unexpected answer.

“Surely you don’t mean to fight a great demon right now?”

“The Amoract here isn’t in a perfect state. It’s just a part of Amoract’s soul, so there’s no need to feel scared. A soul fragment is helpless against me.”

A great demon wasn’t his opponent. It was like he was declaring that a great demon wasn’t tough.



The deepest part of the dark cave. There was a white soul floating above an altar in the center of a large space.

[You came.]

The soul greeted Braham. The response was as if it had been waiting for Braham. Braham borrowed Grid's mouth and said.

"Amoract, you were aware that I would look for you."

[Of course. I know you need the blessing of the gods to get rid of your mortality.]

"If my guess is correct, you're going to listen to my demands?"

[That's right.]

"Kukukuk, Marie Rose must be pretty annoying to Yatan."

'Marie Rose?'

It was a familiar name to Grid. A vampire duke who showed absolute dignity. A chill went down Grid's spine as he recalled her existence.

'If she's somewhere in the vampire cities...'

It would've been impossible to obtain all the pavranium. It was fortunate that he accepted Braham's soul to complete the quest.

[God Yatan favors you, regardless of Marie Rose. Always remember this.]

"He isn't a god."

[...Be careful with your mouth.]

Amoract's sweet voice hardened. It was a level of intimidation that made Grid's chest tighten. However, Braham wasn't agitated at all.

"Shouldn't you step foot on this land before trying to intimidate me?"

[It isn't about intimidation, but manners.]

"I won't show courtesy to Yatan. I don't serve him anymore."

'Anymore?'

Did this mean Braham once served Yatan? Grid had doubts, but it wasn't a question that could be resolved at this time. Braham ordered Grid.

"Take out the pavranium."

[You have temporarily gained control of your body.]

The notification window popped up and Grid regained his freedom.

'Now I got a little taste.'

It wasn't pleasant to give up control of his body to others. Grid felt peace of mind as he summoned Lifael's Spear. Then Braham commanded Amoract.

"Now give it Yatan's blessing."

[I don't like it but... Okay. This is the will of God Yatan.]

Amoract's white soul grew bigger and bigger. Then after a short period of time, a dark beam fell from the ceiling.

*Chaaeng!*

Lifae's Spear was struck by the dark light and shook. Then the notification windows were updated.

[God Yatan's blessing has fallen on the pavranium.]

[Pavranium has gained the ability to increase magic power.]

Goddess Rebecca's blessing boosted recovery speed, God Dominion's blessing increased attack power and God Judar's blessing increased defense. These blessings were always applied to Grid, who was the owner of the pavranium.

Grid had been expecting a lot from God Yatan's blessing. However, the magic power buff was disappointing. Magic power wasn't very important since Grid couldn't just magic.

'No, no.'

Given that he would learn one spell from Braham, it wasn't so bad that his magic power increased. Grid thought about it positively, while Braham was feeling thrilled. Their souls were assimilated so Grid could feel his intense joy.

"Finally...! The time has finally come!"

The resurrection that he had been desiring for hundreds of years. The excited Braham shouted.

"Now Pagma's Descendant! Make the Vessel of the Soul!"

"Okay."

Braham's dubious elements weren't important to Grid right now. Grid just wanted the enormous rewards from Braham.

*Ttang! Ttang!*

Grid stripped a small amount of pavranium from Lifael's Spear and made a small bowl. It was a bowl that seemed somewhat rough, but the craftsmanship of the maker could be seen.

"Kukukuk! Kuahahaha!"

Braham's soul left Grid's body and moved to the Vessel of the Soul.

## CHAPTER 310

The moment Braham's soul was added to the Vessel of the Soul.

*Flash!*

A blue light emerged that brightened the dark cave. Grid's heart shook wildly.

'With my hand, I'm reviving a legendary great magician...!'

Braham Eshwald. He was the person who established the current magic system and was regarded as the father of magic. The achievements he left behind were so great that he was truly worthy of being called a legend.

Grid would resurrect that person with his hands! He was filled with a strange pride at the thought.

[The soul fragments of Braham scattered all over the continent have gathered in the Vessel of the Soul.]

The moment the notification windows appeared.

*Syuong! Syuuong!*

Dozens of blue souls shot through the entrance of the space. It was truly spectacular. The appearance of the souls flying in the darkness was like looking at the universe. If there was only one flaw...

'I should've made the bowl more beautiful.'

The bowl produced by Grid was too plain. It had a bright gold color, but the shape was just a rice bowl. Braham's soul pieces were the rice. To be precise, it looked like blue rice was being cooked.



‘Cough... I’m sorry Braham.’

It was a true emotion. Grid received Braham’s soul and shared some emotions and thoughts, so a rapport had developed. Despite his wariness towards Braham, he felt a sense of kinship with him.

It was complete carelessness. This was Braham’s intention. Braham’s soul asked Grid a question as he started to unite with the Vessel of the Soul.

[Do you remember the words I said on the first day we met?]

“Roughly.”

[History states that Pagma died 100 years ago. But I told you that Pagma died 300 years ago. Have you ever wondered why?]

“Either you or history, one of you is telling a lie.”

Of course, it was likely that Braham was the one who spoke the lie. Grid had obtained Wendy’s diary from the doppelganger raid. Pagma had appeared before them 140 years ago. In other words, Braham was a liar when he said that Pagma died 300 years ago.

However, the truth was different.

[No, there is no lie. Both statements are true. Pagma died 300 years ago, but he existed 100 years ago.]

‘What are you saying?’

Grid’s comprehension wasn’t excellent. He couldn’t understand Braham’s words.

[I first met Pagma around 300 years ago, and I was amazed beyond admiration. His blacksmithing skills far exceed human standards, making even me feel awe.]

After that, they became friends. Braham, looked down on others, including his kin. This was the first and last time he respected and socialized with others.

[Pagma taught me a lot. I was able to evolve further thanks to him.]

They spent 10 years together. Braham's vast knowledge was expressed with Pagma's techniques, greatly contributing to the growth of both.

[Thanks to Pagma, I was able to study the magic of eternal life more deeply and succeeded in designing the Vessel of the Soul. However, in order to produce the Vessel of the Soul, a special mineral that transcends the god mineral adamantium was required. The only person who could create that mineral is Pagma.]

The mineral that the two people created was called pavranium.

"But didn't you say that Pagma died of old age after making the pavranium?"

[I thought it was like that.]

"...Thought?"

They were meaningful words. As Grid wondered this, Braham's soul fragments combined into one. The blue that was like the clear sea switched to an ominous red color.

[Pagma's Descendant, my soul has become perfect. It's all thanks to you.]

"Stop making small talk about Pagma. Give me the rewards that you promised."

[But isn't it strange?]

"What?"

Braham's words were designed to amplify his curiosity. Grid frowned with irritation and Braham spat out horrifying words.

[Is it possible to resurrect with just a perfect soul? There is no body.]

"...!"

Grid's eyes widened. He finally noticed that something was wrong. Braham's soul flew towards Grid as he hurriedly pulled out Failure from his inventory.

[Give me your lowly body!]

‘Bullshit!’

Just what was this bullshit? What type of quest was this? Grid couldn’t understand the situation at all.

‘The quest clear condition was to produce the Vessel of the Soul!’

Grid had already made the Vessel of the Soul. The Great Magician’s Resurrection quest should’ve been completed by now. But rather than the quest being cleared, Braham was aiming for him. This was going against the system.

‘Is it a bug? I thought this was a bug free game! Dammit!’

Would he be the first user to experience a bug in Satisfy?

‘Why do I always have to go through this...!?’

Grid grumbled and complained to the gods, while struggling against Braham’s soul. Braham’s soul circled him and evaded Grid, before entering Grid’s body.

[The Great Magician Braham is trying to take away your body.] [The player’s body is safely protected. Braham’s attempt has been neutralized.]

‘So it’s like this...! There isn’t a bug in Satisfy!’

Grid’s terrified expression changed to delight as the notification window popped up. Braham spoke to the relieved Grid.

[Didn’t I say it at the Red Sea? Be wary of anyone who can threaten you.]

“Why are you preaching after trying to strike me in the back of the head? You bastard! You were trying to take the pavranium and get out of teaching me magic, weren’t you?”

[It’s a misunderstanding. As you know, only you and Pagma can control the pavranium. Apart from the Vessel of the Soul, the pavranium is just a simple mineral in my hands. It’s also very easy for me to teach you magic. I will fulfill my promise.]

“...?”

Wasn't this the person trying to kill him a moment ago?

'A personality disorder?'

For example, multiple personalities. Then a notification window popped up in front of the suspicious Grid.

[The quest 'Great Magician's Resurrection' has been cleared.] [17 pieces of pavranium have been acquired.] [You have acquired the spell 'Magic Missile.']

“What...?”

It was very encouraging that he cleared the quest safely. He was also happy at acquiring a large number of pavranium. But he actually learnt Magic Missile?

Joy and anger.

“You... You!”

A legendary great magician taught him basic magic? Grid's face turned red as Braham spoke.

[Know and understand the subject. You committed a crime by stealing the pavranium for one and a half years, but now I feel good and will forgive you.]

Braham's soul was arrogant to the end as he faded away.

“Dammit...! Dammit!”

Grid yelled as he was left alone. Amoract's soul carefully looked at Grid from the alter.

'The Yatan Servants' Slaughterer. He has gained Braham's favor.'

*Sururuk.*

Amoract's soul disappeared from the cave. He failed to turn Yura into a demon, but he succeeded in setting up a way to keep Marie Rose in check, so his role in the human world was complete.



“In the end, it went as planned.”

The chairman's office in S.A. Group's headquarters. Lim Cheolho smiled bitterly as he monitored Ludhadan Cave.

Braham. This was a mysterious existence. He was captivated by the irresistible instinct for knowledge and ended up experimenting on his clan. Braham envied his disciple Mumud, but never harmed him, despite intercepting his achievements. He also hated and missed the friend who betrayed him.

However...

‘He tried to kill Grid, but also feels favorable towards him.’

Just as Grid felt close to Braham through their souls assimilating, Braham also felt close to Grid.

‘Or he might’ve judged that Grid is worthy after inheriting Pagma’s skill.

It was hard to judge Braham. He was an imperfect existence that felt a conflict before his instincts and the humanity he acquired. Lim Cheolho had always been interested in Braham, whose personality changed drastically after losing eternal life and living as a human.

“Living a life where he lies to himself and others, turning a blind eye to his changing self... It's lonely.”

No matter how tragic, Satisfy's story was going through the planned sequence. It might not change much for the users who were playing the game, but the progress of the story was fun to watch as an observer.



“Hah...”

Grid sighed as he remained alone in the cave.

“Magic Missile... I am a Magic Missile magician...”

Magic Missile was a basic spell that magicians acquired at level 10. It was a basic spell, so the magic power efficiency was terrible. It was hard to inflict a scratch against someone with a certain level of magic resistance. The only advantage was its fast casting speed.

‘If I can use it properly, I can use it to disperse the enemy’s gaze or to restrict their movements.’

Of course, it wouldn’t do any damage if the enemy’s magic resistance was high.

‘I can only use it to hunt slimes... ’

Now that he was level 301, he wouldn’t be hunting slimes anytime soon.

“Hah, really.”

Grid grumbled and confirmed the information of Magic Missile.

[Magic Missile (Enhanced) Lv. 1]

A magic missile developed by the legendary great magician who has completely overturned the activation formula.

It boasts tremendous power, but consumes a lot of resources.

It deals damage equal to twice your current magic power to the target. It also ignores the enemy’s magic resistance.

Resource Consumption: 400 Mana.

Skill Casting Time: 1 second.

Skill Cooldown Time: 5 seconds.

“What type of Magic Missile uses 400 mana?”

It consumed more mana than Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Link. A beginner level spell consumed mana that was equal to a legendary skill?

‘What is this...? Heok?’

Grid skimmed through the spell’s explanation and was belatedly shocked.

‘Deals damage that is double my magic power? Ignores magic resistance?’

What about a regular Magic Missile?

{Does anyone have the information on Magic Missile?}

Grid asked in the guild chat window, and a few magicians shared their skill.

[Magic Missile Lv. 10 (Master)]

It is one of the most basic spells.

Deals damage equivalent to 5% of your current magic power to the target.

Resource consumption: 20 Mana.

Skill Casting Time: 1 second.

Skill Cooldown Time: 2 seconds.

“Wow.”

It turned out that it wasn't an ordinary Magic Missile. The Magic Missile that Braham gave him was a legendary magic. Grid's magic power was low compared to magicians, but it wasn't bad to use it as a trump card.

"...I can't hate you."

Grid's opinion of Braham was becoming better. The relationship with him, it might end here.



## CHAPTER 311

‘Naive... No, a fool. Learn how to be more suspicious and vigilant.’

Braham had no intention of taking Grid’s body from the beginning. He needed to be resurrected in his own body, not somebody else’s.

The reason why he attempted to take Grid’s body was to make an alarm ring with Grid. It might seem threatening, but it was intended to do a favor for Grid.

Why?

‘He’s a person who makes me nervous, but he’s also the benefactor who achieved my 300 year old wish.’

It was his way of expressing his appreciation. Grid didn’t know it.

[Well, we might be enemies when next we meet.]

Braham’s soul started moving. His destination was the Sword Grave. It was where Braham’s body was sealed.



Reidan was a city that aimed to be the next Talima. Therefore, Administrator Rabbit invested most of the budget into blacksmithing and alchemy development.

But it was funny. Currently, the most developed area in Reidan was agriculture. Fields spread out in all directions around Reidan.

“Now the crops are growing.”

Grid returned after completing a quest that he had left alone for a year and a half. He looked around at the fields.

“I think the scale has become bigger...”

He didn’t know why, but Piaro had a passive skill that had a 100% chance of making

the land fertile. Thanks to this, Reidan always enjoyed the pleasure of a good harvest, no matter what crops were grown. The agricultural products accounted for the largest portion of the items that Reidan exported.

‘It is rumored that this is an agricultural city.’

A city with a legendary blacksmith had become an agricultural city? It was indeed ironic. Honestly, Grid didn’t like it.

“Huh?”

The agricultural section of Reidan was growing despite not having a big budget invested in it! He didn’t know if he should be glad or sad. The confused Grid stopped in place at the rice fields. It was because a scene captured his gaze.

“You can do it! A newcomer will arrive in one hour!”

“Okay! Heok? Dammit! We have been waiting for a new guy!”

*Heave ho, heave ho.*

Farmers were working hard, using various farming equipment. Users were mixed in among them?

‘What?’

The desert ecosystem had stabilized thanks to the activities of the Overgeared members, but the barrier of entry was still high. It was unthinkable to step foot in this place unless they were level 260+ users. In Reidan, it was difficult to find users other than the Overgeared members, and the residents were NPCs. In such a situation, why were users farming?

As Grid was feeling doubts. Piaro, leader of Overgeared Knights Division and commander in chief of Reidan appeared in the fields. He started to lecture the hard working users in the field.

“It isn’t about the quality of the hand plow. More wrist...”

“Isn’t the ground too fine? This isn’t the only way to plant seedlings. Brownie trees grow better in rough soil.”

“ .. ”

[A legendary farmer has been born!]

He recalled the phrase he witnessed a few months ago. Grid was blank with shock for a moment, before shaking his head.

“No. Piaro dreams of being a sword saint, so he can’t be a farmer. My Piaro isn’t a farmer.”

He decided, but he couldn’t bring himself to check Piaro’s details using the Great Lord’s Sword.

‘I should ask about the Amethyst Shield next time... ’

He didn’t want to talk to Piaro while he was wearing a straw hat.

*Trudge trudge.*

Grid’s footsteps were heavy as he ignored Piaro and moved away from the fields. On the other hand, 21 users were working in the fields under Piaro’s direction.

‘Dammit... A 55th ranked magician has to be farming.’

‘I have to swing a hand plow instead of a sword... ’

The 21 users caught by Piaro had a high level. Most of them were in the late 200s. They came to Reidan to join Overgeared, but unfortunately couldn’t join the guild. It was because they were caught by a crazy farmer.

The crazy farmer was naturally Piaro.

In the past when he dreamed of becoming a sword saint, he enjoyed fighting with strong users and caught the ankles of high level users. After becoming a legendary farmer, he caught the users’ ankles for another reason.

“I will develop Reidan into the best agricultural city.”

The problem was that Administrator Rabbit didn't increase their budget. In particular, he was lacking manpower. Insufficient manpower? He had to make up the difference.

“Uhuh! That isn't how you use a hand plow!”

“...Hah.”

The users caught by Piaro could only sigh. However, the reason they stayed in the fields was because of the reward of the quest.

[Fun and Enjoyable Training!]

★ Hidden Quest ★

Live with the farmer Piaro in Reidan. If you join him, you can grow significantly.

Quest Clear Conditions: Live together with Piaro for three weeks.

Quest Clear Rewards: All stats +10. The skill 'Farming' will be obtained.

The reward was low compared to the hidden quest that Kraugel and Damian received. However, that was just a story for the two people. From a general point of view, the reward of +10 to all stats was tremendous.

“There is a crazy farmer in Reidan. He will fight you and knock you down. Don't run away. That's right. If you can endure the trials that will follow, you will be able to taste sweet fruit.”

A strange rumor started to circulate on the Internet. Most people thought it was a ghost story, but the seven guilds were different.

“Crazy farmer...!”

Reidan was still being guarded by him? The 2nd ranked Zibal grabbed his forehead.

His forehead was still sore.



The first person Grid looked for when he arrived in Reidan wasn't Irene or Khan. It wasn't Lael or Rabbit either.

"Eh? Grid?"

Laela. A beautiful British woman who was a world class idol.

Grid was once her fan. Rather than her excellent vocal ability or appearance, Grid liked her because her body suited his tastes. Her breasts were very large. It was enough to be reminiscent of fruit.

"..."

"What did you find me for?"

Grid stared at her breasts as always. Laela's face turned red with embarrassment and she hurriedly asked. Grid regained his spirit at her reaction and explained his purpose.

"Hum hum, this time I learned magic. I want to accurately test its power."

Laela was in charge of the magicians at Reidan. There was a facility for measuring magic power in the mage barracks that she was in charge of, and Grid wanted to use it.

"Magic?"

Laela's eyes widened. The blacksmith Grid could use magic?

"How can you use magic...? Ah! You did a quest related to Braham. Did you learn a spell from Braham? What spell did he teach you?"

Grid replied to Laela without hiding anything.

"Magic Missile."

"...Ah, yes."

Indeed, it would be hard to teach a blacksmith proper magic. Laella couldn't hide her disappointment and led Grid to the training ground behind the barracks.

"Fireball!"

"Ice Arrow!"

It was the Ul Clan, who Grid had saved from destruction. They were gifted in magic and were training on one side of the training ground. Laella pointed to a silver scarecrow as Grid was observing the Ul Clan with a proud expression.

The scarecrow was produced by Reidan's alchemy facility. It was a type of magic sandbag that could set the magic resistance from 0 to 5,000.

"First, set the magic resistance to zero."

Grid stood in front of the scarecrow and Laella said to him.

"I have set it up."

"Okay! Magic Missile!"

Grid aimed at the scarecrow and shouted. Then a white flash struck the scarecrow.

[You have dealt 2,894 damage to the target.]

The effects of various titles, Malacus' Cloak and the Black Quartz Earrings meant that he currently had 1,048 intelligence. The resulting magic power was 1,258. The buff on the pavranium increased magic power by 15%, so Grid's final magic power was 1,447.

The expected maximum damage of Magic Missile (Enhanced) was 2,894, and this was the result that emerged. Laella was startled.

'Isn't this surprisingly powerful? Is he wearing items that amplify magic power?'

A blacksmith didn't invest points in the intelligence stat. Laella thought that Grid had

400 intelligence at most. The damage that users could exercise with a Lv. 1 Magic Missile and 400 magic power was very small.

Grid's Magic Missile was remarkably powerful. Grid spoke to the stunned Laella.

"Increase the scarecrow's magic resistance to the maximum."

The maximum was 5,000. Even most boss monsters didn't have this much magic resistance. Magic Missile would be completely ineffective against it.

"There will be no damage."

Grid just urged Laella.

"Hurry."

'It's a pointless experiment.'

Laella thought that Grid was so excited about magic that rational judgment was impossible. She imagined Grid's look of disappointment as she set the scarecrow's magic resistance to 5,000. Then after a while.

[You have dealt 2,894 damage to the target.]

"W-What...?"

Laella was astonished. Grid's Magic Missile ignored 100% of the target's magic resistance. In short, it was a scam. Laella hiccuped with surprise, while Grid made a satisfied expression.

'It isn't very efficient in hunting or raids.'

It was great against users whose maximum health was only 10,000. The activation time was one second and the cooldown time was five seconds. It was a spell that would be very useful in PvP.

A dark smile appeared on Grid's face. Then a guest came to see him. It was a completely unexpected guest.



## CHAPTER 312

Following the Magic Missile test, Grid headed to Khan's smithy. Thanks to Grid, Khan was able to achieve Advanced Blacksmithing level 7. He was a more capable blacksmith than he was in Winston.

He supervised and taught over 80 young blacksmiths, while producing the supplies that Rabbit and the army commissioned.

"Don't you look younger?"

Grid's face brightened after not seeing Khan for a long time. Khan looked much better than before. Khan chuckled.

"Interacting with young people, isn't it natural to become younger and healthier? This is all due to you. I'm so happy that I could meet you at the end of my life and enjoy such blessings."

"I'm happy that you're happy."

Grid had known Khan since the days when he was invisible. Grid's affection for Khan was endless, and Khan was the same.

"For the rest of my life, I will always work hard for you. I will raise the blacksmiths of Reidan until I die."

"No, you're still young and healthy, so you have a lot of time left. Don't say that even as a joke. Huh?"

Grid belatedly looked around the castle. The other blacksmiths were watching him nervously. Work had stopped since the duke came and they were also restless.

"You worked hard. Don't mind me and continue what you were doing."

"Yes!"

The blacksmiths bowed deeply and returned to their place. Grid stood next to Khan and observed them.

“There are already two blacksmiths who have risen to the intermediate rank.”

It had only been half a year since Reidan started training blacksmiths. The fact that intermediate blacksmiths were already born was an incredible growth.

“The environment is good. They can often see the work of a legendary blacksmith, so their talent can bloom faster.”

That’s right. It was useless to have excellent talent if the environment didn’t support them. The reason why the blacksmiths of Reidan could develop rapidly was because they received teachings from Grid and Khan, and had a good space to work.

“Until the day that they all become craftsmen, please continue to work for a long time Khan.”

Khan was the first friend in Grid’s life, so he was more important than anyone else. Grid was eager for Khan to live a long time.

“I understand. I will persistently survive and raise 10,000 craftsmen.”

It was a joke, but Grid wanted it to be reality.

“I’m looking forward to it.”

“Hah, truly. You want this old man to overdo it.”

“You won’t grow old. You will still be in full swing even when you’re 70.”

“So I will be in a cage?”

“Oh, that’s a good idea?”

Duke Grid and the commoner Khan, it was a strange relationship. The difference between the two people was greater than the heavens and earth. Yet they were on such friendly terms...

‘Indeed, our teacher is great!’

The young blacksmiths felt more respect towards Khan and were brimming with enthusiasm.

*Ttang! Ttang!*

The hammering sounds in Reidan didn't stop today.



Grid confirmed that there were promising and talented blacksmiths. He was filled with joy as Irene greeted him.

“Dear husband~”

Irene ran into Grid's arms with a large smile. As always, she freely expressed her affection towards Grid. Irene's love was delightful and precious for Grid, who had little experience with being loved by someone.

“I'm glad you have returned safely.”

Irene buried her face in Grid's wide chest. A pleasant smell exuded from her soft and clean skin.

“I've missed you so much.”

“I also wanted to see you.”

Grid kissed Irene's forehead. The words were great. It was an unimaginable appearance for the normal Grid.

“Indeed...”

Laue! saw Grid and Irene and gave a meaningful smile. He covered half his face with one hand and sent a provocative gaze towards Grid.

“I saw it on the news, but I am convinced at this moment.”

“What?”

Grid was confused by the words and looked at Laue! in a questioning manner.

*Kukuk*, Laue!'s shoulders shook as he laughed.

“You must’ve been my only friend and rival in a past life, Angel Sylvanus.”

“..”

Lauel’s chunnibyou symptom was in full bloom after witnessing the white haired Grid. He recognized Grid as similar to himself and included Grid in his delusional worldview.

‘When will this sickness be healed...?’

Tsk, Grid ignored Lauel and touched Irene’s belly.

“In the next two months, I can meet Gold.”

“Huhut, that’s right. I wish that day will come quickly.”

“...Gold?” Lauel’s face was disturbed as he regained his reason. “Grid, are you planning to call your child Gold?”

Surely he wouldn’t name his child Gold? It was something that shouldn’t happen. The possibility of it being called Grid II was also too big.

“You have to consider the position of the child when naming it!”

Grid looked sharply at Lauel.

“What are you saying? I’m not crazy enough to call my child Gold? It’s just a temporary name.”

“R-Really?”

He was glad. Grid’s naming sense was too bad. Then Lauel asked again.

“What will you name the child when it is born?”

Grid replied with a confident expression, “I was thinking of Grene after Irene.”

“Yes?”

“Grene.”

“...?”

Was this a joke?

‘Of course it’s a joke.’

Lauel wanted to believe that. But Grid’s proud expression and Irene’s reaction were terrible.

“Oh my, dear husband. The name Grene is too pretty. It is a pretty and cute name that will suit a boy or a girl.”

‘What on earth...?’

It was scary. Irene thought any suggestion from Grid was good. Nobody knew that this absolute love and faith came from Grid’s dexterity.



Grid’s office. Grid called Piaro and asked him.

“What do you know about the 3rd Prince of the Saharan Empire?”

“He’s the third son of the deceased Empress Aria and has an introverted personality, unlike his siblings. I only saw him a few times and don’t know any details. Why are you suddenly asking about him?”

“This.”

Grid pulled the Amethyst Shield out of his inventory. Piaro’s eyes widened with surprise.

“How do you have this...?”

“A monster called the Guardian of the Forest dropped it. It was originally an object of honor?”

“It is a symbol that has been inherited from generation to generation by the captain of the Red Knights.”

“Is there anything special about it?”

“Yes, it is just a shield with a gorgeous appearance. The performance itself isn’t very good.”

“Then why is the 3rd Prince looking for this?”

“3rd Prince...?”

“It seems like he is looking for several things.”

“Hrmm.” Piaro suddenly recalled one fact. “That reminds me, there was a time when the 3rd Prince was interested in some ritual. His hobby is rituals, so he might be collecting the items necessary for it.”

“Ritual? What ritual?”

“I don’t know. It is just likely that the Amethyst Shield is useful as a tool for the ritual.”

“Hrmm.”

Was it a black magic ritual?

‘It is a shame.’ It might be better not to hand these things over to the 3rd Prince. ‘But it could be a quest related to an episode, so I can’t ignore it completely... Well, I’ll look at the situation and act accordingly.’

In the first place, it wasn’t urgent. Grid had separate priorities. At that time, Lael sent a whisper to Grid.

*–A guest has come.*

‘Guest?’

The guest wouldn’t be normal if they could arrive in Reidan. In particular, the person must be big if Lael was talking to him about it.

*–Who?*

*–Chris.*

*–Chris? 3rd on the unified rankings?*

*–Yes.*

Chris was the head of the Giant Guild, the largest of the seven guilds. Grid hadn't heard about him since the First National Competition and the Reinhardt golem invasion.

'But Chris has a hostile relationship with the Tzedakah Guild.'

Why would he take the risk to come here? Grid was interested and immediately rose from his spot.

*–Bring him to the drawing room.*



The Giant Guild lost their territory after the golem invasion and had a hard time for half a year. In particular, Chris' reputation was hit hard because he was defeated by Regas in the National Competition.

But Chris and the Giant Guild didn't get frustrated. They overcame the trials! Their power became bigger than before. In particular, Chris obtained a very useful second class. He was several times stronger than before.

However, there was a problem. He couldn't find a satisfactory weapon. Despite watching the item trading sites and in-game auction site for 24 hours a day, a suitable weapon didn't show up. Chris gradually became nervous because he knew how important items were to the game.

Thus, he looked for Grid.

"Make me the strongest weapon."

This was the first time Grid met Chris. He only saw the 3rd ranking user on the news or from far away. In the past, the Giant Guild had a conflict with the Tzedakah Guild, but Grid had no personal grudge against Chris.

However, the other members of the Tzedakah Guild were a problem.

"I remember that Jishuka hates you quite a bit. Why should I ignore my guild members

to make you an item?”

Grid had the advantage. Grid was currently in a much higher position. Of course, Grid didn't intend this, but it worked out excellently. Chris was in a bad position and had to bow to Grid.

“I will give you a lot of money. In addition, the Tzedakah Guild doesn't have a big grudge towards me.”

“Then why was there a feud?”

“It was due to my one-sided competition, and the Tzedakah Guild didn't avoid the fight.”

When playing the game called L.T.S., Chris and the Giant Guild had always been defeated by the Tzedakah Guild. The grudge was deeply rooted and this sense of competitiveness carried over to Satisfy.

On the other hand, the Tzedakah Guild didn't even look at the Giant Guild. It was the victim who clung onto the relationship.

“I will check it out. In any case, how much will you pay me if I make you an item?”

“I will give you something more precious than money.”

Chris pulled a potion out of his inventory. Grid's eyes widened as he examined the details.

‘Elixir...!’

It was a rare potion that was hard to obtain, even after clearing five vampire cities. Companies with huge assets and rankers aiming for the top wanted them, but the supply was scarce and the price soared.

Elixirs were also necessary for Grid. To be precise, it was the agility elixir. In order for his swordsmanship to become more powerful, it was necessary to make his agility equal to his strength. Coincidentally, the elixir that Chris presented was the agility elixir.

Grid's brain started to rotate quickly.



‘It is a deal that must be unconditionally accepted.’

However, there was a problem. Chris might become the enemy of Overgeared. Obviously, he should avoid the act of making his enemies stronger.

‘But it is too good to decline... Aha.’

*Ssik.*

A wicked smile appeared on Grid’s face as he contemplated the elixir in front of him.

## CHAPTER 313

‘Grid will accept the deal.’

The value of elixirs were so high that Chris was convinced. Satisfy had all types of medicines, but the effect of the elixirs were unique among them.

‘It can increase the stat by up to 10 points...’

Taking one was like gaining one level. How many people in the world could resist this? He could confidently declare that there were none.

“Okay, I will make you a weapon.”

Grid naturally accepted the deal.

“Please make me the best weapon. Like the blue greatsword that you are using.” Chris earnestly asked again. He would cancel the deal if it wasn’t similar to Failure.

“Believe in me.”

Grid pledged.

He wanted to obtain the elixir, and he also felt honored.

‘Please make me the best weapon.’

It was the first time he received an item commission from a non-guild member. He felt proud as the master of Overgeared and a legendary blacksmith. He had no intention of poorly carrying out the request.

‘I will add this to the Grid set.’

After Grid’s Boots, it was time to make a greatsword. Failure, Dainsleif, the Doppelganger’s Greatsword, Lifael’s Spear, Iyarugt and so on. Grid’s Greatsword would be created based on the best weapons that he had used in the past.

‘I’ll add a special option.’

Grid's wily smile grew thicker.



"I can't see the Tzedakah Guild members anywhere."

"Are they hiding because they heard we were here?"

Five people were gathered in the garden of Reidan's castle. They were the five captains of the Giant Guild. They came with Grid to Reidan and were greatly disappointed. The Tzedakah Guild had been their enemies since the days of L.T.S. Now they couldn't be seen anywhere.

"I wanted to see Regas after such a long time."

In particular, the 1st ranked magic swordsman, Mihara, was disappointed. He fought a total of 14 times with Regas, and the result was three draws and 11 losses. Today, he intended to add a win to this humiliating number, but couldn't find Regas anywhere.

"We didn't come here to fight. Please suppress your emotions and don't make trouble."

It was the 1st ranked swordsman, Zirkan. He had lost his ranking to Ibellin for a while, but now he consolidated his first rank. Ibellin was promising as one of the 10 Rookies, but he didn't have enough experience to go beyond Zirkan yet.

"Sorry, sorry. I'll restrain myself. I was just saying."

Mihara had a tendency to be wild and self-indulgent, but he always complied with Zirkan's orders. The other captains were the same. Zirkan was Chris' teacher, so it was hard to resist him.

"By the way, this castle... There's nothing to see."

The only woman, Pinky, changed topics. She thought that Reidan's castle was ugly. It was large, but there were no gorgeous landscaping or decorations. It wasn't just that.

"The population is small."

Reidan was a big city, but there were no people on the streets. The difficulty of the desert was too high and accessibility was low.

“The speed of Reidan’s development is much slower than our predictions.”

“In the first place, there aren’t even 30 members in Overgeared. They don’t have the ability to properly manage this big city.”

“Isn’t the farming doing well?”

“It is a testament to their incompetence that such a big city was developed into an agricultural city.”

The Overgeared members were only good for fighting. The overall ability of the guild was low. The five captains of the Giant Guild thought so. They didn’t know that Overgeared had secretly absorbed the Silver Knights Guild. In addition, there was a yellow mithril mine somewhere in the vast desert.

Bairan was a small city in the north of the Eternal Kingdom. Cork Island, which had a wealth of resources. What if the five captains found out that the current Overgeared members were divided between these three places?

They would be shocked by the power of Overgeared.

“Ah, I’m bored. I will be going for a walk, so please let me know when Master comes out.”

“Don’t cause any incidents.”

“Okay, I understand. Who do you think I am?”

He laughed heartily at the Overgeared members. In order to soothe his boredom, Mihara left the group and wandered around.

“Wow, there really is nothing to see. How is this a duchy?”

Mihara was in the worst mood after finding out that Regas wasn’t here. He was someone who always pursued stimulation, so he didn’t welcome an ordinary situation.

“Huh?”

The grumbling Mihara suddenly stopped walking. His gaze was fixed on the old

fountain. A pretty NPC maid caught his eye.

“This is perfect for wasting time.”

Mihara approached the maid.

“Hey, let me touch your body.”

Unless they were NPCs that gave quests, users didn’t usually show any respect towards general NPCs. In particular, NPCs with a low status weren’t treated as people. Since humans always hurt each other, it was impossible to protect the rights of NPCs. This was one of the biggest problems with Satisfy, which guaranteed a high degree of freedom.

“Kyaaak!”

The maid, pouring water on the flowers, was disgusted at the man who suddenly appeared and grabbed her ass. Mihara found her reaction funny.

“What are you screaming about? Isn’t it just a small touch?”

At that moment.

“Who are you?”

A deep voice was heard in Mihara’s ear. Mihara moved his gaze. A middle-aged man could be seen. He held a hand plow and looked like a farmer. His name was Piaro. He was also an NPC like the maid.

“This is an agricultural city, so there are farmers everywhere.”

Mihara angrily waved his hand.

“Get lost.”

“I asked who you were.”

Rather than stepping back, Piaro asked again. Mihara no longer paid attention to him. He chose to keep touching the maid’s body rather than care about a farmer NPC. Mihara couldn’t imagine the disaster that this act would bring.

“All of Reidan belongs to Duke Grid. Even the emperor of the Saharan Empire can’t covet anything here.”

Piara’s voice lowered even more. Mihara frowned.

“This bastard is talking nonsense. I am busy touching this maid’s... Heok?”

A hand plow flew towards Mihara. Mihara’s level and agility were lower, so he barely detected it. Mihara used Haste to evade the hand plow and seethed.

“How dare a farmer threaten me?”

*Hwaruruk!*

Mihara pulled out a flaming sword. At this point, his judgment was blurred by the threat from the farmer. He tried to kill Piara. But it was nothing from the viewpoint of Piara.

“This is Reidan.”

*Teong!*

“What...!?”

Mihara was astonished. It was because the farmer threw a small seed at him.

“You trash.”

*Teong!*

“Keook!”

Mihara was struck on the forehead with a seed.

[You have suffered 9,150 damage.]

‘This doesn’t make sense...!’

“This is a place where a person like you isn’t allowed.”

*Teong!*

“Kuaack!”

Mihara shrieked. A seed flew again and struck his heart, causing him terrible suffering.

‘W-Will I be killed by a seed?’

Mihara checked his health gauge and thought this was a nightmare. The farmer threw seeds at the 1st ranked magic swordsman. It was a small seed like a sunflower seed, but he couldn’t be killed by this. But reality was relentless.

[You have died.]

Mihara was hit in the forehead by a fourth seed and saw a grey world.

‘I won’t touch an NPC’s butt again...!’

The NPC protection system had been strengthened so far! Mihara was logged out.



[Legendary Blacksmith’s Creation Skill]

You can create three equipment item production methods every time the skill level of the ‘Legendary Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship Skill’ goes up.

Number of items that can be created at present: 12/18.

\* When items are produced using this skill, the name of the creator is automatically placed on the item.

A long time after Grid's Boots, Grid started to design an item. Prior to creating Grid's Greatsword, he sketched a plan in his head. It was tremendous prudence compared to the days when he created items without any thought.

'The worst thing about Failure is the excessive size.'

A greatsword was cool when bigger. It was the reason why Grid designed Failure to be 3m long, but he experienced discomfort after using it. It took too long to recover the sword, and it was greatly constrained by the terrain. In particular, it often hit the floor.

'A length of 1m and 40cm is the most suitable.'

It would be better to increase the width by 4cm. One of the advantages of a greatsword was that it was suitable to use for defense.

'Let's increase the feeling of weight.'

The biggest advantage of Failure was that it was made of blue orichalcum and was lightweight. The attack speed wasn't decreased despite being a big sword, but its destructive power wasn't maximized because it had no weight behind it.

'Then the materials will be a mix of blue orichalcum and black iron.'

The cutting power of the blade would be maximized by increasing the blue orichalcum content, while the weight of the blade would be increased due to the black iron.

"..."

Grid had already closed his eyes for two areas as he drew out the shape of a new item. The young blacksmiths in the smithy couldn't understand his behavior as Grid mediated to one side.

"Why is he only doing that after coming to work?"

"Is he taking a nap?"

"What reason would he have for taking a nap? That is meditation. The duke is trying to figure out the type of weapon he will create before he begins."



‘Hoh.’

Among the blacksmiths sharing their opinions, there was those with exceptional eyes. They were the two young men who became intermediate blacksmiths first. Khan’s evaluation of them increased.

‘They are the children who will be a great force for Grid after me.’

Currently, Khan was giving a break to all the blacksmiths. He wanted to give them a chance to see Grid work. The young blacksmiths asked questions as they looked at Grid’s actions, allowing them to grow step by step.

“Now, let’s get started.”

After the meditation, Grid used the Item Creation skill and designed Grid’s Greatsword. Then he finally pulled out his hammer.

*Ttang! Ttang!*

The young blacksmiths of Reidan watched every move that the legendary blacksmith made.



It was three days after Grid received the commission.

*–It is completed.*

Chris was hunting monsters in the desert when he finally received Grid’s whisper. He joyfully headed straight towards Reidan.

“Ohh...!”

Chris was amazed as he received the details of the item created. The performance of the item was more than he expected. But his face stiffened after he checked the options.

\* This item can only be repaired by the maker.

‘This guy...!’

Wasn’t he very sly, unlike the rumors of his stupidity? Chris didn’t know that Grid had grown steadily.

“Is it a deal?”

Grid laughed as he asked. Chris was very displeased. But the performance of the item was so desirable that he inevitably nodded.

“I will... trade...”

It was the moment the 3rd ranked user and head of the Giant Guild fell slave to the power of items. Now he became someone who couldn’t live without Grid.

## CHAPTER 314

So far, Grid only considered the performance when it came to item creation and production.

This was understandable. Items were things that existed for the convenience of the user and to increase their stats. The most important factor for an item was the performance, and Grid always considered this.

However, the circumstances were different this time. He had to make an item for someone who wasn't a colleague, but a potential enemy.

'It will be sickening if a future enemy is armed with the most powerful item I have created.'

He couldn't refuse the deal. If so, he needed to set up a device so that Chris wouldn't become an enemy. How? The conclusion he came to after a long period of thinking.

'I need to make the buyer of the item dependent on the creator.'

But how? Grid came up with a simple yet dramatic solution.

'This item can only be repaired by the maker.'

The absolute maker of the item! Grid's Greatsword would establish a relationship between the maker and buyer, and it would be effective as a type of slave contract.

'I need to make a complicated structure so that only the maker can repair it.'

Designing it wasn't a problem.

'I am a legendary blacksmith.'

Great Magician Braham had said it. A legend was a transcendental presence. Don't make a wall himself.

"I will design an item that no one can imitate."

Grid encouraged morale by copying Braham's tone. He grabbed the thought, used Item Creation and designed Grid's Greatsword. It was a practical design that excluded beauty. He considered the balance between performance and usage conditions.

The strengths were combined. It contained a distinctiveness. It was faithful to the basics while bringing out the best performance.

*Ttiring~*

His design was finished after struggling for half a day.

[Grid's Greatsword' has been added to the list of item production methods!]

Grid was satisfied.

Grid's Greatsword

Rating: Unique ~ Legendary

Unique Rating Information:

Durability: 575/575

Attack Power: 953~1,191

Attack Speed: -5%

\* There is a low probability of blocking the enemy's attacks.

\* There is a certain probability of activating the '3 Joint Attacks' skill.

\* The damage of slashing attacks will increase by 20%.

\* Skill damage will increase by 10%.

\* Attack power +20% in dark places.

\* If you hit the same target six times, the sixth attack will unconditionally be a critical attack.

Legendary Rating Information:

Durability: 840/840

Attack Power: 1,274~1,440

Attack Speed: -3%

\* There is a certain probability of blocking the enemy's attacks.

\* There is a certain probability of activating the '3 Joint Attacks' skill.

\* The damage of slashing attacks will increase by 30%.

\* Skill damage will increase by 20%.

\* Attack power +20% in dark places.

\* If you hit the same target five times, the fifth attack will unconditionally be a critical attack.

\* If you succeeded in linking a skill within 0.5 seconds of 3 Joint Attacks, additional damage will be inflicted on the target.

It is a weapon designed by the legendary blacksmith Grid.

In a blind spot in the center of the blade, the content of black iron is increased to maximize the weight, and the cutting power is increased by adding blue orichalcum to both sides of the blade.

It is designed for the user's convenience and is perfectly balanced, helping the user achieve the best swordsmanship.

User Restriction: Level 300 or higher. More than 2,800 strength. Advanced Sword Mastery level 5 or higher.

\* This item can only be repaired by the maker.

Weight: 1,540

“Good!”

Grid's Greatsword wasn't better than Failure. The attack speed, maximum attack power and durability of Failure were all better than Grid's Greatsword. In addition, the level limit of 300 was identical.

But Grid appreciated Grid's Greatsword more than Failure. There were many reasons.

First of all, the design of Grid's Greatsword was more efficient than Failure. Unlike Failure, which was inconvenient to use due to its excessive size, Grid's Greatsword had a very appropriate size.

In addition, the minimum attack power of Grid's Greatsword was far superior. When attacking a target, the minimum attack power was always guaranteed, unlike the maximum attack power. A weapon with a higher minimum damage was bound to have higher damage. There were also the options that increased slashing damage and skill damage.

There was only one part where Grid's Greatsword was worse than Failure. It had 3 Joint Attacks instead of 5 Joint Attacks. Grid had done his best to pass on the merits of Failure onto Grid's Greatsword, but it wasn't a complete success.

But Grid thought about it positively.

‘This is fine. The terms of use might become ridiculously higher if it was 5 Joint Attacks.’

There was also a secret hidden in Grid's Greatsword. There was a deep groove across the center of the blade. It had a tremendous effect when used, but only Grid, who designed it, knew about it.

“Then let's get started.”

Grid smiled with satisfaction and stood in front of the furnace. Then he confirmed the

number of minerals he currently had in stock.

29 blue orichalcum.

99 black iron.

1,290 iron ores.

32 mithril.

Blue orichalcum was a mineral dropped only by the Guardian of the Forest. There was a limit on the quantity that could be obtained, so it was virtually impossible for a person to have this much.

But Grid had Jishuka. While acting as ruler of Bairan, she steadily raided the Guardian of the Forest, gathered the blue orichalcum, and gave them all to Grid. The value of her help couldn't be converted to money, and Grid really appreciated her at this moment.

‘Thank you, Jishuka.’

Grid felt thankful once again and started to melt the minerals in the furnace. His perfect understanding of the minerals and control of the temperature was engraved into the young blacksmiths.



‘Finally...’

Over the past two days, Grid dedicated himself to making the item. As a result, two greatswords were in front of him. They were black swords with a deep groove in the center, while the blades gave off a subtle blue light. The harmony of colors was luxurious and seemed to improve the quality itself.

However, both were incomplete, as the handle wasn't attached yet.

“Sigh.”

The handle was a length that could be grasped with both hands. Grid took a deep breath before combining it with the greatswords. The young blacksmiths felt doubts.

‘Why is he upset before combining the handles?’

‘Is something wrong?’

The young blacksmiths thought Grid had a deep meaning behind delaying the completion of the sword. But it was a misunderstanding. The present Grid was engulfed with fear.

‘What if both are completed with a unique rating...?’

Grid used 19 blue orichalcum and 44 black iron just to produce one greatsword. Black iron was a relatively common mineral that could be obtained with money, but the blue orichalcum was different. It was a rare mineral that could only be obtained once every three months.

What if he used 19 of them just for a unique rated greatsword to be produced? It was obvious why he was trembling with nervousness. There was also the ‘special event’ that would happen in exchange for making the 10th legendary item. Even if he received a penalty, Grid wanted this to be a legendary greatsword. He couldn’t always avoid legendary items.

‘Please...!’

Grid strongly grasped the hammer.

‘God, Buddha, Goddess Rebecca, God Yatan! Please give me good luck!’

Grid even prayed to God Yatan! As everyone watched, he attached a handle to the two-handed greatsword. The result was amazing.

[You have succeeded in making Grid’s Greatsword (Legendary)!]

[A legendary rated item was produced, so all stats have permanently risen by +10 and reputation throughout the continent has risen by +500.]

[You have succeeded in making Grid’s Greatsword (Legendary)!]

[A legendary rated item was produced, so all stats have permanently risen by +10 and



reputation throughout the continent has risen by +500.]

“Ohh...! Ohh!!”

The blacksmiths were unable to close their mouths as they watched the completion of the greatsword. Khan was teary-eyed. He was pleased because Grid gave birth to a wonderful result. On the other hand, Grid was distracted.

[You have proven your potential by making 10 legendary items.]

[Now you are growing into a blacksmith comparable to Pagma.]

[The penalty that occurs when an item’s usage conditions isn’t met has disappeared.]

“Penalty removal!”

Grid’s eyes widened. The greatest disadvantage grabbing onto his ankles since he became Pagma’s Descendant was now gone. Grid trembled with excitement. But that joy was brief.

[Your growth has deteriorated due to the blossoming of your potential.]

[You won’t acquire any additional stats in the future when making items with a unique rating.]

“This damn thing!”

He had already expected to experience a penalty to some extent. But once the moment came, he couldn’t help feeling bad.

‘If I want to increase my stats in the future, I have to produce legendary items...!’

The rate of producing legendary items was the worst. He had been Pagma’s Descendant for over a year and he had only been able to produce 11. Grid felt desperate and frustrated. In the past, he would’ve cursed at the game operators for a few days. But now it was different.

Grid quickly overcame the frustration due to the growth in his mentality.

‘... Not bad.’

The deterioration of his stats increase was bad, but the item penalty had also disappeared. What did this suggest?

‘In the future, I will truly be dependent on the power of items.’

It was the rise of the overgeared legend, which didn’t require potions or skills.



“I will... trade...”

The legendary rated Grid’s Greatsword. Chris verified the details of it and finally accepted the deal. A slave contract. In the future, Chris would have to leave the repairing to Grid, so he could never become Grid’s enemy. If he did something wrong against Grid, his item wouldn’t be repaired.

“Okay, let’s work well together in the future.”

Grid held out a hand to shake.

“...”

Chris looked at his smile and once again wondered if his choice was right. However, he desired Grid’s Greatsword too much. It was the best item Chris had seen while reaching level 314.

“P... Please...”

Chris shook his hand without any strength. The look in Grid’s eyes was relaxed as he

looked at Grid. The present Grid was closer to being reborn with the attitude of a legendary, like Braham mentioned.

## CHAPTER 315

[Your agility has increased by 10.]

After completing the deal with Chris, Grid took the elixir without any delay, and his body felt lighter.

Strength: 2,790

Agility: 1,756

‘There’s still a long way to go.’

He needed to gain at least 104 levels in order to make the ratio of strength and agility 1:1. Grid thought it was frankly out of the question. Amoract’s agent, Tallos. Despite the fact that he gained a huge 2.6 billion experience, he only gained one level. So how long would it take to gain 104 levels?

‘Every time my level increases, the amount of experience required increases too much. This is why a fourth advancement class hasn’t emerged even after one year.’

No, would it be possible for Kraugel to get a fourth advancement class in one year? His level was 319, which was four levels higher than the second place.

‘A monster... That guy must be only hunting.’

The 1st ranked Kraugel. Grid had never met him and never saw him on TV. However, Grid acknowledged that his level up ability was unique.

‘Anyway, it would be nice if I could frequently take the agility elixir.’

It was an unrealistic wish. Elixirs were a rare potion. This type of transaction might

not happen again.

“Hrmm.”

Grid looked at the location of his guild members. The Pavranium Expedition was still hunting in the remaining vampires cities. After raiding Elfin Stone, they got experience and item acquisition buffs.

‘Wow... Pon and Regas are already level 308. Aren’t they accumulating a lot of experience? I should go back to the vampire cities.’

[Experience and item acquisition rate has increased by 5%. This effect only applies to the vampire cities. The time remaining is 25 days, 13 hours, 40 minutes and 15 seconds.]

‘The next 25 and a half days. If I hunt while the buff is maintained... ’

Couldn’t he gain at least three levels and an elixir if he was lucky? The inspired Grid headed to the smithy before leaving. He had some work to do.

First of all.

“Item Creation.”

[What item do you want to create?]

“Armor.”

[What materials would you like to use?]

“Blue orichalcum and black iron.”

[Please design the item.]

A blank blueprint appeared in front of him. It was already the seventh design, so Grid was able to seamlessly design an armor. After a while, Grid completed the armor with a satisfactory appearance and explained the features of the item.

“This armor can never be pierced. It won’t get any scratches from a sword, and even a dragon’s breath won’t melt it.”

[That isn’t possible. There are limits on the level of material and design used.]

“...Indeed.”

It was as expected. The item penalty had disappeared, but his dream of arming himself with a weapon with 999,999,999 attack power and armor with 999,999,999 defense was just a fanciful dream.

In the first place, (Understanding of Gods’ Weapons) Legendary Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship Skill was only level 6. The standards of an item that could be made with blue orichalcum and black iron was only slightly better than Failure. In the past, Failure was created without taking into account the conditions of use.

‘This will change if I use pavranium as a mineral, but...’

It needed to be on the level of Lifael’s Spear. Grid’s lacking design level was a big obstacle.

‘Right now, it is better to use pavranium was a secondary item than an equipment

item. It is urgent to obtain minerals better than blue orichalcum.'

Grid realized this and summoned Minor, the minerals detector.

"Find and report on any minerals that are superior to blue orichalcum."

"Huh? What is this?"

Minor frowned at the words.

"Didn't you promise to let me live as a miner if you collected all the pavranium!?"

Minor's innate talents were more suited to minerals detection than mining. Minor's grand ambition was to become a legendary miner that surpassed Gis and become the right arm of the emperor. But Minor trembled because Grid didn't give him a chance to become a miner.

Grid patted the boy's shoulder.

"Endure it a little longer. Don't you know that I am a legendary blacksmith? I sincerely hope that you will become a great miner and give strength to me. But not yet."

"Kuoh...!"

Minor gritted his teeth. There was poison in his eyes. This was truly the attitude of someone who would betray his master. Grid inwardly tsked.

'He needs to know reality.'

Minor's talent was clearly outstanding. He had the qualities to be a huge miner. But it wasn't enough to become a legendary miner. That's what the Great Lord's Sword was telling him. In other words, Minor's dream was useless.

'You are more suitable as a minerals detector.'

The ability of minerals detection was rare. Grid occasionally observed the people of Winston Bairan and Reidan, but Minor was the only NPC with a minerals detection talent. Grid hoped that Minor would grow as a minerals detector and would become a great force for him.

“Hasn’t your mother’s health worsened in Bairan? I will talk to the lord of Bairan to give your mother the best treatment. Now Minor. If you want your mother to regain her health, go on an adventure. Find the best minerals. Fighting!”

“Shit...! Shit! This evil person!”

Minor was only 14 years old. Grid struck at the boy’s weakness, so he seemed evil. However, Grid was convinced that this was the right way to deal with Minor. He believed that a life as a minerals detector would work out better for Minor than just being an excellent miner.

Minor trembled and left. Then Grid sent a whisper to Euphemina.

*–How many of the Water Clan King’s Tears did you obtain?*

*–Four.*

*–Oh, that is a lot more than I thought?*

Water Clan King’s Tears. It was a rare material that permanently gave magic to an item. It was a production material with a unique effect, but the Water Clan’s King only shed tears for one day every five months. Grid was surprised because Euphemina collected four tears in the three months after leaving for the Siren Kingdom.

*–I was lucky. I got a special quest.*

*–Special quest? What is it?*

*–Hehe, I’ll tell you later.*

‘She’s excited.’

She must’ve gotten a fairly good quest.

Grid nodded with a smile.

*–Yes, I’m looking forward to the good news. If you have any difficulties along the way, please feel free to contact me. First of all, place the tears in the guild’s warehouse.*

After a while.



Grid picked up the Water Clan King's tears from the warehouse and started to smelt the pavranium.



‘A legendary item maker... This really exists!’

Chris's smile stretched from ear to ear after he made the deal with Grid. He might be in an unfavorable position to Grid, but what were the chances to get such a good item? It was safe to say that it wasn't common.

Grid's Greatsword transcended common sense, and it was more than what Chris wanted. Chris was convinced that the performance was more than Kraugel's White Fang and Seuron's Brutal Heavy Sword.

‘I can use it until at least level 360.’

It wasn't an exaggeration.

Grid's Greatsword was much better than the level 320 unique rated item that Chris acquired from a raid. Based on his analysis, he judged that level 350~360 items wouldn't be as good as Grid's Greatsword.

‘I don't have to worry about weapons for at least 10 months. But the situation is serious...’

Didn't it mean that Grid and the Overgeared members were armed with such items? Grid seemed remarkably strong compared to other forces.

‘Can they be left unchecked?’

Chris was the master of the Giant Guild. He wanted a higher position and to become a king, so that he could obtain the best wealth and power. From this standpoint, Grid was likely to be a big obstacle.

“Let's go.”

Chris spoke to the Five Captains. (TL: Author uses the Five Captains as a title here, rather than using it to signify the number of people. So he will keep referring to them as the Five Captains, despite one being missing.)

Chris walked towards the gate with them when he suddenly felt doubts.

“Mihara?”

“I haven’t seen him since three days ago, when he said he was going to Pedro first.”

Mihara had been acting freely in Reidan. His capricious personality meant it wasn’t strange for him to return first.

“That guy. Huh?”

Chris suddenly stopped walking. The fields stretched out widely outside Reidan.

There was a farmer blocking their way?

“Who are you?”

One of the Five Captains, Asellas questioned the farmer who was blocking their path. Then the farmer held out five hoes.

“Clear the ground.”

“What?”

Was this farmer crazy? He appeared and told them to clear the ground? Everyone was speechless because it was so absurd, then Chris spoke.

“Why should we help you?”

The farmer, Piaro’s, logic was simple.

“Your companion dared touch a maid of Duke Grid’s. You failed to properly control your companion, so now you will help develop Reidan’s agriculture.”

Their companion molested a maid? Chris and the Five Captains were feeling disbelief when they remembered Mihara.

‘That stupid brat is doing something trashy again...!’

Mihara always caused incidents in the past. Chris sighed and nodded.

“I understand what you want to say. I will punish the one who touched the maid. Don’t be too angry and open the path.”

Chris thought the farmer called Piaro was doing some type of performance. He thought it was the cry of a weak farmer who knew about Mihara’s sin. But it was a misconception.

“I have already punished him, so now you have to work in the fields.”

In the end, Asellas raised his voice.

“Why do you keep talking nonsense? This is a viscount of the Eternal Kingdom and master of the Giant Guild, Chris! You shouldn’t even look him in the eyes, so how can you skip etiquette and even ask him to work in the fields?”

It had been a long time since they started Satisfy, and they hadn’t interacted with farmers for a while. Piaro looked indifferently at Asellas, who was seething with anger.

“I watched from afar, and you didn’t show any politeness towards Duke Grid. I’m just following your rude behavior.”

“Rude behavior...!”

Unlike NPCs, etiquette didn’t play a huge role between users. Chris and the Five Captains had to bow and be polite to Duke Grid? It was impossible. The five people thought that the farmer wasn’t aware of reality.

“Get lost!”

Their ankles couldn’t be grabbed by a farmer forever. Asellas pushed the farmer. No, it was a shove.

“Eek?”

Asellas’ eyes widened. He wanted to grab the wrist of the farmer, but his vision instantly changed to that of the sky.

‘What is this...?’

Asellas lay on the ground while the Five Captains were amazed, Chris as well.

‘Reidan’s monster farmer...! He really exists!’

They believed it was a rumor, but now they knew it wasn’t the case. Chris felt a great interest and grabbed Grid’s Greatsword.

“You’re the one who knocked down Zibal? Those skills, show them to me!”

The reason why the alliance of the seven guilds, except for the Giant Guild, failed to invade Reidan was due to the unidentified farmers. A farmer who was strong enough to knock down the 2nd ranked Zibal, what if Chris beat him?

After obtaining a second class, the 3rd ranked Chris believed that he was stronger than Zibal. He rushed towards Piaro.

## CHAPTER 316

The 1st National Competition and Reinhardt's golem invasion.

Grid appeared in public and always used a greatsword. Nevertheless, the public perceived the best user of the greatsword to be Chris, not Grid. It was natural. Grid overwhelmed his enemies with skills and items, but his ability with the sword itself wasn't special. The ability he showed at the time of fighting the Red Knight was merely excellent.

On the other hand, Chris' greatsword technique caused the viewers to feel wonder.

"You're the one who knocked down Zibal? Those skills, show them to me!"

A greatsword covered in a blue light. It had a considerable weight to it at first glance and felt good in his hand. The speed wasn't fast. But a considerable pressure was felt from it.

This was the effect of the passive skill, Rule with Might's Path. All enemies in the path of the charge had their casting speed and agility slightly reduced.

'He's scared.'

Piario stood still despite Chris' rush. The disappointed Chris mistook it for fear.

"This is the person who knocked down Zibal?"

No, his opponent's level wasn't low. It was just that his level was higher. The Rule with Might's Path skill had a greater effect depending on his strength. The effect of having 3,000 strength at level 314 was now being demonstrated.

Chris neared Piario, who was standing like a stone, and wielded his greatsword.

*Kwaang!*

There was no superfluous movements in the slash. There was a violent explosion of wind and the target was pushed back.

‘Perfect!’

Chris admired. The size and shape of the greatsword was very suitable, making the time it took to pull back the sword shorter than usual.

So far, he had used hundreds of greatswords, but this was the first time he had a greatsword that was perfect for his hands. It seemed to be a greatsword made exactly for him. He felt awe towards the maker, Grid.

‘Dead?’

Chris was worried that he might’ve killed Piaro with this strike. NPCs had one life. No, it was because they only had one precious life that they were NPCs. He felt a little guilty about taking his life...

“Eh?”

Chris’ gaze had been glued to Grid’s Greatsword. He was confused as he looked towards Piaro. It was because Piaro was still alive and well. Piaro clicked his tongue.

“Looking away after one hit? Your arrogance has reached the extremes. It’s important to believe in yourself, but that can be a poison.”

Chris couldn’t believe it.

‘There was clearly the sensation of something being hit?’

Was he mistaken? Chris was feeling confused when he suddenly saw the cut up straw hat at Piaro’s feet.

“Ninja...!”

Like most westerners, Chris, a Canadian, had fantasies about ninjas. He knew a little bit about ninjas, and learned that there was a ninja technique where the body was swapped with something else. Once he saw it, he was certain that Piaro was a ninja pretending to be a farmer.

‘An assassin-type hidden class NPC! No wonder Zibal was killed!’

Chris was nervous. He guessed that now the ninja would throw knives at him, or aim

a lightning punch at him.

‘I must be prepared!’

Like other warriors, Chris’ agility was only 200, because he focused his stat points on strength. It was virtually impossible for him to see and respond to the enemy’s attacks.

‘I won’t give up!’

Chris got ready to fight back. He could overcome his lack of agility with thorough preparation and prediction. Piaro felt pleased at the sight.

‘Excellent.’

His lord had many outstanding talents. In particular, Regas and Ibellin were amazing. And the man in front of him had their level of talent. It was a more refined talent. This was the first time since Kraugel.

“I acknowledge your skills.”

Piario acknowledged Chris. He pulled out a weapon with a serious expression.

*Gulp!*

Chris gulped. Would he pull out a recognizable ninja weapon? Or maybe a whip? A ball and chain?

‘Is it a whip?’

Chris’ head spun quickly. He would take different actions depending on what weapon Piario pulled out. But the weapon Piario held completely deviated from Chris’ predictions.

“Hand plow!”

That’s right. Piario’s weapon was a hand plow. It seemed to have just been used, as it was covered with moist soil. Chris failed to conceal his embarrassment as he shouted.

“It isn’t a hand plow! You’re deceiving me!”

“That isn’t the case.”

Was there a need for long words? It was better to show it with actions.

*Teong!*

Piario moved. It was truly tremendous speed suitable for a ninja. The distance that Chris decided was ideal was instantly narrow, and the hand plow moved.

“You!”

The incensed Chris swung his greatsword. He was determined to blow away the hand plow and Piario. However.

*Dok.*

“What?”

As he aimed for Piario’s chest, the hand plow struck the front of the greatsword. Chris’ balance collapsed and his upper body leaned forward.

‘What?’

The eyes of the captains watching widened. They couldn’t understand why Chris looked like this. But Chris and Zirkan were different. They determined the situation in an instant.

‘It was what he intended!’

Large weapons were much heavier and longer than one-handed weapons. The weight was great and had to be focused in order to exert more destructive power. Chris was faithful to the basics, and Piario aimed for this. He accurately grasped the point where Chris focused the weight of the greatsword and struck it, causing Chris’ center of gravity to shift.

‘This is ridiculous!’

Wasn’t this like the protagonists of the 20th century Hong Kong movies? The hand plow flew towards the stumbling Chris. It was an attack that used the recoil of hitting the greatsword to link the next strike. Chris felt a chill and raised his shoulders. The



hand plow that should've pierced his neck struck his shoulder instead.

[You have suffered 12,300 damage.]

'What is with this hand plow's damage...!?'

Even if this was a critical hit, it was an unbelievable amount of damage. Piaro was stronger than a named boss. Chris groaned and tilted his body forward. After limiting Piaro's movements by sticking close to his body, he recovered the greatsword.

At this time, the greatsword moved naturally to strike at Piaro's heart. Based on his hundreds of thousands of combat experience, Chris showed his dignity that threatened the enemy no matter what situation he was in.

"Sowing."

A smile appeared on Piaro's face after he was lightly wounded on the chest. He sprinkled several small seeds at Chris' feet.

'What?'

Why were seeds being sowed in a battle? Chris was confused, before suddenly realizing.

'This is a mere trick!'

The opponent was a ninja. Ninjas were people who used tricks to deceive the enemy. Chris glanced away from the seeds that fell at his feet. It was a fatal mistake to ignore this.

"What?"

Chris tried to swing his greatsword again. The seeds that Piaro sowed had sprouted and clasped tightly around Chris' ankles and thighs.

"What is this?"

Plants instantly grew from the seeds that were just sown? In addition, the pressure of the plants was very high. It wasn't something that could be understood with Chris' common sense.

It was natural. It was a legendary skill. Piaro who chose the path of a farmer after forsaking a sword saint! The 'Free Farming' method that he completed after becoming a farmer was at a level comparable to the legends in history.

In other words, today's Piaro was much stronger than the one who competed with Grid.

"You are the second strongest person I have ever met. You should be proud of your potential."

The second? Then who was the first?

'Is he talking about Zibal...!'

Chris' ego was shattered. The difference between them was just one level. He couldn't overcome that level difference, but he believed he was stronger. But he was weaker?

"Kuaaaak!"

Chris shouted and aimed his sword at the plants around his lower body. Then an energy blade aimed at Piaro. It was the Rule with Might Sword that made ranged attacks possible. As the powerful blade was about to penetrate Piaro's chest,

"Free Farming 4th Style, Plowing the Field."

Piaro pulled out a plow and started digging at the ground. As it struck the ground, the soil rose up and became a barrier that blocked the blade.

"This is ridiculous!"

Satisfy had started exactly two years and two months ago. He steadily trained with the goal of becoming number one. He was even equipped with the best items. Chris thought this person was a ninja who hid as a farmer, but he actually was overwhelmed by a real farmer?

He suffered defeat from farming methods such as sowing, plant growing and plowing.

‘I can’t accept it!’

Chris barely managed to restore his mental state. The opponent was someone who beat Zibal. It was naive to think he could win when his level was lower than Zibal’s, but Chris couldn’t tolerate this.

“Kuaaaah!”

Chris used Tyrant’s Strength which temporarily increased his strength by 20%, tearing apart the plants binding his lower body. It was done with pure strength. Piaro saw this and thought.

‘I am lacking practice.’

Free Farming Style 1 ‘Sowing’ and style 2 ‘Rapid Growth.’ The durability of the plants grown was weaker than expected. It was proof that Rapid Growth hadn’t reached the right level yet.

‘I have to work harder in the fields.’

As Piaro vowed this, the energy blades covered Piaro. The hand plow defended against every strike, then Piaro tried to break Chris’ center of gravity again.

‘His enlightenment is fast.’

Piario was surprised to see Chris’ skill in recovering his greatsword every time the hand plow collided with it.

‘It’s higher than Kraugel when I first met him.’

Piario acknowledged it and started to swing his hand plow. His skill with the farming equipment overwhelmed Chris. But Chris’ momentum didn’t go down. His chest was struck but he didn’t retreat as he shouted.

“I am above Zibal!”

*Kuwaaah!*

It was like a lion’s roar. There were farmers and users scattered throughout the vast fields. They were amazed and frightened, while the captains of the Giant Guild also

blocked their ears. It was the power of Chris' second class, Tyrant.

'This is the time!'

There was no one who would be safe when facing Tyrant's Growl. Chris used the gap caused by Tyrant's Growl to attack the temporarily confused Piaro.

*Kurururung.*

There was an earthquake centered on Piaro. The only person able to withstand this earthquake was Chris, the one who caused it. Chris expected Piaro to be swept away by Tyrant's Advent.

"Wow."

Chris was at a loss after using the skill. He saw Piaro standing on a large number of rice plants growing out of cracks in the collapsing land.

"You have messed up the land. You will have more work to do."

"...?"

It was strange. It sounded like Piaro was trying to make Chris do something. Chris was feeling confused when rice rained down on him. He defended by swinging his greatsword.

[The durability of Grid's Greatsword has decreased by 10.]

[The durability of Grid's Greatsword has decreased by 11.]

Hollow rice. They were a weak plant that had no sense of weight. No, this was a concept higher than aura. Chris couldn't endure it, and became a rag along with Grid's Greatsword.



“Repair my greatsword.”

“What?”

20 minutes after saying goodbye, Chris returned. He handed his greatsword to Grid. Grid frowned as he checked the greatsword, which was cracked.

“What is this? Did you meet a dragon?”

‘You awful bastard!’

Chris believed that this incident was caused by Grid. The monster called Piaro was Grid’s subordinate, so he was forced to think this way.

‘Is it to let us know who is superior in our relationship?’

He couldn’t believe the rumors. Grid was rumored to be stupid, but he was actually incredibly scary. Grid extended a hand to Chris.

“The cost of the repairs. It is 3 gold for every one point of durability.”

“What...?”

It was 10 times more expensive than the normal repair price. It was an unreasonable price, but he couldn’t refuse the transaction.

‘This demon... I absolutely can’t make him an enemy!’

Chris handed over 853 gold with trembling hands and returned to the fields. The five leaders of the Giant Guild had to work there.

## CHAPTER 317

“Sigh... It is hard, hard.”

“It is too hard to fill the quota. Does it make sense that there are only 400 people working in these vast fields? Looking at the scale, there should be at least 10 times more workers.”

“Dammit! If this is an agricultural city, increase the number of farmers!”

“They want to save money on the labor costs. I heard that Grid is quite cheap.”

“He’s beyond the level of cheap. Cutting labor costs and kidnapping users to become farmers, is this something normal people would do?”

The 21 users caught by Piaro and forced to work. They complained about Grid every time they gathered. It was because they were convinced that Piaro, who kidnapped them and turned them into farmers, was doing it under Grid’s orders.

However, the reason they didn’t run away was due to the rewards of the hidden quest. Honestly, they were happy about getting a hidden quest and didn’t hold any animosity towards Grid. The reason they came to Reidan was because they wanted to join Overgeared, and they basically liked Grid.

But the work was too hard, so it was hard to survive unless they complained. It was inevitable that Grid would be frequently mentioned.

“Are they new?”

The grumbling users working in the fields focused on one place. From far away, Piaro was leading five people over.

“This time it’s a group of five.”

“Tsk tsk, poor guys.”

The average level of the 21 users was 270. They had to be at least that level to cross the desert to Reidan. The group of five people would also be high level users. Wasn’t it

too absurd that they were being dragged as dogs to become farmers? They felt a sense of compassion.

“Ah?”

“Eh?”

The users looking at the five newcomers sympathetically became confused. They were the master of the Giant Guild and the Five Captains!

“T-This is ridiculous!”

They were dealt a big blow in the golem invasion, but they were still very strong. The Giant Guild was one of the best guilds. In particular, the Five Captains were third advancement users and Chris was 3rd on the unified rankings, so they were a high sky for the users. But they weren’t even Piaro’s opponent?

“That crazy farmer is bigger than we thought!”

The users were astonished, while Piaro introduced Chris’ group to them.

“They are new farmers. I hope you get along well with them in the future.”

“Who is a farmer?”

“Damn bastard!”

Chris, the 3rd ranked user, leader of the Giant Guild and viscount of the Eternal Kingdom was being introduced as a new farmer! The captains trembled at Piaro’s absurd attitude.

But Chris wasn’t offended. The opponent was stronger than him. Despite being able to kill him, Chris was spared and given a hidden quest. He didn’t intend to make a fuss.

“Let’s get along well.”

Chris greeted the senior farmers with respect. The Five Captains were forced to bow their heads.

“W-We will work hard.”

On this day, Chris and the Five Captains joined the fun and exciting training.

A strange rumor started to circulate on the Internet. The master of the Giant Guild and the Five Captains became serfs of Grid. It was a rumor that couldn't be believed. No one believed the rumor.

“What is this nonsense?”

Grid was more disbelieving than anyone else.



Grid had obtained 27 pavranium for helping with Braham's resurrection. Originally, there were 28 pavranium. However, one of them became the Vessel of the Soul and entered Braham's possession.

‘It is painful that I can't get one, but...’

Fortunately, all 27 out of 27 pavranium had the blessing of the four gods. As the master of the pavranium, Grid received a 15% buff on his attack power, defense, recovery and magic power. As a legendary class exclusive item, the pavranium was truly a scam.

‘It was only because of Braham that I could receive the blessing of God Yatan, so let's not think too much about giving him one pavranium.’

Grid had become a very positive and generous person compared to the past. In fact, a little while ago, he had reduced Chris' repair price by 2 gold.

‘2 gold is two ramyun.’

He could imagine how much Chris appreciated it. Grid didn't doubt that Chris would feel a great affection towards him. He thought about a future alliance with the Giant Guild, then wondered what he should do with the pavranium.

‘I can't make Lifael's Spear.’

Lifael's Spear was the strongest weapon in existence. It was an undeniable truth. Unfortunately, it was an inefficient weapon for Grid. The spear wasn't influenced by Pagma's Swordsmanship and he was poisoned by its divine power when he used Blackening.



‘It is enough to have Grid’s Greatsword, Failure, and Yakult as weapons.’

Then would it be better to make armor?

Grid was equipped with the Holy Light armor, gloves and a crown that were made by Pagma, and they boasted an outstanding performance when worn as a set. He also efficiently swapped between Grid’s Boots and Braham’s Boots for the shoes.

On the other hand, he was lacking a shield. But Grid used a greatsword as a weapon, so there weren’t many opportunities to use a shield.

‘Is there anything special that isn’t a weapon or armor?’

Pavranium was a mineral with its own will. It considered Grid’s safety as the top priority and moved with its own judgment. It was far more efficient to give it freedom than to limit it to his body. What was the best type of item to utilize that freedom?

‘A symbol of freedom...’

“Snack.”

“...It is a snack. Eh?”

Grid frowned. Snack? Who was the person who suddenly interfered with his deep thoughts by speaking nonsense? Grid shifted his gaze in that direction. The guy who had devoted himself to monster hunting since arriving in Reidan was now resting on the window sill.

“Give me a snack! Give it to me! Nyang!”

He had a very proud and arrogant attitude. It was almost a command.

“Have you lost your senses? No, in the first place, why are you after a snack? Don’t you eat monster or human souls?”

“That is food! Snacks are snacks, nyang!”

“What jerk gave you the concept of snacks...?”

“Your wife! Nyang!”

“...”

Setting aside where he learnt the word ‘wife,’ he was talking about Irene.

‘I heard that Irene has a hobby of baking cake these days.’

Irene was the daughter of an earl, so she never learned how to cook. Now after coming to Reidan, she wanted to learn how to cook and bake, so that she could give Grid a little joy. Thanks to her, the Overgeared members and the soldiers were able to enjoy sweet snacks. Noe seemed to have been added as well.

“Sigh, okay. Take a nap and don’t interfere with my work.”

Grid decided to ignore Noe and started thinking again about what to make with the pavranium.

‘An item that can highlight the advantage of moving on its own...’

“Teddy bear.”

“...A teddy bear is good... Ah, you.”

Grid frowned. Teddy bear? Who was interfering this time? The incensed Grid turned towards the owner of the voice. It was Randy, who was in the appearance of a little girl.

“I received a teddy bear from Irene!”

Randy was pure and cute as she extended the bear. Grid nodded roughly towards the child.

“Okay. Go and play with the teddy bear.”

“Yes!”

Randy smiled and went next to Noe to play with the bear. But her playing didn’t last long. Noe teased Randy by repeatedly batting at the teddy bear.

“...I’m going crazy.”

Randy started crying while Noe laughed, interrupting Grid's meditation time. So he kicked them out. Then he wondered again.

'The item I should make out of pavranium...'

"Please make farming equipment."

"...The answer is farming equipment... Hah."

Grid's face distorted like a demon. Farming equipment? This time, someone was pouring cold water on him! The owner of the voice was Piaro. Piaro was wearing dirt-stained clothing. Grid could no longer overlook it.

"Piaro, what is your job?"

"I am the leader of the Overgeared Knights Division, commander of Reidan, and a farmer."

"Isn't there something strange in there?"

"No."

Grid couldn't understand it at all.

"Why on earth do you keep clinging to being a farmer? Are you doing your duties as knight captain and commander of Reidan?"

"Yes."

Piaro answered without hesitation. He felt pride in his responsibilities.

"Then I'm glad. But what about your goal of becoming a sword saint? If you don't have time due to your duties, isn't it better to quit farming and practice your swordsmanship?"

[A legendary farmer has been born!]

The main character of the notification window that all users in Satisfy saw wasn't Piaro. Grid was certain, but he couldn't help feeling nervous. In this case, his uneasy feeling was proven correct.

"I realized that I am a farmer, not a sword saint."

"..."

Grid was no longer a fool. Piaro was faithful to his role as a farmer. It was rumored that the seven guilds' invasion of Reidan was repelled by farmers. The users doing field work, and so on. All of these things attested to the fact that Piaro was the legendary farmer.

Grid just didn't want to admit it.

Sword Saint Muller. Grid hoped that Piaro's strength would be recognized as the strongest among the legends.

"...Is it because your talent isn't enough to pursue the peak of swordsmanship? In the end, you gave up and became a farmer."

Grid couldn't hide his anger as he tried to provoke Piaro.

"..."

Piaro knew the role that Grid wanted for him. He knew the sense of loss that Grid would be feeling. Piaro was determined to prove himself to Grid. He would prove that he was superior compared to when he was a great swordsman.

"Farming is the foundation of our lives and it is more valuable than anything else in the world. I just chose a more valuable path."

"It is possible for women to harvest the crops. You aren't the only one who can do farming."

"However, I'm the only one who can master it."

"Why do you need to master farming? Ah, to create a good harvest? It is very minor. If you have power, you can occupy more territory. Then there would be more people and we can secure a large amount of food using it. It is much more profitable to develop

the armed forces to aim for more land.”

“Mastering farming isn’t merely raising crops. I can exert more power if I have an understanding of nature. I can confident that I am necessary for My Lord.”

“Really? Then prove it. What type of power can a farmer exert?”

This was what Piaro wanted. He had been wanting this situation since he asked for farming equipment.

‘I must be acknowledged by My Lord.’

He would let Grid know the greatness of a farmer. Piaro took out his hand plow and plow, while Grid armed himself with Failure and Grid’s Greatsword.

“I will return you to your original form. Your hands are meant to hold a sword, not dirt-stained farming equipment!”

At present, Piaro wasn’t sane. Grid had to return him to the right path. Grid put on the Slaughterer’s Eye Patch and used Blacksmith’s Rage to overpower Piaro. Piaro made a sad expression.

‘His talent is weak compared to Kraugel and Chris.’

Grid made great strides after defeating Pagma’s Doppelganger, but his lord was fundamentally unskilled. It was unlikely that his growth had continued since then.

‘You might be poisoned with frustration after losing, but I believe that you can overcome this poison as usual.’

Piario would first relieve his burden by proving his value. Piario judged and blocked the blue greatsword Grid was swinging, then counterattacked while avoiding a dark blue greatsword. In his head, Grid had already collapsed.

But what was Grid’s specialty? It was the power to overcome common sense and destroy predictions.

*Chaaeng!*

“...!”

As soon as the blue greatsword and hand plow collided, Piaro's eyes widened.

## CHAPTER 318

As soon as the blue greatsword and hand plow collided, Piaro's eyes widened.

'Heavy!'

Grid's swordsmanship was rough. It wasn't outstanding. However, his high strength and agility wrecked considerable havoc.

'How far has he come?'

Piario had experience teaching Grid. He knew more than anyone that Grid was dull-witted. Even though he inherited the legendary skills, Piario was confident that a rapid growth wasn't possible for Grid.

But he was mistaken. Grid's growth rate was comparable to the geniuses that Piario recognized, Regas and Ibellin.

'Now!'

The synergy between the Slaughterer's Eye Patch and his high insight exploded. As Piario was feeling confused, Grid's eye flashed red and he shook the hand plow off Failure. At this point, Grid's greatsword moved horizontally.

*Chaaeng!*

"Uh...!"

Piario groaned. A powerful shock was delivered despite the defense of the plow. Blacksmith's Rage and the buff on the pavranium meant that Grid's attack power currently surpassed Chris. In particular, Grid's high agility gave him wings.

*Chaaeng! Jjang! Jjejeong!*

In the time it took Chris to attack twice, Grid had attacked three times. Piario was very surprised. It was surprising since Grid was predicted to be below Chris' level. But this surprise didn't last long.

Grid had one lacking point. It was his understanding of swordsmanship. Chris executed a trajectory that forced the enemy's movement to slow, while Grid was just fast.

First, defend and then pierce through the gap. Piaro turned to the left, aiming his hand plow at Grid's left shoulder. It was an attack that precisely aimed for the weak point, but something unexpected happened.

A golden blade flew and guarded Grid. Piaro blocked the attack and was amazed.

'Indeed!'

A legendary blacksmith. Grid made up for his lack of swordsmanship with tools. However, didn't the golden blade stiffen from one strike? Piaro didn't consider the pavranium to be a variable. This was a natural judgment. It was too early to express this as carelessness.

But who was Grid? Once again, he was a legendary blacksmith. He transcended predictions with his items.

*Peeng!*

"Heok?"

Piaro had been the strongest ever since he became a great swordsman. He was considered invincible and rarely experienced a fright. The golden blade went stiff after protecting Grid's shoulder. Then it launched Magic Missile!

"Ugh!"

It was a completely unexpected type of attack. He never imagined that magic would come from the blade. Then Grid leapt forward through that gap.

*Chaaeng!*

Once the attack was blocked, he took advantage of the rebound and swung Grid's Greatsword. It was an exciting linked combo.

*Puok!*



“...!”

Blood dripped down Piaro’s chest. However, the damage didn’t seem to be great and there was no shaking in his posture. Grid knew how robust he was and linked the attacks without hesitation.

Slashing and a descending cut. Landing and then a horizontal slash. The subsequent counterattack was defended by Failure and then countered with Grid’s Greatsword. He succeeded in a total of five attacks with Grid’s Greatsword. Then the option of Grid’s Greatsword was activated, making the fifth attack a critical attack.

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 22,900 damage to the target.]

‘Ridiculously durable.’

The person wounded was Piaro, but Grid was the one who felt surprised. It was because Piaro’s defensive power exceeded Elfin Stone’s, despite him only wearing simple clothes. His health must be at least 300,000.

Piario was a legendary farmer, so he now had significantly higher stats than when he was a great swordsman. In addition, he raised his level through continuous training. Piario’s current level was 405, which was 38 levels higher than when Grid observed him with the Great Lord’s Sword.

Grid was only level 301, so his attacks couldn’t deal proper damage. This was a judgment based on level that the system decided by default.

Piario expressed his respect.

“I am proud of you.”

Had he been working hard since the day he struggled with Pagma’s doppelganger?

“I have to salute My Lord, who has done your best despite your lack of talent.”

[Piaro's loyalty has soared to the peak.]

[The absolute trust in his lord has increased Piaro's willingness and opened up his potential. Piaro's stats will permanently increase by 10%.]

"Heok."

Grid would normally be glad about the notification windows. But now was an exception.

"W-Wait a minute!"

Piaro should become stronger after the battle! He didn't have time to put that thought in his mouth.

"Free Farming 1st Style, Sowing."

*Pa pa pa pat!*

Piaro sprinkled dozens of seeds.

The pavranium responded because it was aimed at Grid.

Out of the 27 pavranium, four of the pavranium turned into blades had been mixed with the Water Clan King's Tears. The remaining 23 were the basic form, showing a weak defense. They couldn't fully defend against all the seeds sowed around Grid and stiffened.

[You have suffered 9,320 damage.]

"This damn thing!"

Grid was hit by a rice seed that penetrated through the stiff pavranium and screamed.

In the past, a low level user in Patrian was hit by a bone and died. Now Grid was in the same position.

“Free Farming 2nd Style, Rapid Growth.”

*Kwaduk! Kudududuk!*

After hitting the pavranium or Grid, the seeds on the floor started growing rapidly.

‘What is this?’

Grid freaked out as he saw the rice growing.

“This is a power that only a legendary farmer can exert.”

Piaro’s will was firm. As a legendary farmer, he wasn’t incompetent. So he wanted to be acknowledged. But Grid couldn’t accept it. No matter how strong a legendary farmer, he couldn’t get rid of the idea that a sword saint was better.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Link!”

A sword dance was quickly unfolded.

*Pit! Pipipipit!*

Dozens of attacks flew out and scattered the rice plants. Grid and Piaro’s eyes met.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship...!”

“Free Farming!”

*Kuoooooh!*

The air around Grid sank heavily. The intense aura around Grid was concentrated at the end of the greatsword, making the target feel an extreme threat. It was the manifestation of Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Kill.

Piaro’s skill was even more amazing.

“6th Style! Flailing!”

The plow was replaced by a flail. It ruthlessly struck Grid's Greatsword that was aiming for his chest.

*Pepeok! Bam bam bam!*

"Heok?"

Grid was surprised. It was because the energy of Kill was unable to bear the power of the flail and dissipated.

'This is crazy!'

Flailing! One of his strongest skills was disabled by a farming technique. The thing that made him even more irate was that the old flail Piaro was using was a rare rated farming tool that Grid made a few months ago. In contrast, his weapon was legendary rated!

'Shit!'

It felt like he was grain hit by a flail. Piaro's skill wasn't just strong. It also had a tendency to break the enemy's self-esteem. It was very powerful.

'He might be a farmer, but a legend is a legend. This is pretty amazi... No, no.'

He couldn't acknowledge Piaro as a farmer. Piaro should only be a sword saint. Grid barely recovered from his confusion and gave orders to four pavranium blades that contained Magic Missile.

'Shoot from all directions!'

The pavranium only followed Grid's will. They immediately reacted by surrounding Piaro and firing Magic Missile all at once.

'This basic magic isn't a threat to me!'

Piaro was caught off guard before, but not now.

Piaro demonstrated the hidden technique of Free Farming, 'Natural State.' Then the earth, air, trees and everything in nature gave him strength, causing his stats to rise dramatically. It was natural that his magic resistance would also increase.

But it was useless.

*Pepepepeng!*

“Cough!”

The Magic Missile (Enhanced) Grid received from Braham completely ignored the target’s magic resistance. Despite the use of Natural State, Piaro suffered a lot of damage.

‘What is with the strength of this magic?’

Piario had fought with Earl Ashur, one of the 10 great magicians of the continent. But Earl Ashur didn’t have magic that was this fast and powerful.

‘The magic of an artifact transcends that of a great magician...!’

His lord was truly great. Piario felt sincere respect.

On the other hand, Grid was cursing.

‘Dammit.’

He was able to add magic to pavranium thanks to the Water Clan King’s Tears sent by Euphemina, but there was a problem. In order to deploy the Magic Missile attributed to the pavranium, Grid’s mana was consumed.

Malacus’ Cloak and the Black Quartz Earrings increased Grid’s intelligence, giving him mana close to 16,000. The mana cost of the legendary skills was very high, so it was too much to use both Pagma’s Swordsmanship and Magic Missile (Enhanced).

But in this situation, Piario became even stronger.

‘Natural State...’

It amplified his stats, like Braham’s Magic Drain. It was an excellent legendary buff skill.

‘On the other hand, my Blacksmith’s Rage...’

Blacksmith's Rage was based on sympathizing with blacksmiths! It couldn't be denied that it was a great buff that increased attack damage and attack speed, but the disadvantage was that the duration was too short. The skill at level 5 only lasted for 35 seconds. Piaro's Natural State and Braham's Magic Drain were undeniably better.

*Pepeok! Bam bam bam!*

"Ugh!"

Would Blacksmith's Rage one day be reborn to match a legendary skill? Grid's thinking was broken by Piaro's flail. Grid tried to defend, but it was difficult. The flail was light, its attack speed was fast and its trajectory was irregular.

'This is a joke...!'

Piario was very fast after using Natural State. He avoided all the Magic Missiles fired by the pavranium again. Grid was distressed about the one-sided beating.

'If only I had two more hands...!'

He would be able to resist Piario's flail and also reverse the situation by using Item Combination.

'Ah?'

Grid was struck with an epiphany.

'Yes, hands!'

The hands of a legendary blacksmith! What if he could reproduce these great hands with the pavranium? Just imagine it! The legendary blacksmith hands that moved according to his command.

During combat, he could use multiple items, maximizing the power of his items. In addition, they could be his substitute for the long activation time of Item Combination.

'I can make several items at the same time, so the efficiency of my work will increase!'

...Irene would also be pleased.

Grid smiled with satisfaction and called out.

“Time! Wait! Stop! I said stop!”

“...?”

Not admitting defeat in a battle, just stopping? Piaro stopped moving his flail. It was truly great loyalty. Grid shouted to him.

“Let’s fight again tomorrow!”

Grid was too careless today. Even if Piaro was a farmer, he was still a legend. Tomorrow, if Grid lost again despite his full preparations...

‘At that time, I will respect your choice.’

Grid’s eyes were filled with confidence. The reason why he felt confident despite not reducing Piaro’s health by one-tenth today was because he had absolute faith. He had faith in his items.

At this moment, a legend of the new era started to evolve. He was in the process of catching up to the legends of the previous generation and overcoming them.

## CHAPTER 319

‘Piaro is at least level 400.’

Grid didn’t even need to observe him with the Great Lord’s Sword. There was no other way to explain why his attacks didn’t do any damage despite Piaro wearing no armor.

‘At least a 100 level difference...’

The difference of 100 levels was big. It was a gap that couldn’t be filled. Apart from the level compensation system, the difference between the stat numbers and power of skills was different. Using common sense, the probability that Grid would beat Piaro was 0%.

But.

‘I have a means of destroying common sense.’

This meant...

‘Of course it’s items.’

It was the attraction of items that could destroy the balance of the system. For those who couldn’t afford it, items were a curse. But it was the opposite for Grid. He would stand at the peak as an overgeared person. On the other hand, Piaro was only using rare rated farming equipment and old clothing.

‘The odds are good enough.’

Grid knew the strength of a legendary farmer. However, how could it compare to a sword saint?

‘Piaro, I will break your stubbornness.’

He would make Piaro dream of becoming a sword saint again! Grid pledged and used the item disassembly skill. After extracting the Water Clan King’s Tears from the four golden blades, he poured a total of 27 pavranium into the furnace.



It was the beginning of the smelting.

‘What is he trying to make this time?’

Khan and the young blacksmiths flocked to Grid’s side. They focused on Grid’s behavior and tried to figure out his intentions. However, they couldn’t understand Grid’s state.

‘What is he doing?’

*Ttang! Ttang!*

Grid produced a mold while the pavranium melted. But the model of the mold wasn’t common. It wasn’t a blade or a spear, but Grid’s hand itself.



The pavranium expedition repeatedly attacked the 10~15th vampire cities.

They wanted to challenge the cities that hadn’t been attacked yet, but they took Grid’s warning to heart.

“There is a vampire duke called Marie Rose. Braham says she’s sleeping somewhere inside the cities. If we don’t want to be killed, only hunt in the places that we have secured. Yes? How old is she? Um... She is strong enough to wipe out all of the Overgeared members? This is a complete scam, a scam.”

‘Many times stronger than Elfin Stone... ’

‘Perhaps a dragon class?’

Grid had succeeded in the Elfin Stone raid after reaching level 300. He recently became more and more suited to be called the strongest. They were also proud that the Overgeared members was the best guild. But this vampire had a presence that could overwhelm all of them alone?

Indeed, Satisfy was wide. There were many unknown areas and existences that hadn’t been met yet.

“The elixirs are really dirty. Since the first day we came here with Grid, the number of

vampires we hunted has surpassed 10,000. So why hasn't even one elixir dropped?"

"I agree. If only one stamina elixir dropped..."

"There is even the buff that increases item acquisition, so the drop rate is worse than rumored."

"We still obtained 11 Junior Vampire Rings. That is big enough."

In cities where they had already raided the boss once, the appearance rate of the True Blood vampires dropped. The boss was also weaker than the first boss. This meant the difficulty of the dungeon fell, resulting in lower quality items dropped.

The Overgeared members couldn't make as much as they expected. But their attitudes were positive. It was because the vampires gave a lot of experience. The vampire cities were still the best hunting grounds. It was phenomenal, causing the level 203 Yura to rise to 210 in just one week.

"But why isn't Grid here? There are only 25 days left on the experience buff."

"He has something important to do, so he will come in two days."

"Important? He made a greatsword for Chris a few days ago, so what now?"

"Perhaps Chris hit Grid in the back of the head?"

"That's not it. He said that he's making an item that is the peak of being overgeared."

"Peak of overgeared...?"

Swords, spears, bows, etc. They were always discussed when talking about the peak of fighting. But the peak of being overgeared, they couldn't understand what this meant.

"Did he find a way to do Item Combination without the merging time?"

"...It might be possible."

Didn't Pagma's Descendant have many abilities? In addition, couldn't Grid take advantage of all of them? The Overgeared members still couldn't predict the result.



Grid thought rapidly.

‘Hands? They’re easy to make!’

Grid currently had close to 2,600 points in dexterity. There was also a large rise in proficiency due to making the two greatswords. Grid was more confident than ever, and made molds in the shape of his hands. Then he poured the molten pavranium in the five molds.

After a while.

“Okay! Perfect!”

Five golden hands floated and started moving around Grid. Grid was filled with joy. It was fun to imagine how these five hands could help him in the future. He couldn’t ignore the battle-oriented aspects.

Just imagine it! The five hands would protect him with shields, while attacking the enemy with swords. Grid would be absolutely invincible.

“Ohh...!”

Khan and the blacksmiths were amazed to see hands floating in the air alone. Creating moving hands, they looked at Grid like he was a god.

“Huhut... Now, shall I test your performance?”

Grid took out Failure, Iyarugt, Grid’s Greatsword, the Ideal Dagger and the Divine Shield from his inventory and commanded the five hands.

“Arm yourselves!”

*Pa pa pa pat!*

The five hands flew towards Grid and collided with the five items. That’s right. They collided instead of grabbing the weapons.

“...?”

Rather than equipping the items, the hands let them drop to the ground. Grid was dismayed.

“What are you doing? To hold an item, you must fold your fingers. Why are you keeping your palms open?”

He asked with frustrating, but the pavranium didn’t answer. They might have a will, but the pavranium was only a mineral. They couldn’t possibly talk.

“Ah, this is frustrating.”

The five hands lined up in front of Grid. Then he tried to teach them by repeatedly folding and unfolding his fingers.

“This is rock! This is scissors! This is paper! Now follow me!”

“...”

The pavranium didn’t move despite his passionate shouts. They just kept their palms open.

“No, try to follow me!”

“...”

Grid cursed at the five hands floating in the air. The blacksmiths were baffled because Grid wasn’t acting as normal.

‘Why is he acting like this?’

‘What’s wrong?’

‘Why is the great sun of Reidan...?’

Among the young blacksmiths, Khan shook his head.

“It’s been a while since I’ve seen this...”



## [Hand Model of a Legendary Blacksmith]

Attack Power: 22

A model of the hands of the legendary blacksmith Grid.

It is made of pavranium, so it can move by itself.

If the open palms hit the opponent's cheeks, the provocation effect is activated.

Weight: 15

"...Ah."

Grid read the item description several times and belatedly realized. How delicate were the hands of a body? Due to the presence of multiple joints and muscles, fine control and all types of actions were possible.

In other words, it was necessary to produce the joints for these pavranium hands to function properly. Without the joints, it was no different from a plaster of a hand. The fingers couldn't bend.

"...Hah."

Grid could only sigh. He needed to fully understand the structure of a hand in order to produce what he desired. It was dark in front of him.

"First of all, look at the encyclopedia... Although..."

Didn't the anatomy books need at least an IQ of 100 to understand? Grid trembled.

"Needing to know the structure of the human body to make an item in game...!?"

The Grid in the past would've cursed, asking why they didn't make a game for stupid people to play. However, not the current Grid. In order to get what he wanted, he needed to put in the effort.

He took a deep breath and logged out.



‘The hands consist of the thumb, the index finger, middle finger, ring finger and little finger. The thumb consists of two joints, while the fingers have three joints... The front and back of the finger have tendons, while the outer sides have the nerves and blood vessels...’

Shin Youngwoo searched for ‘hand’ in Korea’s largest portal site. He entered a medical encyclopedia and learned about the shape and structure of the hands. He repeated the same thing several times in order to memorize it. It couldn’t be helped because he didn’t have a good memory.

‘I don’t want to forget the contents after logging in.’

To be honest, he didn’t think this was necessary. In order to create an item that perfectly reproduced the functions of the hand, he could rely on the correction effect of the creation skill. He just needed the basic knowledge in order to draw a blueprint.

But Youngwoo did his best to memorize the contents. It was an act that originated from the desire to create perfect hands.

His mother’s voice was heard while he was studying for a long time.

“Youngwoo! Take out the trash!”

“...Disturbing your son who is studying for the first time in five years!”

His mother always had excellent timing. If he wanted to do his homework, he would be interrupted. If he sat down in preparation to study for five hours straight, she would come into his room and lecture him.

“Is she a psychic...?”

Maybe she had a hidden psychic ability? Youngwoo childishly imagined it and followed her order. He didn’t forget to wear a mask and sunglasses that perfectly covered his face.

‘I will have millions of anti-fans because of Braham, so I have to be careful.’

Maybe he would be attacked. Youngwoo was too afraid to search his name on the Internet these days. He still didn't know the repercussions of the incident with Braham.

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What should he do if he encountered someone? The nervous Youngwoo shot a movie for three minutes while taking out the trash bags. He looked around every time he took a step, and occasionally took a low crawling posture. He hid behind a telephone pole whenever car lights approached.

He was a former sergeant of the Republic of Korea army and was a reservist. Thanks to this, he was able to return home safely after taking out the trash.

“Sigh... It was good that I went into the army.”

He had struggled during his days of active duty, but the things he learned during the army were really worthwhile. First of all, the army was a sacred duty. Youngwoo didn't think it was a waste of time to go into the army. Rather, he took pride in it.

His mother, who was peeling garlic in the living room, looked at him with confusion.

“Why are you wearing a mask and sunglasses at night?”

“I have to do this because of a false accusation. I have to consider my body, so have Sehee take out the trash for a while.”

“Are you insane? False accusation? Consider your body?”

His mother had a concerned expression on his face. Youngwoo didn't want his mother to be concerned and changed the topic.

“It's a joke, a joke. I'll help you with the garlic.”

*Pak! Pa pa pa pat!*

Youngwoo peeled the garlic at a great speed. It was a level that transcended the skill of his mother, who had been peeling garlic for 30 years. His mother was astonished when she saw how quickly the white flesh of the garlic was revealed.

‘My son is also talented!’



Youngwoo hadn't done well since he was a child. He didn't reveal any talents. His mother always took it to heart. She felt sorry that her son had no talent, and she also felt guilty.

But now he had her ability to peel garlic. She was thrilled that her son's talent was belatedly discovered. It was to the point of tears. But he wasn't particularly happy.



After dinner, Grid accessed Satisfy.

He went to visit Irene as always. She would give birth in 50 days, so Grid was motivated to whisper endearments to her and to maintain a faithful attitude.

"Dear husband, have a good day today."

*Jjuk!*

Irene's lips touching his cheek was softer and more thrilling than anything else in the world. Then a notification window flashed in front of Grid.

[The child in the belly has felt the true love of the couple, increasing all stats by 1.]

It happened for the first time in a while. It had been 10 days. The rise in the child's stats was constantly being repeated in a certain period of time.

'A good start!'

The road was clear. The confident Grid ran to the smithy.

"We greet the great sun of Reidan, Duke Grid!"

The young blacksmiths greeted him in unison. Khan also laughed. Grid responded to them, then closed his eyes.

'Concentrate.'

Grid didn't delay. He recalled the structure of the hand that he had memorized and immediately triggered the creation skill.

"Item Creation."

[What item do you want to create?]

'Will it work?'

Item Creation wasn't an almighty skill. A simple example was that Grid couldn't create accessories. Grid could only create items that were suitable for blacksmiths to produce.

*Gulp.*

Grid gulped nervously and replied.

"Hands. I want to create hands."

[...]

It was silent for a while. The system didn't have a reaction.

'Is it impossible?'

It was the worst case scenario. The moment Grid was going to frown with disappointment,

[It is hands, not gauntlets?]

The notification window was different from usual. It was a more organic question.

‘Something is coming!’

Grid sensed this was a prelude to a special event and nodded.

“That’s right! I want to create hands! Hands based on mine!”

[It is possible if you set the material as pavranium.]

“...!”

His morale started to rise. Grid was delighted. He shouted with excitement.

“I will set the material as pavranium!”

At that moment.

*Ttiring~*

A cheerful sound was heard, and he couldn’t imagine what happened next.

[You have had the same idea as the legendary blacksmith Pagma.]

[The third class quest ‘What Pagma couldn’t Achieve’ has been created.]

[What Pagma couldn’t Achieve]

Difficulty: Class Quest.

300 years ago, the legendary blacksmith created the strongest mineral called pavranium.

Pavranium is a mineral with a transcendent performance, even above the god mineral

adamantium. It is said that it would've never been completed without the knowledge of Great Magician Braham.

Pagma was inspired. It was his desire to make something that even transcended the gods using the pavranium. But there was a clear limit to the quantity of pavranium, so Pagma had to think about how to use the pavranium.

At this time, he came up with the 'God Hand.'

Several golden hands that could demonstrate a dexterity equivalent to the legendary blacksmith! With the God Hands, Pagma believed he could produce items in an area that he had never reached.

However, he was unable to make the God Hands. Human life was finite and Pagma was already old.

Now you have reached the same idea as Pagma, so create and produce the God Hands. Transcend the foundation set by Pagma by achieving the goal that Pagma couldn't reach.

Quest Clear Conditions: Fully produce hands made of pavranium.

Quest Clear Reward: One of the hidden pieces of Pagma's Descendant, 'Sealed Abilities' will open.

'It is as Braham said!'

Pagma existed 300 years ago. In addition, he was dying at that point. So how did he appear in history 100 years ago? Grid gradually started to accept Pagma's existence.

'Perhaps a ghost... No, it's useless to think about it now.'

It was something he would naturally discover during the progression of his story quests. Grid shook his head and focused on the challenge ahead of him.

'I'll do it!'

Grid was filled with a burning motivation. He was confident after memorizing the

shape and structure of a hand for three hours.

[Please design the God Hand.]

A blank blueprint appeared in front of him.

Grid drew the structure he learned and a form that resembled his own hand. As a result, he was able to design a quality hand that exceeded his knowledge due to the Item Creation skill's compensation effect.

['Design: God Hand' has been acquired!]

God Hand. The name itself was tremendous. The performance was obviously great just based on the name. The blissful Grid smelted the pavranium. Then he used the Legendary Blacksmith's Hammer to forge it.

*Ttang! Ttang!*

Grid focused silently. He didn't let anything obstruct him.

“...”

It was quiet. For Grid, the only things that existed in the world at present were the pavranium, the anvil, and the hammer. There was nothing else.

*Ttaang – ttang -!*

The hammer and Grid were no longer separate existences. They were fully joined. The hammer was Grid and Grid was the hammer. The body and hammer moved as one.

*Ttaaang!*

The pavranium gradually took the shape of the God Hands. The complex and delicate structure was recreated. A clear sound rang out. Khan and the young blacksmiths were impressed as they watched the golden hands being completed.

[Your extreme concentration has activated the Legendary Blacksmith's Breath.]

[The Legendary Blacksmith's Breath has increased the effectiveness of your production items.]

“...!”

At the end of a long work, Grid finally returned to reality. His eyes widened as he confirmed the result.

*(traitorAIZEN note: These are the golden hands you can see in the cover picture)*



‘There is no possibility that I will lose today.’

Piario didn't doubt it. Grid's level was beyond his expectations, but it still wasn't a match for Piario.

‘I'm sorry towards My Lord.’

Grid was growing quickly. But that was it. Grid hadn't yet become a suitable candidate for the title of legend.

‘There is still a sky between you and me.’

A person's skills couldn't transcend that gap overnight. Piario recalled the battle from the day before and was confident that he could win against Grid today without any injuries.

*Puk! Puk puk puk puk!*

*Pa pa pa pat!*

As Piaro was thinking, his hands moved without any rest. He quickly dug out the vegetables in no time. Chris and the Five Captains were amazed at the sight.

‘I want such a farmer in our territory!’

It was Chris’ desperate wish. Pedro. The territory ruled by the Giant Guild was different from the past. Everything was trampled by the golem army, so they were currently in the process of rebuilding.

Of course, the fields were also a mess, and it was impossible to produce food. But what if they obtained a Piaro? Pedro’s crops would get better every quarter and the Giant Guild’s finances would rise. People would become motivated after getting food and the rate of the reconstruction would increase by several times.

“Sigh...”

Chris could only sigh. He was envious of Grid, who had a great number of named NPCs like Piaro.

“Um, I should end it here today.”

Piario rose from his spot. He finished work three hours earlier than usual.

“Are you going already? What about the sparring?”

It was Chris who talked to Piario with extreme respect.

“I have something important to do today. After finishing the field work, we will spar at night. I’ll see you later.”

The dirt-stained Piario left the fields.

“It must be huge if that old man, who is crazy about farming, left.”

“Maybe something happened with Overgeared?”

The Five Captains’ guesses were reasonable. Piario usually cherished working in the fields. What happened that would make him leave early?

“Follow him.”

Chris felt curious and followed Piaro. Piaro’s insight was so high that they had to be a considerable distance behind, but they were able to easily follow him. It was because Reidan’s population was low.

“Huh?”

“Grid?”

Chris and the Five Captains followed Piaro to a large smithy. They were confused at the sight of Piaro confronting Grid. Grid was armed with two greatswords and had a grim expression on his face, like he was planning to fight Piaro.

‘Is there a feud between the two?’

If so, was this a chance to recruit Piaro? Chris was inwardly cheering with delight.

“This idiot doesn’t understand who he is facing.”

The other captains scoffed, except for Zirkan. Grid couldn’t beat Piaro, who defeated even them. The Five Captains predicted that Grid would be killed with a hand plow in 10 seconds. They believed it was a natural result.

‘Because we were beaten!’

After reaching the third advancement, the Five Captains were stronger than ever. They were aware of the level of Grid’s skills. But what was the truth?

“Heok.”

The Five Captains watched the sight unfold before their eyes and couldn’t close their mouths. Chris was also shocked.



## CHAPTER 321

“I greet My Lord!”

The vacant lot in front of Khan’s smithy. Piaro came at the promised time. Grid’s expression wasn’t good. It was because Piaro was the same as yesterday. He was wearing old clothes covered in soil and holding a rusty hand plow.

The outright image of a farmer. In addition, a poor farmer!

“Not dressing formally as the captain of the Overgeared Knights Division and commander of Reidan. Can’t this be interpreted as disloyalty towards me?”

Grid came out strongly. It seemed he still hadn’t accepted Piaro as a farmer.

Piario stood his ground.

“I dress appropriately when carrying out my duties as commander and captain of knights division. Right now, I am a farmer, so I look like this.”

“This damn farmer’s life, I’ll settle this today.”

“You don’t have to. Isn’t this the increase in power that My Lord wanted? As a farmer, I am capable of exercising power beyond what was possible before. Now I am much stronger than when I was a great swordsman. Please respect the path I chose and acknowledge this fact.”

“It’s weaker than a sword saint! Get rid of that farmer and become a sword saint!”

Grid didn’t speak for long. He pulled out two weapons.

[The +9 Failure has been equipped.]

[The +8 Grid’s Greatsword has been equipped.]

The plain Grid's Greatsword from yesterday was now shining with the color of a +8 enhancement. It was a result of investing all the enhancement stones that Grid had gathered. It was unfortunate that it didn't reach +9.

"Today I am different from yesterday!"

Confidence filled Grid's eyes. Piaro couldn't understand it at all.

'Why does he believe this?'

Didn't he see the difference between them yesterday? His skills couldn't have gone up in a single day, so what was the basis for his confidence?

'He is the master of 20,000 people and a legend.'

It was a bigger problem if he was arrogant. This could easily create enemies and cause danger. Piaro had a different set of values from Braham. Out of loyalty to Grid, he made a decision to break Grid down.

"I will show you my power today."

As soon as Piaro armed himself with a hand plow and hoe, Grid attacked as if he had been waiting. He advanced and utilized the long reach of Failure.

*Chaaeng!*

He blocked with the hand plow, and used the repulsive force to retreat back.

*Kuoooooh!*

The air around Grid started to boil. His black hair and the stones on the ground started rising. Pagma's Swordsmanship, Transcend.

[Entering the transcendent mode.]

[Attack power is doubled. Your basic attacks will be converted to ranged attacks.]

[This effect will last for 30 seconds.]

“If you don’t want to die, avoid this.”

*Kwa kwang! Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

Grid continuously wielded his two greatswords. He swung them without a break. Every time he did, powerful energy blades poured out.

‘Hah.’

Piario admired it. Grid’s momentum rose and Transcend had a powerful force.

‘Certainly, he is different from yesterday.’

Yesterday, Grid relied on pure swordsmanship and suffered. Today, Grid used Pagma’s Swordsmanship from the beginning. It was a very wise decision. The legendary skills were the only means of narrowing the gap between Piario and himself. Piario was impressed with Grid’s wisdom.

‘But...’

The difference in basic abilities was too great. Wisdom alone couldn’t overcome the fundamental issue.

*Pepeng! Pepepepeng!*

Piario confronted the heavy bombardment with his hand plow and hoe. There was an explosion whenever the farming equipment collided with an energy blade, and the energy blade would disappear. Piario wasn’t hurt by Grid’s skill.

But to a third party, Piario seemed to be in a great crisis. Piario was in the center of a series of explosions and seemed like he would be injured.

“This is impossible...”

“Wow, that is complete damage.”

Chris and the Five Captains were astonished as they watched the battle from a distance. Grid’s use of Transcend was great. It looked impressive. Grid seemed like he

was completely overwhelming Piaro.

‘Grid can easily fight an opponent we couldn’t...?’

‘Grid is strong!’

They thought they had become stronger than him after reaching the third advancement, but this was a mistake. Compared to Grid’s legendary class, they were still lacking. As they grew, Grid was also growing. Chris and the Five Captains’ pride was crushed at this time.

“Sowing.”

Piario spoke from the centre of the explosion. Chris and the Five Captains were delighted as they confirmed that Piario was fine.

‘Indeed! Piario would never be defeated by Grid!’

‘Grid, it looked amazing, but there was no substance behind it!’

They weren’t any worse than Grid after reaching the third advancement. As Chris and the Five Captains were feeling happy, seeds shot like bullets towards Grid. The female of the Five Captains, Pinky, was certain.

“This is the end for Grid.”

Piario’s seeds weren’t something that could be blocked or avoided. They were fast and powerful, unconditionally dealing blows to the target. A few days ago, Pinky had been hit by the rice seeds and fell into a critical state. How could Grid handle this technique?

Pinky was certain. But she too arrogant. Pinky made this conclusion on the assumption that she was superior to Grid. But the reality was that Grid was much better than her.

“Freely Move.”

It was the skill attached to the title ‘Secret Hero.’ There were limits to the range of use, and the cooldown time was one hour. However, it was a top dashing skill that allowed him to avoid all non-targeting skills until he reached his target.

Piario's Sowing was quick and exquisite, but they couldn't reach Grid unless it was a targeted skill.

"...!"

Piario's eyes widened with surprise. Grid showed a surprising swiftness as he approached through the rice seeds.

"Aren't I different from yesterday?"

*Puok!*

Grid whispered to the surprised Piario and attacked. With the help of Freely Move, he arrived in front of Piario and used Pagma's Swordsmanship, Pinnacle.

"This is impossible!"

The Five Captains were shocked. Piario had a big wound on his shoulder and was bleeding. They couldn't believe it.

"The opponent that even Chris couldn't harm... '

'He received a fatal wound!'

Chris reminded the dumbfounded Five Captains.

"No, Piario is fine. This is the limit for Grid."

It was true.

Piario's posture didn't collapse despite the wound on his shoulder. Grid struck properly, but the level difference made it possible to avoid a fatal blow.

*Chaaeng!*

Piario ignored the greatsword stuck in his shoulder and struck forward with his hoe.

'I will be hit!'

Grid read it with the Slaughterer's Eye Patch and his insight, and tried to defend. He

wanted to block the hoe by moving Grid's Greatsword. However, Piaro's attack contained an anomaly. It seemed to rush in front, but it actually moved to the side, making Grid's defense useless.

[You have suffered 11,900 damage.]

'This is crazy!'

Grid paled as his side was struck. He was wearing the most powerful armor set in existence, but he received so much damage from a rare rated farming equipment? The hand plow flew towards his forehead.

"This is the end!"

This time, Asellas was sure of it. A few days ago, he had been defeated by Piaro's blow to his forehead with a hand plow. However, this was also a mistake. Grid had something that Asellas didn't. It was the power of items.

*Jeeeong!*

"Ah!"

Piaro cried out with alarm. He was greatly astonished. It was natural. A shield suddenly appeared in front of Grid and blocked the hand plow. The hand holding the shield didn't belong to Grid...

'A hand that's moving alone!'

This hand even held an item! He could imagine all the ways that it could be used. Grid laughed at the shaken Piaro.

"Let me show you the power of items."

Grid declared and threw Failure and Grid's Greatsword into the air.

'What?'

Forsaking a weapon during battle? Chris and the Five Captains couldn't grasp the exact situation because they were watching from afar.

"E-Eh?"

"What is this...?"

Something ridiculous happened. Two more gold hands appeared and grabbed the greatswords thrown by Grid?

"Take a good look!"

Chris hurriedly spoke. This might be the only opportunity to get a glimpse of Grid's power. He couldn't miss anything.

"Who are you?"

"...!"

Chris and the Five Captains flinched with surprise while they were concentrating. It was due to the appearance of a handsome man with blonde hair to his waist. His name was Asmophel, and he wore white armor and a blue cloak.

An NPC.

"Who are you?"

Chris's response was angry because he was interrupted in an important moment by a NPC. Asmophel responded with a nonchalant expression.

"A captain of the Overgeared Knights Division."

"Overgeared Knights Division?"

"Pfff!"

The name of the knights division was funny. Chris and the Five Captains reflexively laughed. Asmophel didn't like this reaction.

"Now you're sneering at My Lord's knights."

*Suuk.*

Asmophel pulled out a sword. It was a one-handed sword that seemed to be a compact version of Dainsleif.

“Who dares draw a sword in front of us?”

“Everyone is looking down on us! Don’t make fun of us just because we’re covered in dirt!”

The Five Captains were furious and armed themselves, and they had to pay a harsh price.

“Red Sword.”

“Keok.”

“Ugh.”

It happened in an instant. There was a red storm of light and all of the Five Captains, except for Zirkan, were bleeding.

“There wasn’t only one monster...!”

Zirkan barely defended against the attack, but it was pure luck. Zirkan’s eyes shook as he realized the difference with Asmophel from just one skill. Asmophel saw him and sighed.

“Many of my skills are dead.”

He was once the only rival of a great swordsman, so it was shameful that he couldn’t get rid of this weak person with one blow. Chris shouted as Asmophel was about to attack again.

“Look!”

“...”

Chris was clever and had experience with Piaro. He was well aware of how to act foolish.



“We have a mission from Piaro to work in the rice fields! Then we’re going!”

What was more valuable than their lives? Chris and the Five Captains ran away from Amosphel. Asmophel didn’t bother chasing after them. The important thing right now was the confrontation between his lord and his friend.

‘What is this?’

Asmophel knew Piaro’s strength better than anyone else. Therefore, he couldn’t believe the sight that was unfolding before his eyes. The four golden hands that were holding three greatswords and one dagger.

“Blackening.”

His lord was surrounded by black magic. Piaro started to be pushed back.

## CHAPTER 322

Grid was shaken when Transcend was blocked.

‘I can’t believe it was defeated!’

The number of times he had fired the energy blades in 30 seconds was well over 50 times. But Piaro stood in place and blocked it with a hand plow? He recognized Piaro’s skill from the beginning, but his agility seemed higher than yesterday.

‘Truly amazing.’

Grid felt a thrill. He realized that he was blessed to have such a great subordinate. But Grid didn’t like that Piaro was a farmer. His subordinate would become much stronger if he was a sword saint!

‘Now I will make you a sword saint!’

Grid rushed forward towards Piaro while avoiding the dozens of seeds. He used Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Pinnacle that could only be performed once an hour. But the result fell short of expectations.

[You have dealt 10,500 damage to the target.]

‘Ah! Damn level system!’

Piario’s stats were high and the level difference of 100 was too much. His attack power wasn’t properly applied, catching Grid’s ankles. But he didn’t feel despair. He had the power of items!

‘It is impossible to win with skills alone!’

Grid faced the incoming hand plow and finally summoned a God Hand, defending by equipping the Divine Shield.

*Chaaeng!*

“...!”

Piario was greatly surprised by the sight. Grid smiled at the sight.

“Let me show you the power of items.”

[God Hand]

Rating: Unique (Growth)

Durability: Infinite

Dexterity: 814 Strength: 813

A hand made by the legendary blacksmith Grid, using the material pavranium that was made by the former legends Pagma and Braham. Since it reproduces Grid’s hands, all items can be worn without restrictions.

An item born from the intervention of three legends, it has the ability to transcend a divine item.

However, steady learning is essential in order to open up its potential.

\* The unique rated ‘God Hand’ only receives 30% of its master’s strength and dexterity.

\* The unique rated ‘God Hand’ isn’t yet able to reproduce its master’s skills.

However, the skills possessed by items can be fully used. Buff skills will influence the master.

\* ‘God Hand’ can learn blacksmithing, swordsmanship and shield techniques.

Currently, the Blacksmith skill of God Hand is advanced level 1, while Sword Mastery and Shield Mastery are beginner level 2. Once the mastery reaches a certain level, the rating of God Hand will increase.

\* Magic Missile (Enhanced) is attached. Due to the effect of the Water Clan King's Tears, this spell is reproduced with 100% of its power.

\* Depending on the usage, it is easy to obtain the favor of the opposite sex.

Conditions of Use: Grid.

Weight: 21

The conditions of use was Grid rather than Pagma's Descendant. As a dedicated item exclusively for Grid, its performance and role fulfilled his expectations. There was a high likelihood of growth. It might be comparable or exceed a myth rated item, so he was full of expectations for the future.

But there was one regrettable thing.

'I was only able to make four.'

He was able to make five if he only reproduced the shape, but the pavranium consumption rate was too high once he had to make all the structures.

'Well, I still like it.'

Wasn't it still four hands more than other people? Grid threw Failure and Grid's Greatsword into the air.

'Why?'

Forsaking a weapon during battle? Piaro couldn't understand Grid's intentions and was confused.

'Perhaps...! There isn't only one golden hand!'

Piaro's gaze hurriedly turned towards the sky. Two golden hands appeared and grabbed the greatswords. Piaro paled.

"Is it the time to look away?"

Grid replaced the Divine Shield with the Ideal Dagger, then he shouted.

“Cut!”

*Papat! Papapat!*

The speed of the pavranium was comparable to hell’s best demonic beast, a memphis. An ordinary person wouldn’t be able to react. Three God Hands approached and wielded their greatswords and daggers at Piaro. The golden hands were moving and wielding their weapons by themselves. They might be fast and amazing, but their sword skills were terrible. It was like child’s play to Piaro.

“This isn’t the end!”

*Chaaeng! Chaaeng!*

Piaro blocked all the hand attacks with just one hand plow! He tried to aim the hoe at Grid.

*Chaaeng!*

‘There was one more hand!’

A chill went down Piaro’s spine. A golden hand holding a jade greatsword aimed at his back! Grid realized it the moment he saw Piaro sense and defend against the attack.

‘The current God Hands can’t go against Piaro.’

He was a monster who blocked all attacks, even if they struck simultaneously from all four directions.

‘But it is okay.’

The presence of the God Hands alone were a great help to him. The swordsmanship and strength were low, but all the items were top rated weapons. Piaro was forced to be conscious of them, and Grid would aim for that gap.

‘I will do my best.’

*Kuwaaaang!*

Grid was covered in black energy. It was the manifestation of Blackening that belonged to Dark Bus' Earrings.

[Your black magic power has increased.]

[You don't have any black magic power. It will be replaced with demonic power.]

[While Blackening is activated, your species will change to half-demon.]

[As a half demon, your maximum health is reduced by 50%. Your attack power, magic power and agility will increased by 20% each.]

[All attacks will be converted to the black magic attribute.]

Piario's eyes widened.

'Demonic energy!'

His lord wasn't a human? He suspected for a moment. Then he noticed that the cause of Grid's demonic energy was the earrings he was wearing. Piario frowned despite feeling relieved.

"This doesn't look good!"

Grid's skin was whitened and his eyes turned black, making his appearance unbearable. Piario didn't like that his lord was borrowing the power of a demon. But Grid wouldn't hear of it.

"Don't give it any big meaning. This is just an extension of the items system."

Grid's nature was more aggressive in the Blackening state. How far would this power go against Piario? Grid felt pleasure as he gave an order to the hands.

After deploying Wind Blast attached to the Ideal Dagger, while Failure and the Doppelganger's Greatsword simultaneously hit the left and right sides of Piario. At this time, Grid's Greatsword was falling from the air.

“Where are you going?”

The attacks towards Piaro weren't threatening at all. They were easy to beat. However, he couldn't help taking action towards them.

“Iyarugt.”

Grid summoned the demonic sword that he got from the Elfin Stone raid. The demonic energy left an afterimage and a red line was painted.

*Chaaeng!*

‘Unbelievable!’

Piaro was astonished. Grid's damage and speed was incomparable after he used Blackening. The speed wasn't much different from Piaro. Moreover, Grid's swordsmanship suddenly increased greatly. It was thanks to Iyarugt.

[Due to the option effect of Iyarugt, Sword Mastery has increased by 5 levels.]

[You don't have the Sword Mastery skill. Beginner Sword Mastery level 5 is created while wearing Iyarugt.]

It didn't seem to be that much. What was the effect of beginner Sword Mastery level 5? It increased attack power and attack speed by 3% when a sword was worn. However, Grid's basic stats were unusually high. He was in a state where his stats were enhanced by Blackening. This 3% was forced to become a large number.

Moreover, there was Iyarugt's real strength.

[The strongest enemy I have met in centuries! Go and fight! Fight without stopping! Let me grow!]

Iyarugt. The strongest demonkin when alive. His spirit dwelled in Iyarugt, transmitting his excitement to Grid. In Grid's field of view, dozens of red lines were created and cleared. Grid followed the most brilliant line and swung his sword. This

became the best trajectory that put pressure on Piaro.

‘My Lord...!’

Piario was thrilled as he confronted it. Since acquiring the title of great swordsman, how long had it been since he was pushed on the defensive by someone? It was the first time. Thus, he was glad. He was even more delighted that the opponent was his lord!

“Free Farming 4th Style!”

The demonic sword was too sharp. Once the hand plow’s durability fell to the limit, he was forced to pull out a plow.

“Plow the Field!”

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

As the plow swept through the ground, the earth shook like there was an earthquake and pillars of earth rose.

“Kuk!”

Grid reflexively moved backwards and barely avoided the pillars. But the crisis was still continuing. Piario sprinkled seeds on the land that was cleared. The seeds quickly grew into thorny vines that surrounded Grid’s body. It was the linkage of Plowing, Sowing and then Rapid Growth.

“God Hands!”

Grid quickly cried out as he was about to be overtaken by the front vines. Then four golden hands flow and swung their weapons, cutting through the thorns. However, there was a limit. The thorns grew faster than the hands could act.

In the end, Grid was forced to use Link in order to avoid the crisis. It was the moment he wasted an important skill for defensive purposes. Piario leapt quickly and wielded his sickle.

“Free Farming 5th Style, Harvest!”



*Seokeok! Seokekeok!*

The huge thorns were separated from the roots by the sickle. At the same time, they moved like a wave towards Grid's body.

[You have suffered 9,100 damage.]

[You have suffered 8,700 damage.]

[You have suffered 8,930 damage.]

“Kuak!”

It made him feel very bad. The problem was the skill name of ‘Harvest.’ He didn’t want to die from a farmer’s sickle.

[Now!]

Iyarugt had been waiting for this opportunity and presented a new sword trajectory to Grid. It was a sword trajectory that aimed perfectly for when Piaro landed. However, Grid’s speed wasn’t fast enough to catch it. The distance to Piaro was too far. He did the next best thing and fired off four Magic Missiles, but he was interrupted by the thorns.

[What are you doing, incompetent bastard!]

Iyarugt urged him as he felt frustration.

‘Why?’

Grid was baffled. Then he came up with an idea. It was the skill belonging to the Ideal Dagger that he forgot about for a while.

“God Hands!”

Grid shouted and the hand with the Ideal Dagger used the skill. Quick Movements was

used.

[Your evasion rate is increased by 30% and your agility doubled for 1 minute.]

This was why Grid kept the level 180 Ideal Dagger. Double his agility! The Ideal Dagger's abilities were low, but the skill attached to it was great.

"Ohhhhhh!"

Grid rushed along the sword path. This speed overturned common sense, so there was no way for the confused Piaro to avoid it.

*Puok!*

A red flash was launched in a straight line towards Piaro's shoulders. Originally, it was aimed at the heart. However, the orbit was twisted because of Piaro's flail. But Grid wasn't shaken. It was because he knew his present speed far exceeded Piaro's.

*Seokeok!*

[You have dealt 3,900 damage to the target.]

[You have dealt 3,790 damage to the target.]

[You have succeeded in the 3rd combo!]

[The amount of damage the target will receive will increase by 200% for 1 second!]

'Now!'

*Kuoooooh!*

A skill was launched with Iyarugt. It was Pagma's Swordsmanship, Kill. Grid had the legendary skills so there was no sense not using them.

[Critical!]

[You have dealt 125,600 damage to the target.]

Piario's health fell by half in an instant.

[Piario has realized what he is lacking. The level of his farming techniques have risen from this enlightenment!]

[A hidden quest has been created.]

A quest window appeared to increase the value of this match.

## CHAPTER 323

Piario allowed Grid to deal a deadly attack.

He realized it.

‘My use of the farming equipment is wrong!’

He had already mastered swordsmanship. Therefore, he used it as the base for his farming techniques. He was following its principles.

‘This is an obvious mistake!’

Farming and swordsmanship were completely different. Wasn’t farming equipment a tool for life, while a sword was a tool for death? The farming equipment could be enhanced by the sword techniques, but they were fundamentally different. It was right to change his approach.

‘Discard swordsmanship!’

There was no reason to use swordsmanship with farming techniques. It was poison from the beginning, since he should use swordsmanship with a sword. Piario’s awareness drastically changed. He seemed to be another person.

The hands gripping the farming equipment loosened, and he now had a free and relaxed attitude. He stood like a farmer.

*Flash!*

Piario’s body was surrounded by light. A quest window appeared in front of the confused Grid.

[Lord’s Confidence]

★ Hidden Quest ★

Piario has gained new enlightenment and awakened as a true farmer.

He has completely forsaken the sword.

At this moment, he wants to be acknowledged by you.

Spar with Piario!

Please experience Piario's skills and acknowledge him!

Depending on the results, Piario will grow even more!

Quest Clear Conditions: Win or lose in a spar with Piario.

Defeat in a spar with Piario: Piario will gain great pride as a farmer. Piario's stats and skills will significantly rise.

Victory in a spar with Piario: Piario will feel skeptical and once again walk on the path of the sword again. The stats that rose as a result of Piario becoming a legend will be destroyed.

[Hidden Quest 'Lord's Confidence' will proceed.]

[Now you and Piario have entered sparring mode.]

[The spar will continue until the health of one person reaches the minimum.]

[You won't die in sparring mode.]

Lord's Confidence. This was a type of bonus quest. Grid was the lord, so being defeated by Piario would raise Piario's morale and allow him to grow. It would be a huge benefit and Piario would be able to become even stronger.

If Grid was a conventional lord, he would be happy and dancing while thanking the heavens. However, Grid was hoping that Piario would become a sword saint. Grid was paying attention to the result of his victory, not his defeat.

‘Walk the path of the sword again?’

It was confusing. He would either make Piaro definitely stronger as a farmer, or make him walk the path of the sword again.

‘If he walks the path of the sword, he can develop into a sword saint.’

Of course, he couldn’t be certain of this. No matter how great Piaro was, it wasn’t certain that he would become a sword saint. It was also disconcerting that Piaro’s current abilities would fall.

‘Is it right to lose?’

No, no.

*Kkuok!*

Grid strongly grasped Iyarugt.

‘I will do my best.’

Lose on purpose? Piaro wouldn’t want such a method.

‘If you want to prove the value of a farmer, beat me.’

If he couldn’t beat Grid, take up the sword again. Pioneer your path with your own strength!

*Teong!*

Grid jumped forward at that thought. There was still 30 seconds left of Quick Movements. Grid meant to win during that time.

“Blacksmith’s Rage!”

[Attack power will increase by 25% and attack speed will increase by 40%.] This effect will last for 35 seconds.]

Grid's strength reached the peak. He approached Piaro and excitedly attacked him. He wasn't just fast. The trajectory was the best because he attacked along the path that Iyarugt was telling him.

However, Piaro avoided it. It was an unexpected move. He bent over and squatted down?

[This guy's talent suddenly became low!]

Iyarugt was disappointed. It meant he didn't understand Piaro's intention, and was proof that Piaro was far beyond Iyarugt.

*Puok!*

Piaro squatted and hit the ground hard with the hand plow. Water shot up in an instant.

"What...?"

The problem was that the gushing water interrupted his field of view. Grid was confused and in this gap, Piaro quickly sprinkled seeds all over the land. At the same time, something incredible happened.

The whole area was quickly transformed into a field. Numerous wheat tinged with gold grew around Grid.

"This is nonsense!"

A wheat field just before harvest was created in just an instant? It was just as spectacular as the magic that Braham showed. No, in a sense, it was more amazing. Piaro started doing PR to the disbelieving Grid.

"Imagine it. What if a legendary farmer is marching with an army and circumstances lead to a food shortage? I can immediately clear a field and feed the soldiers!"

"Heok!"

It was amazing to hear. There would be no food shortages with an army led by Piaro.

Grid was about to be persuaded when he asked a question.

“What if there is no water?”

“Use the water from nearby rivers or have magicians summon water.”

“What if there are no rivers or magicians?”

“...It will rain.”

“If it doesn’t rain?”

“Free Farming 5th Style, Harvest!”

The time for questions was over. At this moment, Piaro gained a new enlightenment again and wielded the sickle. A sharp qi was projected and the wheat was cut.

“Ack!”

Grid immediately bowed to avoid it and cried out. There were thousands, tens of thousands of wheat scattered everywhere. It was a dizzying sight.

‘This is too unnecessary!’

It happened when Grid was nervously brushing away the wheat in front of him.

*Pepeng! Pepepepeok!*

The many wheat exploded without notice.

“Kuaaaaak!”

Grid screamed as the entire field was engulfed in an explosion. If it hadn’t been for the God Hand covering him, Grid would’ve suffered so much damage it wouldn’t be strange for his health to fall to the minimum.

“Kuk...! Ugh! Cough! Cough!”

The harvested wheat exploded?



“How is there such a process in farming!?”

Grid shouted as he was covered with scorched flour. Piaro bluntly replied.

“It is polishing.”

“What polishing!?”

Polishing referred to the process of removing the surface of the grain to make it clean and white, not turning it into ashes. Grid was about to reply when he suddenly realized.

‘I lost my composure. I was too shaken because of the wheat field.’

Grid barely managed to focus his mind. In order to gain the momentum again, he decided to use Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Transcended Link.

*Kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa kwa!*

Dozens of dark energy blades overpowered Piaro. It contained a fierce momentum worthy of one of the best skills.

Grid didn’t stay still either.

He moved forward, planning to attack when Piaro was distracted defending against the energy blades. It was an excellent plan. But the opponent was too strong. Piaro used Natural State and overwhelmed Grid’s speed.

*Teteteteng!*

The flail flew forward. Like a feather duster, it moved without hesitation towards Grid. It scattered something with every move, reminiscent of dust.

“Ugh! Kkuk! Keok! Kek!”

This dust. Grid kept moaning. His health gauge fell in an instant. Iyarugt was astonished.

[I can’t read the trajectory!]

‘Useless!’

In fact, he wasn't in a position to blame others. Grid felt helpless. Piaro was really strong. He used all types of items and skills to win, but he couldn't narrow the gap. Yes, it felt like he was facing a wall that couldn't be overcome.

However, Grid didn't give up. He still had a trump card remaining!

"Piaro...! I'm not backing down yet!"

What were the God Hands doing now while Grid was being beaten by the flail? Why didn't they come and protect their master? Piaro saw Grid's confident face and suddenly found the four hands hammering at an anvil behind Grid.

'What is going on?'

Piario was alert.

[You have succeeded in combining Failure and Grid's Greatsword!]

Grid smiled. The God Hands flew quickly and handed the greatsword to Grid. The combination of Grid's Greatsword and Failure was truly transcendent. This wasn't the end. In the center of the merged greatsword, the Darkness Rune was installed. Then an explosion of demonic energy was emitted from the greatsword, making it a perfect match with the blackened Grid.

But it didn't work against Piario.

*Peok!*

"Ugh."

So what if he had the strongest weapon in hand? He couldn't even swing it! The duration of Quick Movements was over, so Grid could overcome Piario's speed in the Natural State. He allowed attacks and in the end, he was forced to admit it.

"You as a farmer...! Farmer! Ugh! I will recognize your path as a farmer!"

At the same time.

[Your health has fallen to a minimum, so sparring mode is finished!]

[The hidden quest 'Lord's Confidence' has been completed.]

[Piaro's stats and skills will significantly rise.]

As a result of today, Piaro was able to be reborn as a true legend. His level was still low compared to the previous legends, but all other aspects were comparable. Then Grid...

"Damn! I'm also a legend, but why am I in this shape?"

The great demons, Braham, Marie Rose and now Piaro. There were too many mountains to overcome. Grid was eager to become stronger. He didn't want to feel this helpless again, or experience failure.

'In order to become stronger.'

Increasing his control and agility was a top priority. The means that could help both grow at the same time was naturally hunting.

'Level up!'

But before that, there was something Grid had to do. It was to create a set of farming equipment.

*Ttang! Ttang!*

As the best weapons (?) used by his top subordinate, Grid devoted a few days to making it. Thanks to that, even Piaro was equipped with the power of items. In short, a monstrous scam was born.

"Okay."

Grid was barely satisfied with his work and headed towards the vampire cities. He

joined the Pavranium Expedition and hunted until the experience and item acquisition buff was over. By the time he reached level 305 and returned, there was less than a month left before Irene gave birth.



## Epilogue

“Huh?”

Chris and the Five Captains were bewildered as they plowed the fields. It was because Piaro had six sheaths hanging at his waist. He normally wore farming equipment there, so why were there sheaths?

‘No, is he holding a knife?’

‘There are six of them...’

Were they going crazy?

Piario cleared his throat as he approached Chris and the Five Captains. Then he proudly straightened and pulled out the knife from the sheath... No, it was farming equipment. That’s right. The luxurious sheaths at Piario’s waist were actually for farming equipment. It was the work that Grid had carefully made for Piario.

“Wow.”

Chris was filled with a strong desire to possess them. He also wanted to have such nice storage places for farming equipment. Chris was third on the unified rankings.

## CHAPTER 324

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Transcended Link!”

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

Dozens of blue-black energy blades covered the vampires. The vampires cursed as they suffered damage.

“Damn human!”

“How ludicrous!”

“Hiik!”

50 vampires rushed over in unison, so Grid had no choice but to run away.

“Hohohohut!”

“He’s intimidated!”

The vampires enjoyed hunting humans. They herded Grid like a bunny and surrounded him.

*Flop!*

Grid’s legs loosed with fear as he saw their sharp fangs and he sank to the ground. The trembling and tearful Grid was reminiscent of a frail girl. It was a sad sight that stimulated protective instincts. But the vampires didn’t have any mercy.

“Eat!”

The moment that the hungry vampires were going to pounce on Grid.

“Nyang!”

A black cat fell on a vampire’s head. The vampire screamed as the front paws hit his forehead.

“Kuaaaaak!”

“What is it? Heok?”

He was in pain from a cat? The vampires freaked out when they discovered the identity of the cat.

“Memphis...!”

Noe puffed up his plump belly and laughed.

“Nyahahat! That’s right! This is the best demonic beast of hell! Nyang!”

“Why is a great demon’s pet cat here?”

“I’m not a cat! Kyang!”

“Get rid of him!”

The vampires were also demonkin. However, they were expelled from hell and became hostile towards other demonkin. They no longer aimed for Grid and started attacking Noe, when four white flashes penetrated their chests.

Magic Missile.

“Cough!”

“Keook! How can Magic Missile deal so much damage?”

The astonished vampires turned their gazes in the direction that the magic came from. There were four golden hands holding greatswords and a dagger.

“What is that?”

Hands that could move on their own and fire magic? The vampires couldn’t understand the golden hands. The golden hands flew towards the confused vampires and wielded their swords.

*Chaaeng! Chaeng!*

The swordsmanship wasn't great, but it was fast. Moreover, the weapons were so powerful that they couldn't avoid a deadly blow when hit.

"Kyaak!"

The vampires screamed due to the demonic beast of hell and the unknown hands! It happened when they were feeling extreme confusion and fear.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Wave."

*Kwaang!*

After the waves of energy, a person appeared wielding a demonic sword. The vampires weren't able to cope and turned to a grey light.

"I'm still scared."

The demonic Grid looked at the Grid who was crying on one side. To be precise, it was Randy who copied him. Randy kept crying as she returned to the appearance of a young girl.

"I won't cry next time!"

"You are admirable."

"You should praise me! Nyang!"

As Grid, Randy and Noe were having a conversation, the God Hands were struggling with the vampires.

[The Sword Mastery of 'God Hand' has increased to beginner level 6.]

'Okay.'

A grin appeared on Grid's face as he confirmed the notification window. The mastery level of God Hand grew steadily in proportion to the number of times it was used. It

was quite powerful compared to when he fought with Piaro. Indeed, it was encouraging.

On the other hand, the Overgeared members were speechless.

‘This is a scam.’

‘It is outrageous.’

They met Grid again a week after the Elfin Stone raid. He had become an incomparable monster in just a few days. It wasn’t just the concept of increased control.

Four golden hands, Noe and Randy. They moved in all directions around Grid, so Grid’s hunting rate was unmatched. Grid hunted at least 10 vampires in the time it took Pon and Regas to hunt two or three. This was an average figure, and he hunted up to 100 vampires at a time.

It was a combination of being overgeared and his pets. This hunting speed was much faster than the top ranked necromancer. Thanks to that Grid was able to gain four levels in 42 days. It wasn’t just due to his speed of hunting. There was the power of the buffs from the Elfin Stone raid and the experience potion from the Reputation Store.

That’s right. After being defeated by Piaro, Grid was filled with a desire to become stronger and tried his hand at gambling again. The result was that he exhausted all his reputation, but could gain three experience potions.

Grid thought positively.

‘In the first place, the high value products have a limited number of purchases per account.’

Assuming that they were purchased only when absolutely necessary, it wasn’t a bad choice to invest his reputation into experience potions. But due to the nature of the drawing, there was a possibility of not giving a single item he wanted if his luck was bad.



Grid reached level 305 and returning from the vampire cities, deciding to stay in Reidan for a while. Irene was going to give birth in less than a month, so he wanted to



always stay beside her.

He planned to use this time to fulfill his duties as a lord and blacksmith.

### [Minerals Strengthening]

Increase the hardness and strength of specified minerals, while lowering the brittleness.

Hardness meant the hardness of the mineral's surface, strength meant the degree to which the mineral could withstand force and brittleness was how fragile it was. Generally, hardness and strength were directly proportional to each other, but brittleness tended to increase from impacts. After completing the third class quest, Grid obtained Minerals Strengthening. If he used this skill, he could make the ideal mineral.

'It doesn't seem useful right away.'

Minerals Strengthening wasn't an immediate skill. If he put 30 grams of a mineral in the strengthening frame, he needed to wait 30 days. An average of 4kg worth of minerals was needed for a one-handed sword, so it didn't seem that useful. Grid was honestly disappointed at first.

But after thinking about it more, he wondered if Minerals Strengthening was the foundation for Minerals Creation.

'Just like Pagma and Braham created the pavranium, one day I will be able to create my own mineral.'

Grid thought positively about it and placed a small amount of blue orichalcum in the strengthening frame. He wanted to strengthen the pavranium, but that meant having to disassemble one of his hands.

It was something Grid wanted to avoid if he was going to quickly raise the rating of the hands.

[30 grams of blue orichalcum have entered the strengthening frame. There are 30 days until the strengthening is complete.]

“There is no time acceleration function.”

Grid pulled out the 30 grams of enhanced blue orichalcum that he had put in the frame before going to the vampire cities. It was certainly a bit harder than the normal blue orichalcum.

“Um... I have to steadily use this function.”

Grid was experimenting in a corner of the smithy with a notification window appeared.

[Congratulations! The level of the alchemy facilities in Reidan have risen to intermediate level 4!]

At the same time, Administrator Rabbit ran in.

“Duke Grid! The level of the alchemy facilities finally reached intermediate level 4! If we can keep up this speed of development, it can become an advanced facility in one year and one month!”

Once the alchemy facilities reached an advanced level, they would be able to fully utilize the yellow mithril. After that, they would be able to randomly assign special options to items and the value of the items would skyrocket.

However, Grid’s expression wasn’t good.

“One year and one month? I invested 30 million, but we still need to wait one year and one month?”

“As you know, alchemy is a discipline that is neglected in all kingdoms. The field isn’t systematically developed and it’s hard to find experts, so the development itself is bound to be delayed. The work has been progressing faster than planned thanks to your investment, so I hope that you will wait for me.”

Administrator Rabbit was capable. He was the great man who made the ghost city of Reidan turn a profit, so Grid absolutely trusted him. Grid nodded and had a question after he confirmed the status of the estate.

“But look at this. Why is agricultural our most profitable area? It is ridiculously high compared to the investment amount. Is this all thanks to Piaro?”

“...That’s right. Sir Piaro’s ability as a farmer is wonderful enough to be written in the history books. It was truly a wise decision when you allowed him to remain a farmer.”

Lauel, who was with Grid all the time, also agreed.

“I think it was a good decision as well. The person who was hoping Piaro would become a sword saint is now appreciating him as a farmer, I never dreamt this day would come. It was a wise and charitable choice.”

Charitable? Wise?

‘Bullshit.’

There was no deep meaning behind Grid acknowledging Piaro as a farmer. He just lost. However, he couldn’t bear to tell the truth to his subordinates, so he remained silent.



Shin Youngwoo’s current total account balance was 5,013,009,281 won. Youngwoo’s day started by accessing his Internet banking. 5 billion won! Every time he checked the account balance, he still couldn’t help thinking this was a dream, causing him to cry.

“One year ago, I was debt-ridden...! Sob!”

Why did he get tears every time he checked in the morning?

*Blow!*

Youngwoo pulled the tissue away from his nose and prayed again.

“God, Buddha, gods of heaven and earth. Please take care of me...”

Youngwoo requested every time despite never making a donation to a church or temple. He wandered into the kitchen and made an espresso with the coffee machine he bought a while ago. He took a sip and handed it to his sister Sehee, who emerged from her room.

“Drink. This is called a morning coffee.”

“...Can I not drink?”

“No? Didn’t you want to drink from the beginning?”

Youngwoo earnestly mixed the coffee. Sehee sat in front of the TV and asked him.

“Are you coming to my school festival?”

It was the autumn festival held at the Young Ladies High School in three days. There were many pretty girls and the scale was big, so it was a fairly famous festival. Many ordinary people came to visit. Youngwoo recalled the text he received from Yerim a few days ago and shook his head.

“Yerim invited me, but I’m not going.”

Braham’s actions might’ve caused him to get millions of anti-fans. He was still afraid to search up his name on the Internet, so he couldn’t go outside. Recently, he had to cover his face with a mask when going jogging.

‘Maybe someone will be aiming to kidnap me.’

Usually ordinary people enjoyed themselves when they became rich, but Youngwoo was different. He cherished his body even more. A wide smile appeared on Sehee’s face.

“Good.”

Sehee hummed as she headed towards the bathroom and Grid sighed.

“She is ashamed of her brother...”

It couldn't be helped if he was hated by his younger sister. He was now helping his family, but he had been acting pathetically for decades. Youngwoo rose from his spot and headed towards the capsule. He would soothe his heart by spending time with his lovely Irene and concentrating on work.

On the other hand, in the empty living room, news was flowing out of the TV about the Young Ladies High School's festival.

[It's said that actor Kim Doohyun will participate in the autumn festival of the Young Ladies High School...]

## CHAPTER 325

The 31 year old Kim Doohyun.

A male actor from South Korea who boasted a warm appearance. Three months ago, he became popular as a world star in the Hollywood movie, 'The Diary of a Murderer.' Over the last three months, he had shot 15 CFs, and his popularity rose.

During a time when Satisfy's rankers were crowding the CF market, Kim Doohyun's breakthrough had given hope to other actors.

"You want to cancel a shoot to attend a festival? Hey, Doohyun. Why are you doing something so stupid? Are you trying to cause a stir?"

The representative of the company tried to persuade him, but it was useless. There was a look in Doohyun's eyes that couldn't be read. He exuded a mysterious charm as he looked out the window and spoke firmly.

"There is something more important than immediate money and popularity. I will attend the Young Ladies High School festival."

The expression of the representative darkened.

"Don't tell me that the rumors are true?"

"What rumors?"

"You are... There's a rumor that you are a high school girl killer."

"..."

Doohyun remained silent. He had a reticent personality and he didn't feel there was any value in answering this question.

"Hah."

The representative could only sigh. He worried that if a scandal broke out after touching a high school girl, it would be fatal to Doohyun's popularity.



“I’ve come to ask you to repair the sword.”

The master of the Giant Guid, Chris, now had to often visit Reidan. It was troublesome and tedious, but it couldn’t be helped. The only person who could repair Grid’s Greatsword was Grid.

“It isn’t too bad? While hunting the desert monsters on your way, you can get experience and items.”

“I won’t deny it.”

Chris hunted in the basilisk area on the way to and from Reidan. The desert basilisks usually moved in groups of three, so rankers were unable to hunt them alone. However, Chris was third on the unified rankings.

He utilized his abilities and know-how to hunt basilisks alone, earning great profits. And above all, Piaro was in Reidan. Every time he sparred with Piaro, his skills grew steadily, making Chris want to stay in Reidan all the time.

“Today I will give you a discount of four gold. It’s 599 gold.”

“...”

Grid spoke like he hadn’t overpriced it in the first place. It was frustrating. But it was a little cheaper since it was less than 600 gold.

‘... No, it’s expensive! I shouldn’t be swayed!’

Chris regained his spirit and paid the repairing fee with trembling hands. He was about to leave when he suddenly stopped.

“The Blood Carnival’s celebrity hunting has recently been going too far. You should be careful.”

“Blood Carnival?”

The Overgeared members often told him to pay attention to the person called Agnus. Grid thought that the Blood Carnival was related to Agnus.

“Is that the group that Agnus belongs to?”

Chris sighed.

“Your information is too weak, despite having Faker as a subordinate. Or are you just not interested in the situation? Agnus has no affiliation with the Blood Carnival. The Blood Carnival are a group of unofficial rankers.”

“Are they strong?”

“Not only are they strong, they’re bloodthirsty. You won’t be safe if you become their target. They are just as dangerous as Agnus. So be careful. It will be troublesome if you get caught when repairing my weapon.”

“Hrmm... I will keep it in mind.”

Chris’ tone wasn’t sweet. But it was true that he was doing Grid a favor. Grid smiled and accompanied Chris outside.

“Go well and relax in the future. This isn’t a historical drama, so there’s no need to act like it.”

“I understand. I’m not saying this because I like it.”

Chris said goodbye to Grid and went to find Piaro. He applied for a spar and then asked, “Is there a big difference between my skills and Zibal’s?”

According to the rumors circulating among the seven guilds, Zibal was said to have been narrowly defeated by Piaro. Then what about Chris? He couldn’t deal a small wound to Piaro, meaning he was much worse than Zibal!

Piaro asked Chris, “Zibal? Who’s that?”

“Heok.”

He didn’t even remember Zibal’s name?

“Then does Piaro remember me?”

Chris was mistaken and became greatly frustrated. He was leaving with powerless



footsteps when Piaro spoke.

“I don’t know who Zibal is so I can’t predict the difference between him and you, but I can tell you one thing. You are the third strongest person I have seen recently. You should have great pride in yourself.”

“...!”

Chris’ eyes widened. Was he thrilled by Piaro’s words? No. It was an unpleasant feeling and a big shock.

‘Last time, I was the second strongest!’

He wasn’t mistaken. He had definitely heard this from Piaro on the first day. At that time, he was second. Now he was third?

“I know that you sparred with Duke Grid recently. Is Duke Grid stronger than me?”

Piaro nodded without hesitation.

“That’s right.”

“Then... The other person who is stronger than me. Who is stronger, him or Duke Grid?”

Piaro thought about it a little bit this time. Then he answered with an uncomfortable expression.

“My Lord is not yet his opponent.”

“...I see.”

Zibal, when did he become so strong? Chris was amazed by Zibal.

‘He truly is 2nd on the unified rankings. You must be the next strongest after Kraugel and Agnus.’

His evaluation of Zibal was rising every day. Zibal didn’t know why, but he couldn’t help feeling good.



One of the best benefits about God Hands was the automatic hunting. If the hands were still within 30m of Grid when the monster was killed, Grid would gain the experience without having to do anything.

Grid wanted to make better use of this advantage.

‘Should I create a portable furnace?’

Only doing blacksmithing at the smithy, or doing it while letting the God Hands hunt. Which one would be more beneficial? Of course, it was the latter. He would be able to acquire experience and items through hunting, while making items at the same time.

It could also be the reverse. Grid could hunt while the God Hands made items.

“...Am I a genius?”

It wasn’t a joke. Grid was serious. He truly admired himself for coming up with such a brilliant idea.

“Let’s try it once.”

Grid used Item Creation to try and design a portable furnace. The result was successful. His knowledge as a legendary blacksmith meant he perfectly understood the structure of a furnace, making it easy for Grid to produce the desired item.

[‘Blueprint: Portable Furnace’ has been acquired!]

[Portable Furnace]

Rating: Unique

It is a furnace that can be used anytime and anywhere, as long as there is enough firewood and adequate space.

However, it is impossible to smelt large quantities of minerals at the same time because of its small size.

\* Item creation speed is 60% lower than when using a normal furnace.

Weight: 7,390

“Good!”

Grid was excited. It might be slower, but he was happy about being able to smelt minerals and modify items anytime and anywhere. It felt like he had grown wings on his back.

A huge smile!

Grid started to produce the portable furnace.



*Puuok! Puuok!*

*Kyaack!*

[2,121,500 experience has been acquired.]

[2,287,000 experience has been acquired.]

[The Sword Mastery of ‘God Hand’ has increased to beginner level 7.]

“Kyong!”

“Hang on!”

*Kuwek!*

[Your memphis Noe's level has risen to 190.]

[The level of the doppelganger Randy has risen to 126.]

*Ttang! Ttang!*

[You have succeeded in making Mass Production Grid's Sword (Rare)!]

An interesting sight was taking place in the desert near Reidan Castle's wall. Grid was sitting at an anvil in front of a small blade furnace and making items with a hammer, while four golden hands and two cats flew around hunting monsters.

The four golden hands were the God Hands, while the two cats were Noe and Randy, who had copied his appearance. Grid actively utilized his hands and pets to hunt, while earning profit through item making.

"The giant worm died and left a shell! Nyang!"

"I got the tongue of the desert toad! Nyang!"

"Leave it there."

*Ttang! Ttang!*

Grid kept hammering. Loot was piled up like a mountain on the side. It was thanks to the hands, Noe and Randy were gathering the items dropped from the monsters they hunted. It was an amazing, absurd, and fraudulent sight, as Grid earned experience and money while sitting.

"Wow... Is it possible for Grid to raise his level to 5th on the unified rankings?"

"Setting aside Noe and Randy, now he has the hands as well? He can nap while the God Hands hunt and raise his level."

“Macro...”

The legendary class exclusive items were truly great. The Overgeared members were envious of Grid.



“I heard that Kim Doohyun has decided to visit Ruby’s school festival?”

It happened while Grid was distributing the ‘Mass Production Grid Set’ to the soldiers of Reidan. Thanks to the hands, he made items and earned experience for free.

Grid was confused. “Who is Kim Doohyun?”

Peak Sword thought it was absurd.

“Wow... You don’t know Kim Doohyun?”

“I don’t know. Who is he?”

Peak Sword explained to Grid who asked again.

“His Hollywood movie ranked first in the North American and Korean box office for five consecutive weeks, he is the protagonist of a ‘Diary of a Murderer.’ He’s the pride of the Korean cinema, and the Korean Patriotic Association has awarded him two medals.”

“...Did you give permission to give him the medal?”

“Why is permission needed for the medal? It’s based on the person’s achievements.”

“I-Is that so? I didn’t know since I have never received it.”

“Anyway, there is one area where Kim Doohyun is lacking.”

“What is it?”

“Two years ago, there was a rumor that he was dating a minor, a 17 year old idol.”

“How old is Kim Doohyun?”

“31.”

“Hmm, well. Age doesn’t matter when it comes to love... Heok! Don’t tell me?”

Grid’s face suddenly distorted. He felt an ominous feeling. Peak Sword snapped his fingers.

“That’s right! Isn’t Ruby pretty? A girl who is completely different from you and praised as the second Yura! I am worried that Kim Doohyun might try to approach Ruby.”

“...”

Grid was hoping that his sister Sehee would meet a good man that he could be friends with. But he didn’t like it if the other person was a celebrity. It was because he encountered the ugly side of the entertainment industry when he did the broadcasts after the National Competition.

‘A good actor would have a lot of females who like him.’

It was okay if he was a playboy, but Grid couldn’t tolerate a playboy flirting with his sister. Grid hurriedly got up. He checked the time and saw that the festival would start in two hours. Grid was about to log out.

“...That reminds me, I have to be afraid of the people at the festival.”

How terrible would it be if he was surrounded by anti-fans? Peak Sword saw Grid’s expression and misunderstood.

‘Truly God Grid! As the protagonist of the 5th Hallyu Wave, he is so popular that it is a burden to go alone!’

Peak Sword suggested, “I will go with you! I will act as your manager!”

“...”

Grid was unwilling. He would become more noticeable if he went together with Peak Sword.

‘But isn’t it safer than being alone?’

Peak Sword was a Taekwondo black belt holder and his appearance was quite threatening. Grid determined that he was sufficient as a bodyguard and nodded.



‘I can finally meet Noe.’

World star Kim Doohyun was a quiet man. He was mistaken as a cold city man because he was a man of few words. But what was the truth? Kim Doohyun was from the countryside, and he was a warm man who loved animals.

The rumor about him being a schoolgirl killer was untrue. The idol who confessed to him started the rumor.

‘I want to touch Noe’s padded feet.’

Doohyun liked all animals, but he especially loved cats. He thought cats were perfect. They had a cute unexpected charm, and always made him smile. Among them, Noe was at the peak. The shining black fur and eyes, the small horns and tail, all of it was very cute. The pink soles and small wings on the back were also impressive.

That’s right.

Kim Doohyun was a fan of Noe. He was one of the top 10 members of the Noe fan cafe, which had nearly five million members. It was a sign that he participated more than anyone else when it came to the cafe activities.

He had only one wish! It was to see Noe in person and touch him! In order to fulfill this wish, he decided to attend the Young Ladies High School festival. The famous Saintess Ruby attended the school, so he thought he would be able to meet her older brother, Grid, there.

‘This is an opportunity to make friends with Grid and see Noe.’

The problem was that the opposite of the world star’s wish occurred.

## CHAPTER 326

There were less than 400 students enrolled in the Young Ladies High School. However, the scale of the school was incredibly large. A total area of 161,150 m<sup>2</sup>. There were two playgrounds, as well as an indoor and outdoor pool. It was fully equipped with training rooms, exhibition halls, gymnasiums, and various facilities.

It was similar to the size of a university, so it was remarkable for a high school. Why was a high school like this created? The reason was the ideology of Kim Jeongsook, the founder of the school and chairman of the foundation.

An affluent environment was needed to bring up a great lady!

It was her philosophy.

In fact, the Young Ladies High School was able to become one of the most prestigious schools after 50 years. Many girls wanted to enter the Young Ladies High School due to the excellent facilities and beautiful landscape.

It meant that the Young Ladies High School's large grounds was working for them.



The festival of the Young Ladies High School was in full swing.

In this crowd, there were two men. The people who completely covered their faces with large sunglasses and a mask were none other than Youngwoo and Peak Sword.

"Wow, why is this school so big? I heard the rumors, but I didn't expect it to be like this."

Youngwoo went to a local university. It was a university that he could afford, and the size was very small. Compared to that, the Young Ladies High School was three times bigger.

"Isn't this your sister's school? But this is your first time seeing it?"

"I always waited at the front gate. This is the first time I've seen inside."



“I see... Huh?”

Peak Sword frowned while conversing with Grid. He trembled.

“Takoyaki? Okonomiyaki? Yakisoba? Dammit! This isn’t Japan! Why are these dishes being sold at a Korean high school festival?”

Peak Sword was angry. Many of the stalls lined up from the front gate of the school to the inside of the campus had signboards written in Japanese. It was like walking the streets of Hongdae, only to find a Japanese pub. It was hard to tell if this was Korea or Japan.

“The Korean people are very kind and generous! Our ancestors suffered during the Japanese occupation, but their descendants have forgiven Japan and accepted their culture! My goodness! Our tolerance is too great!”

“ ... ”

Peak Sword was president of the Korean Patriotic Association and loved Korea very much. He tended to think too positively. Youngwoo clicked his tongue and looked around.

‘There are too many people.’

Youngwoo wasn’t interested in whether the street vendors sold Korean, Japanese, or Chinese food. Youngwoo was only worried about Sehee.

‘Kim Doohyun!’

Youngwoo was determined to stop Doohyun from reaching Sehee and using his position of world star on her. But there was a problem. It was this great crowd. It was hard to take a step, because the crowd was much greater than he expected. It would take him 10 minutes to move 100 meters.

‘Maybe many fans came because they heard Kim Doohyun was coming... ’

It happened when Youngwoo was busy thinking.

“Hey there, handsome oppa.”

One student approached them with a shy expression. It was a small student wearing an apron and cooking hat. She was very cute and pretty.

“Huh, why did you call me?”

He was reminded of Sehee when he saw the schoolgirl, so he was very kind and friendly. It didn’t match his usual appearance, so Peak Sword got goosebumps.

“We have a new desert that our dessert club has released for this festival. Would you like to try it? It is only 3,000 won.”

The schoolgirl waved her apron to tempt them. That’s right. She was active in soliciting street sales for the stall her club was operating. Youngwoo didn’t want to spend money. However, this person might be Sehee’s friend. Youngwoo finally nodded.

“Yes, give me one.”

“Hehe! Thank you!”

The schoolgirl dragged Youngwoo and Peak Sword to her stall. But the menu attached to the street stall was strange.

‘Kimchi ice cream? Kimchi cake?’

He got an ominous feeling. Youngwoo turned pale, while Peak Sword’s eyes shone like lanterns.

“Ohh! These kids are the only ones! Making kimchi as a dessert so that it is more accessible to foreigners, it’s really amazing!”

“...It is amazing.”

In the first place, why did they need to force kimchi onto foreigners? In addition, wasn’t there any other food to represent Korea except for kimchi? Youngwoo couldn’t understand it at all. Then he heard the voice of the schoolgirl holding a cup of kimchi ice cream.

“Look. Didn’t I bring some people? I smiled once and they followed right after me.”

“Hehe, it seems like they are suckers for schoolgirls.”

“..”

Please make your words more inaudible. Youngwoo reminded himself of his sister and swallowed down his anger as he reached out for the two ice creams.

“8,000 won!”

“What? Didn’t you say it was 3,000 won?”

“Two of them cost 8,000 won!”

Youngwoo looked at the smiling face of the schoolgirl and his expression darkened. Kids were truly scary these days. Youngwoo sighed and flicked the girl’s forehead.

“Act moderately, you brat. Who do you think you are?”

“H-Hik.”

Tears filled the high school girl’s eyes.

Youngwoo had a good skeletal frame and his strength was quite good from exercising for a while. He didn’t know how to control his strength. Youngwoo was confused when he saw the girl crying and stroked her forehead. It was an effort to relieve the pain.

“D-Don’t cry. Then the price...”

“Hnng.”

The girl let out a strange sound as she was touched in the forehead. Her neck, ears and cheeks turned red while her legs loosened. Youngwoo was horrified when he saw her cloudy eyes.

‘My damn dexterity...!’

It was good that it was effective, but there was a time and place! Youngwoo didn’t want to be called a sexual harasser, so he hurriedly shouted towards Peak Sword.

“Quickly pay the price!”

“Eh? Y-Yes!”

What was the problem? Peak Sword couldn't understand the situation. Wasn't he the one who wanted to buy the ice cream in the first place? He paid 8,000 won and followed behind Youngwoo.

After a moment.

"Ohhhhhh!" This is a real delicacy! The sweet kimchi melts on the tongue! Foreigners will love it!"

"...Eat everything."

Youngwoo passed his ice cream to the thrilled Peak Sword. Then he opened up his phone. He checked the text message that he received from Yerim one hour ago.

[At this festival, Sehee and I are working at a haunted house \*^0^\* I am a sexy ♥ ghost]

"Cough..."

A photo was attached to the words. Yerim was wearing a uniform that revealed her white thighs and part of her chest, not looking suitable for her age.

"This is obviously a virgin ghost."

There were no male ghosts. Well, it was still nice to see. However, he was concerned and uncomfortable when he thought of his sister dressing like this. Kim Doohyun was sure to target her! Youngwoo nervously tried to find a way through the crowd when he was reminded of something.

'My dexterity.'

He made thousands of items in Satisfy and pleased Irene, training his dexterity. It reached the point where he decided to use these techniques in real life.

'It will turn out okay. I've figured out the trick after peeling garlic every night.'

It was being used against schoolgirls? This wasn't what Youngwoo intended at the time.

*Ttuduk! Dduk.*

Youngwoo opened his hands and told Peak Sword.

“Follow along well.”

“Hmm?”

How was he going to make it through the crowd? Peak Sword looked puzzled while eating the ice cream.

“Hnng!”

“Hat!”

“Kyaak!”

Whenever Grid’s hands lightly touched the waist or back of a woman obstructing their way, the woman would make a strange sound and sit down.

‘W-What is this?’

It was like Moses’ miracle was being reproduced. The women sat down and opened the path whenever Youngwoo moved, so this phenomenon could only be described as a miracle.

“T-Truly God Grid...!”

He didn’t know the principle behind it, but God Grid was really great. Peak Sword followed proudly behind Youngwoo.



The festival was held for a total of three days, with an average of 10,000 visitors during the festival. It went beyond the concept of a high school festival, and also played a large economic role. It was intentional marketing when the Young Ladies High School festival was often mentioned in the news.

“I am very pleased that Doohyun-ssi has decided to attend our festival.”

The principle of the Young Ladies High School, Lee Cheongsun, welcomed Kim Doohyun enthusiastically. Every year at the festival, she spent a lot of money to invite

idols. However, Kim Doohyun decided to attend the festival for no attendance fee, despite being a world star.

Thanks to this, Lee Cheongsun was very pleased. She would be highly evaluated by the board of directors.

“It’s nothing.”

Kim Doohyun started to check the festival’s schedule. He only checked the events related to Satisfy.

Satisfy pet contest.

Satisfy swimming competition.

Satisfy fighting competition.

“Did Grid decide to participate in any events?”

After the short meeting, Doohyun asked the question he really wanted to know. Principle Lee Cheongsun’s eyes darkened.

“He isn’t participating in any events. I sent him a request to attend the festival, but he rejected it.”

Doohyun was embarrassed. If he was Grid, he would’ve wanted to raise his sister’s status by attending events at the school, so it was surprising that he wasn’t.

‘Priorities need to be separated... Indeed, Grid’s nature is suitable to be Noe’s master. I have to learn from him.’

Doohyun misunderstood and asked again.

“Ruby... No, did Miss Sehee decide to participate in any events?”

“Look here. The fighting competition.”

“...”

It was surprising. He expected her to participate in the pet contest or swimming

competition, but it was the fighting competition? Anyway, this was the schedule. He would naturally approach Sehee and then get to know Grid.

Doohyun made up his mind.

“I also want to participate in the fighting competition. Ah, the pet contest...”

Doohyun enjoyed Satisfy. On days when he wasn't busy, it wasn't unusual for him to play with his pet dog or play Satisfy. He had mentioned it a few times in interviews. Most people would think he was just doing something he liked.

‘How cute will the kids in the pet contest be?’

*Dugun dugun.*

His heart beat in anticipation. Doohyun's face was much more attractive than usual. Principle Lee Cheongsun, who was 60 years old this year, couldn't help feeling attracted.

## CHAPTER 327

*Buzz buzz!*

A disturbance occurred at the Young Ladies High School festival. It was because hundreds of women fell down for unknown reasons. The victims showed common symptoms of a red face and panting. Fortunately, it was a temporary phenomenon and they recovered quickly.

However, the Young Ladies High School was obliged to discover the cause. They dispatched medical staff and guards to investigate, but weren't able to achieve clear results.

"The good news is that the victims aren't offended by what they went through. They actually said they felt good."

"What? But they suddenly collapsed? Why?"

"I can't tell you why."

"Hmm, this is good. I thought they would be crying out for compensation."

"Yes, thanks to this, the festival won't have any problems."

"But it isn't all good... What happened to cause this incident?"

"All the affected women will have something in common. We'll check it with the CCTVs."

The Young Ladies High School. They had CCTVs installed all over the grounds.

It was confident to the square, so the students' privacy was guaranteed.

"This!"

The staff and medical personnel who watched the recorded video were amazed. A mysterious man who covered his face with big sunglasses and a mask! Whenever his long and thick fingers touched a woman, the woman fell down!



“W-What is this?”

“He must be spreading a virus. Otherwise, the phenomenon can’t be explained.”

“A special agent sent from the North!”

“Hah, truly. How is that a virus? How ignorant.”

“...”

“Uh, anyway, he needs to be arrested for the sake of maintaining public order...”

“Don’t call the police. It is just a pervert, and we don’t want to spoil the atmosphere by calling the police.”

Dozens of security guards were quickly dispatched. It was in order to secretly capture Youngwoo. However, Youngwoo didn’t have to worry. He had a shield called Peak Sword!



“Pant pant... Is it here?”

The duo of Youngwoo and Peak Sword broke through the crowd. They finally arrived in front of the haunted house.

‘Shit!’

Youngwoo gasped for breath. He felt an uncomfortable pain from his ten fingers. It was the result of continuously using them. He had overworked himself.

‘Reality is different from the game.’

In the game, he was able to move his fingers all night to please Irene. But in reality, he only lasted 30 minutes. The difference between the game and reality was huge. Youngwoo sighed and called Sehee.

[The phone is turned off, and the voicemail...]

Sehee’s phone was turned off. Yerim’s phone was the same.

‘She hasn’t checked the message yet.’

Youngwoo had urgently headed towards the Young Ladies High School for a reason. He couldn’t get in touch with either Sehee or Yerim. All the text messages from Yerim were around a few hours ago. It seemed they couldn’t check their phones because they were busy with the festival.

Youngwoo was frustrated and nervous because he couldn’t warn them to be careful of Kim Doohyun.

‘That’s why I came here to talk to them directly!’

Youngwoo had an extreme hatred of supernatural phenomenon. Honestly, ghosts were scary. In the past, he had seen the ghosts of Khan’s ancestors in Satisfy. But wasn’t the haunted house in front of him made by schoolgirls? It would be at the level of charming.

Youngwoo turned to stare at Peak Sword. A garlic smell was coming from Peak Sword after he ate two kimchi ice creams. Youngwoo ordered him.

“I’ll enter and meet Sehee, so wait here.”

“I want to go in and play.”

“Did we come here to play? Something might happen. What if those kids come out while I’m inside?”

“Um, yes! I understand!”

Peak Sword reminded himself of his duties. Wasn’t he supposed to act as Youngwoo’s manager? It was right to perform this role instead of enjoying himself. Peak Sword nodded at the entrance to the haunted house. After paying the entrance fee of 9,000 won, Youngwoo entered the haunted house.

And.

“Kuaaaaaaah!”

Youngwoo thought that his heart was going to stop. It was the first time he screamed like this since he had been born. It was because he encountered bizarre bloody dolls

as soon as he entered the haunted house.

‘This is bad.’

Youngwoo realized. This haunted house wasn’t at the level of being charming. The props inside and the dismal lighting maximized fear. The intermittent sound effects caused the heart to sink. It was proof that the level of special effects of the Young Ladies High School went beyond the ability of ordinary high schools. It was comparable to Hollywood.

‘Go back now.’

Youngwoo didn’t have the courage to go through the labyrinth alone. He tried to go back, only to stop. He came here for his sister’s sake, only to run away because he was scared? He was a truly pathetic brother.

“How rotten...”

Youngwoo cursed and took a deep breath. He controlled his mind and headed through the labyrinth. It was courageous compared to the past.



A ghost stood at the end of the dark labyrinth. It was Yerim, dressed in a high exposure costume.

*Kyaaaack!*

Someone screamed from the entrance.

‘That customer won’t be able to reach here.’

Yerim sighed. The problem was that the haunted house was too realistic. Everyone who entered was too frightened and ran away, so it was boring for Yerim, who was located at the end of the labyrinth. There wasn’t a single customer who reached her, even two hours after opening the haunted house.

“There are too many scary things.”

Yerim licked her lips and looked at herself. Indeed, she looked sexy. It was unfortunate

that Yerim couldn't show this fascinating appearance towards anyone.

"Well, I am satisfied as long as I can show my husband, Youngwoo."

Yerim smiled cheerfully and turned on her phone. It was okay since there weren't any customers.

"Huh?"

Yerim's eyes widened.

It was because there were a large number of missed calls and messages from Youngwoo.

"Hehe."

Did he get her report about her sexy look? Yerim thought it was because of the photograph she sent him and checked the messages.

*-What is with those clothes?*

*-Is Sehee with you?*

*-Why is your phone turned off? —. —*

*-Hey, be careful of that guy called Kim Doohyun. That bastard might try tricks on you.*

"He's worried."

Yerim's white face flushed. The opposite sex was attracted to her. It was a normal routine for Yerim, but this was the first time she received attention from the person she liked. It was also her first experience with liking someone.

*Dugun dugun.*

Her heart beat faster.

*-Shin Youngwoo, you don't have to worry about me. I won't cheat even if he is a world star ♥ and Sehee is currently doing the Sati...*

Yerim was carefully writing a reply.

“I finally found you.”

2 hours and 23 minutes after the opening of the haunted house. The first guest arrived at the end of the labyrinth where Yerim was located. Yerim confirmed his appearance and her eyes curved as she smiled. It was an alluring smile that would even overwhelm adult women.

“So good.”

“Ack!”

Youngwoo was exhausted because he had to overcome many adversities. He was unable to cope with Yerim’s voice and his legs collapsed. Yerim’s beauty and charm was comparable to Youngwoo’s dexterity.

The compatibility of both would be fantastic.



The Young Ladies High School’s 2nd playground. This playground was normally used for various athletic students, but now thousands of people were gathered there. The reason was that Satisfy’s fighting competition would shortly be held here.

“Doohyun oppa is participating right?”

“Announcer Lee Minjung as well!”

“I came to see Saintess Ruby!”

“Sehee! Sehee! Sehee!”

“Doohyun! Doohyun! Doohyun!”

“M-Minjung! Minjung!”

Principle Lee Cheongsun was competent. She found out about the popularity of Shin Sehee, Kim Dooyun and Lee Minjung and used them in the marketing. As a result, the fighting competition was able to enjoy an exceptional boom. Lee Cheongsun felt

thrilled as she watched the audience.

Meanwhile, Sehee was in the waiting room and looking at the list of participants.

There were 16 participants. They were celebrities in every field. Celebrities, athletes, the literary field, etc.

They were people who would attract attention. The Young Ladies High School's Satisfy tournaments were for goodwill and publicity, so the inclusion of celebrities was a basic premise. Of course, the balance was a mess.

There were level 40 beginners as well as users over level 200. But nobody cared about that. Winning or losing wasn't important in this competition.

'My opponent is...'

Go Jimyung. It was the KBO league player. (TL: Baseball) He once had the reputation of the best hitter in South Korea. However, since last year, he had entered a relationship with the leader of the girl group Farina and his score plummeted.

He received a lot of criticism from his fans, but he was still fairly popular.

'Okay.'

Go Jimyung's level in Satisfy was 187. It was the second highest level among the 16 participants. Sehee would naturally be defeated in a fight against Go Jimyung, but she didn't mind. In the first place, she participated in the competition because of the school's request. They asked her to participate in Satisfy related events for the sake of the festival. As a student, Sehee couldn't refuse. It was good for her to be eliminated quickly.

She didn't notice Go Jimyung sneakily looking at her. He was very motivated. It was his girlfriend Reina's request.

"Aren't there are a lot of penalties when dying in the game? You must kill that girl called Sehee in this tournament."

'I don't know why, but I should listen to the request of my goddess.'

The Young Ladies High School's fighting competition would be held in sparring mode.

Health would only fall to a minimum and the participants wouldn't die. But that wasn't an obstacle. If his opponent applied for sparring mode, he would decline and then kill her.

'Kukukuk.'

Go Jimyung was seduced by a bad woman. As a result, his life was gradually on the verge of self-destruction.

'I feel dirty for some reason.'

At Yerim's suggestion, Youngwoo was wearing a festival doll mask instead of sunglasses. He arrived at the 2nd playground with Yerim and Peak Sword, and felt an instinctive displeasure.

'This is all due to Kim Doohyun.'

Youngwoo was horrified as he imagined the actor flirting with his sister at this moment.

## CHAPTER 328

Reina. The leader of the popular girl group Farina, she fell in love with Doohyun at first sight two years ago and confessed to him.

The result? It was cold. She had received many confessions, but it was her first experience with being rejected. Reina received a big shock and her pride was shattered. Love transformed into love-hate, and love-hate turned into obsession.

She spread rumors that she was dating Doohyun, causing severe damage to his image. That's right. It was Reina who gave Doohyun the stigma of a high school girl killer.

"Kim Doohyun..."

Last year, as soon as her CSATs were over, Reina started dating Go Jimyung. But she was still obsessed with Doohyun. In the first place, she dated Go Jimyung in order to induce Doohyun's jealousy. However, there were no results until today.

"Do you think that I will let you flirt with other girls?"

Reina was trying to do something crazy once again.

Shin Sehee. Pretty. No, to be honest, she was a very pretty girl. She looked prettier than Reina, despite all the makeup Reina wore. Was she just pretty? Her grades were in the top of the country and she got a hidden class in Satisfy. She was even the sister of the famous Grid.

In other words, a perfect daughter-in-law.

According to Reina's conjecture, Doohyun attended the festival in order to seduce Sehee. Why else would a world star participate in a high school festival? Reina had no intention of forgiving Sehee.

She planned to use Go Jimyung to thoroughly trample on Sehee.



'I'm too late.'



The fighting competition's waiting room. By the time Doohyun arrived, it was Sehee's turn. She was standing next to the two Satisfy capsules on the stage.

'We will talk after the match.'

A smile appeared on Doohyun's face. He imagined a scene where he became friendly with Sehee and Grid, then he would meet Noe one day. However, Doohyun's smile didn't last long. It was because he saw that Go Jimyung was Sehee's first opponent.

'Perhaps...'

Doohyun knew better than anyone that Reina wasn't a normal person. Was it really a coincidence that her lover participated in this festival and faced Sehee? Unfortunately, the odds weren't great.

Doohyun ran off somewhere.



'Oh my, she looks so beautiful.'

Announcer Lee Minjung had great skills and a beautiful appearance. The reason why she was able to climb to the position of top MC was because she was aware of how to use her beauty. However, even she paled in front of Sehee.

Big eyes and a small face. Sehee looked like a doll. There was a reason the press called her Little Yura. It was an unusual beauty. The discouraged Lee Minjung suddenly regained her spirit. She shouted towards the audience members who were watching the stage with shining eyes.

"From now on, I will start the Young Ladies High School's Satisfy fighting competition. But before that, shouldn't we first take the time to talk with the participants?"

Lee Minjung's ability was outstanding. She increased the atmosphere by interviewing the nervous Sehee and excited Go Jimyung. Once the audience's excitement reached its peak, Announcer Lee Minjung finally announced the beginning of the first match.

"Waaahhhhhhhh!"

"Sehee, have strength!"

“Go Jimyung! Just like when you play baseball!”

Sehee and Go Jimyung entered the capsules as the crowd cheered.



*Pahat!*

Rania Coast.

Lights flashed in the place designated as the stage for the competition, before scattering like glass fragments. The sparkling light reflected off the sea shone on the white clothes of the beautiful girl who appeared.

She was Ruby, Shin Sehee.

“Sigh, a hidden class has a gorgeous effect when logging in.” Go Jimyung pulled out a mace and approached Sehee. He spoke in a very small voice. “A brother and sister both got a hidden class, do you have a relationship with the S.A. Group? Will you introduce me?”

Sehee didn’t answer. From the beginning, she didn’t like Go Jimyung. It was because she felt that Go Jimyung had a hostile relationship towards her. In particular, the wily look in his eyes was uncomfortable.

Go Jimyung frowned, “Not answering, are you ashamed?”

“Just start.”

Sehee replied bluntly and sent an invitation for a spar.

Go Jimyung refused, “Look at how rude you are. Grid’s personality is the same, so aren’t you truly siblings?”

Sehee’s eyes sank coldly.

“Are you messing with my family?”

“I never said anything. I just told the truth!”

*Buuong.*

Go Jimyung wielded his mace as hard as he could. It wasn't the usual form of swinging it since he was a top batter. Sehee couldn't avoid the hit and coughed up blood.

[You have suffered 1,880 damage.]

Sehee was only level 116. She was focused on her studies so she didn't have much time to play the game. However, the armor that Grid produced for her was epic rated and its performance was unrivalled. Thanks to this, Sehee was able to endure the attack of the level 187 Go Jimyung without a fatal injury.

Go Jimyung's expression distorted further.

"What? Why are you only bleeding this much? Oh, aren't you Overgeared's little sister?"

"Didn't you get the application for a spar?"

"Yes, but you can't kill people in sparring mode."

"Can you afford the storm that will happen? A famous baseball player ignoring the rules of the game and killing a high school girl, there will be public criticism."

"I don't care about the public's opinion. I only want to be loved by my goddess. In the first place, I will retire without renewing my contract after this season."

"You aren't even 30 years old. It seems a bit disappointing to retire already."

"Kukuk! Is it disappointing? Do you know my annual salary after travelling back and forth between Korea and Japan for years? It is an average of 10.2 billion, 10.2 billion! I have enough money for my sick brother to not have to work for the rest of his life!"

There was nothing else to be said. Sehee sighed and used Hope. It was a top rated healing skill that consumed 10% of her mana to restore 10~30% of her health.

[Your mana has fallen by 816 after using the skill Hope.]

[2,005 health has been restored after using the skill Hope.]

“It won’t be easy.”

It was inevitable for celebrities to have anti-fans, and Grid had many toxic anti-fans. Sehee believed that her brother was the reason why Go Jimyung was hostile towards her, and she didn’t want to lose. This person who disliked her brother.

‘It is hateful!’

[You have worn the +9 Wooden Staff.]

It was her class-exclusive weapon that Grid enhanced. Sehee swung it. Go Jimyung avoided the ridiculous attack and laughed.

“Puhahat! What is that wooden stick? Did you steal the stick that my sick grandmother used?”

Go Jimyung’s mace descended. He was a warrior with a blunt weapon as his primary weapon, so he wasn’t very agile. Sehee was able to respond to it. She raised the wooden staff with both hands and blocked the attack.

“Uh!”

The difference in strength was too big. Sehee’s stats were aimed towards stamina and intelligence, so her strength was very low. A warning window flashed in front of her.

[You have received a great shock, paralyzing both arms for one second.]

One second paralysis in a battle was fatal. It was the perfect opportunity for the opponent to link their attacks. However, this wasn't a problem for Sehee.

[You have resisted thanks to the effect of Upright Heart.]

It was the power of her class.

*Chaeng! Chaaeng!*

*Kwaang!*

"Huh?"

Go Jimyung frowned. The lower levelled Sehee blocked the successive attacks.

"This staff, is it a legendary weapon?"

The material looked like ordinary wood, but a white light was surrounding it. Would someone really bother to enhance an ordinary wooden staff to +9? It was certainly an unusual weapon.

'It looks like Grid made it.'

A dark smile appeared on Go Jimyung's face. Overgeared? He also had it!

"Didn't I tell you? I have a lot of money. Do you think I'm armed with common items?"

*Hwaruruk!*

Then Go Jimyung's mace started to emit huge flames. It was the majesty of a unique rated weapon.

*Peeng! Pepeng!*

"Kyaaak!"

Sehee wasn't accustomed to PK and screamed when she could no longer defend. The flames that constantly came from Go Jimyung's flames were painful. Sehee used her two healing skills, but the cooldown time was 1 minute and 30 seconds, and 3 minutes, so she could only receive damage.

Sehee's body became darkened and Go Jimyung was convinced that he would win.



Youngwoo was foul-mouthed. The people who heard it couldn't help turning red. His number of curses increased after he became friends with Huroi. It meant Huroi was an effective teacher. Of course, this was when he maintained his reason.

"This crazy bastard!"

Youngwoo finally got up from where he was sitting in the audience and rushed somewhere. He couldn't tolerate the situation that was happening on the monitor. Go Jimyung's ID turned red the moment he attacked Sehee. This proved that the confrontation between the two people wasn't in sparring mode, but was an ordinary PK.

"Hey, these #%%@!%% organizers! What are you doing? Sehee is in danger!"

A person wearing a doll mask screamed. He was glad that no one knew who he was. Peak Sword calmed Youngwoo down.

"Look backstage. The management is around Go Jimyung's capsule. They will soon normalize the situation."

"Calm down?"

Youngwoo struck Peak Sword. At this moment, his worry for his sister allowed him to temporarily overcome a taekwondo master.

"Oh my!"

Peak Sword fell on his butt as Youngwoo ran straight for the stage. Yerim watched him with a rapt expression.

"Cool."

Yerim had been watching in her ghost costume. She was fascinated by Youngwoo's appearance and exhaled.

"Is he like this in bed?"

*Puok!*

The men gazed at the excited Yerim and immediately got nosebleeds. Yerim's innate power of seduction was too excessive. Perhaps she was a succubus in a past life.



"I will connect and mediate."

Behind Sehee and Go Jimyung's capsules. Kim Doohyun and the organizers were standing beside an extra capsule prepared for these type of situations.

"A warning message has already been delivered to Go Jimyung. He will soon calm down and switch to sparring mode, so don't worry."

"He intentionally avoided a spar in the first place! Let me directly connect!" Doohyun cried out furiously.

But the organizers were frustrating to deal with.

"Haha, what reason would Go Jimyung have to do that? Doohyun-ssi, please calm down. A third party's entry into the contest will cause a disruption to the schedule. As you know, those who are participating in the competition have a tight schedule because they are VIPs..."

"Get lost!"

"Ugh!"

Doohyun and the organizers suddenly flew back. It was because a man in a doll mask ran between them and gave a drop kick.

"Eek! What are you doing?"

"Me?"

The unidentified man opened the capsule without permission. Then he threw off the doll mask. The eyes of the organizers and Doohyun widened as soon as the man's face was exposed.

"G-Grid...!"

"Yes, I am Sehee's brother. So don't interfere. And you."

"Me?"

Doohyun was confused about being pointed out by Grid. Youngwoo growled at him.

"Don't think that you can create a dramatic scenario so that you can save Sehee like a white prince."

"...?"

Why was he saying? Doohyun was baffled while Youngwoo sat in the capsule and logged into Satisfy.

[Iris recognition...]

[The user's information has been completed.]

[The user isn't registered with this capsule. Checking the capsule information...]

[A S.A. Group approved event capsule. Capsule number 31F000B4C.]

[The log in location is forcefully designated as Rania Coast.]

[A legendary presence, welcome!]

The familiar and unfamiliar notification windows alternated.

"You."



“Heok!”

“O-Oppa?”

Grid, Sehee and Go Jimyung faced each other. The burning mace hitting Sehee like a sandbag was stopped due to Go Jimyung’s shock.

“Grid! Why are you here?”

“Go Jimyung? You are permanently forbidden access to the Eternal Kingdom.”

Someday he would be the king of the Eternal Kingdom. He could say such remarks because of this thought. Go Jimyung’s teeth grinded together at Grid’s declaration.

“You are just the master of Overgeared! You don’t have the authority to say this!”

“Just Overgeared?”

This low level person was treated Overgeared so lightly? The most important element in the game was items, and the power of items was great.

“Then I won’t use items to defeat you.”

Grid spoke meaningfully and raised a finger. Go Jimyung and the thousands of people watching were confused. At that moment.

“Magic Missile.”

*Peeng!*

A white flash shot out from Grid’s finger. Go Jimyung was hit in the heart and blood emerged from his mouth.

“Keook...!”

How could Magic Missile do so much damage? Go Jimyung couldn’t believe it. Grid aimed at the stricken Go Jimyung again.

“Magic Missile.”

“Kuaaaaak!”

At this moment. The number one search term on the portal sites was Magic Missile. The second place search query was ‘Grid’s Magic Missile learning method,’ not Grid.

## CHAPTER 329

The Young Ladies High School's Satisfy fighting competition. This part of the school festival was a hot topic of interest. The 16 participants were celebrities in their field and it was a chance to see Saintess Ruby.

In fact, tens of thousands of people were watching the match on the Internet.

*–Eh? Why is Go Jimyung's ID red?*

*–He isn't in sparring mode.*

*–Wow, look at that jerk Go Jimyung trying to kill Sehee. Is he crazy?*

*–He has gotten into many incidents since dating Reina, and he's alienating his fans.*

*–This is why you should meet a good person... ✕✕ What are the organizers doing? They're just letting it play out?*

*–This XX, trying to kill our Saintess!*

The public weren't fools. The viewers saw that Go Jimyung was intentionally trying to hurt Sehee. However, the Young Ladies High School didn't do anything to stop the match. The audience and viewers condemned the Young Ladies High School and Go Jimyung, but their cries didn't work. If they didn't help Sehee, she would eventually die of her wounds.

It was at that moment.

"Magic Missile."

Grid. One of Satisfy's greatest users, he appeared without warning to punish Go Jimyung. Did anyone blame him for breaking the rules of the competition? No. The audience and viewers all cheered.

"Truly God Grid!"

Peak Sword felt joy. Magic Missile. The Magic Missile fired from the middle finger

crushed the other person's body and mind. The ruthless attitude of Grid towards the enemy was very exciting to Peak Sword. A truly dependable colleague.

At this moment, five people approached him. They were solid men dressed in black suits. They had a menacing atmosphere around them, so Peak Sword became alert.

"What?"

"You will be arrested for lewd conduction, including sexual assault."

"What? Sexual assault? Lewd conduct? Me?"

Peak Sword was dumbfounded. He couldn't understand what these people were rattling on about.

"In the first place, are you even capable of arresting people? You aren't the police."

"We might not be the police, but we have the power to capture criminals on this campus and transfer them to the police."

"No, I don't know what you are talking about? Why am I being treated as a criminal?"

Ah, perhaps? A scene passed through Peak Sword's brain. It was the miracle of Moses that Grid caused.

"Hah, truly."

He had become Grid's patsy.

'This is unfair.'

Peak Sword wanted to be honest. The molester was Grid, not him. However, Peak Sword couldn't sell out a friend. He couldn't speak honestly.

"Catch him!"

The guards hired by the Young Ladies High School were elites in their field. They boasted excellent physical strength and athleticism. Peak Sword wanted to cry out as he was dramatically chased by them.

‘Why is it like this?’



‘T-This... How did this happen?’

Go Jimyung couldn’t understand the current situation. Grid suddenly appeared and he fell into a critical state after being hit by two Magic Missiles? The confused Go Jimyung fell down as Grid stopped in front of him.

“You dare to beat up my sister? What type of guy are you?”

There was uncontrollable rage in Grid’s sharp eyes. Go Jimyung watched Grid’s magic power concentrating and felt fear. Was he worried that he would be killed and drop experience and items?

No. If he invested time and money, he could recover this experience and items. Go Jimyung was afraid of his girlfriend, Reina’s, rage. She asked him for this favor, so would she be disappointed and want to break up? He was horrified just imagining it.

‘Why?’

He was thinking about how to stop his death and suddenly shouted.

“Stop! If you touch me then you won’t be safe! I know gangsters!”

“Gangsters?”

Grid jumped. He was helpless in reality, unlike the game. He couldn’t easily overcome Go Jimyung’s threat.

‘You lousy bastard.’

Grid hesitated when he suddenly recalled Beast Master Toon. He had been active in Overgeared since the days of the Tzedakah Guild, but wasn’t he in the mafia? He was also constructing a building in Korea like the other guild members.

A wicked smile appeared on Grid’s face.

“You know gangsters?”

“Yes! He is very cruel!”

“Is he worse than the Italian mafia?”

“What? The mafia?”

“Yes, the mafia. My friend is part of the mafia!”

Grid spoke arrogantly. Go Jimyung was dumbfounded. A friend was in the mafia? What type of bluff was this?

‘Crazy bastard!’

Go Jimyung shouted at him, “If that is true then kill me!”

Grid didn’t hesitate.

“Magic Missile.”

*Peeng!*

“Keook...!”

Once again, a white flash emitted from the middle finger pierced the head of Go Jimyung. Go Jimyung realized his mistake.

‘This guy really has a friend in the mafia...!’

[You have died.]

[You have lost 18.7% of your experience and the Flaming Mace (Unique).]



“Kuaaah!”

Go Jimyung sprang out from the capsule. It wasn’t a problem to lose experience or items. He was afraid of Reina and he was also furious. He was killed in front of

thousands of people using Magic Missile!

“I won’t forgive you!”

Go Jimyung kicked out angrily. He looked around and ran towards the capsule where Grid was sitting. No, he tried to.

“Shouldn’t you act more moderately?”

“It’s you?”

Go Jimyung’s face distorted like he was a demon. Kim Doohyun. A world star and Reina’s old love. The man who was an eyesore was now blocking his way at this crucial moment.

“If you don’t want to be injured then get lost!”

Go Jimyung was once the greatest batter. In particular, his arm and shoulder muscles were very developed. Most people avoided his eyes when he spoke in a threatening manner. However, Kim Doohyun was different. He stood in front of Go Jimyung with a silent expression.

Go Jimyung made a fist.

At the same time.

“Eek?”

Go Jimyung’s head shot up. With the benefit of hindsight, he realized that Kim Doohyun’s elbow has hit his jaw.

“T-This...!”

*Crash!*

Go Jimyung was shocked at being pushed back, while Kim Doohyun whispered in his ears.

“Go and tell Reina this. ‘The reason I’ve been ignoring your actions is because you’re still young. But now that you are an adult, you will be held responsible for your own

actions.”

“K-Kuack...”

Thanks to the his natural strength and athleticism, Go Jimyung was a king in his school days. After graduating from university, he made his professional debut and had never had a shameful day like this.

‘You damn...! You will see one day!’

Go Jimyung became weak and fell unconscious. Grid, who was spying on them from inside the capsule, ran outside.

‘He is really stunned!’

Grid ran to check Go Jimyung’s state and kicked him. Now he felt relieved.

“Then.” Grid glared at Kim Doohyun. “Did you make Go Jimyung do this so that you can look cool in front of Sehee?”

Kim Doohyun was able to realize why Grid was hostile to him.

‘He heard that I am a high school girl killer.’

Doohyun spoke bluntly, “I participated in the festival in an attempt to meet Sehee, so that I can meet you.”

“Me?”

Grid still didn’t relax. Doohyun took out his smartphone, entered Noe’s fan cafe and showed it to Grid.

“Look at this.”

“Huh?”

What was this? Grid remained alert while checking the screen of the phone. Then he became aware of Doohyun’s true identity.



Member ID: Noe's Slave

Member Rating: Best Member

"...Wow."

Grid was confused.

Doohyun bowed and begged, "Please accept me into Overgeared!"

"...Your level?"

"Well... I have recently been busy so I didn't have much time to play the game. I'm level 190."

Was he unqualified to join Overgeared? Doohyun's earnest expression was very different from his usual image. Grid's anger disappeared and he now felt sympathy.

'Level 190 is pretty good?'

Grid thought again.

"Your class? If you are a production class then I will consider letting you join the guild."

"I'm not a production class, but a pet master... A unique class. Is it not possible?"

Grid grabbed Doohyun's hands.

"Welcome!"

"..."



"There's less than a month left."

This was how long King Wiesbaden of the Eternal Kingdom had left to live. The 1st Prince, Ren's, face darkened. He wasn't mourning his father's death. He was afraid of

the monsters living in Reidan.

The golem invasion of Reinhardt. Ren still remembered the words of Duke Grid.

“I, Grid, swear eternal loyalty to Your Majesty.”

He swore allegiance to King Wiesbaden, not the royal family. This was like a declaration of war towards the 1st prince, so Ren was always afraid.

‘I must strike first.’

Ren watched the situation of Reidan. He knew that Reidan currently only had 1,000 troops.

‘There won’t be another opportunity if I don’t strike now.’

Ren made up his mind and hurried to his palace. Then he called the strongest warriors that he’d invited from all over the continent.

“I want you to join my army that will conquer Reidan.”

“I’ll willingly do it.”

The warriors answered without hesitation, including a grey haired middle aged man. His name was Hurent. He was the one who lost to Grid in the 1st National Competition in just 5 seconds.

[The quest is in progress.]

Hurent checked the notification window in front of him and smiled.

‘Grid, I will pay back the humiliation in the past.’

Hurent’s eyes were filled with confidence.

## CHAPTER 330

“Duke Grid still hasn’t learned of my father’s illness. The proof of this is that Reidan’s army is still weak, so we must strike against Reidan at this time. There won’t be another chance.”

1st Prince Ren was well aware of how strong Grid and his subordinates were. It was natural, since he’d witnessed their actions in the Reinhardt golem invasion. Nevertheless, the reason he was hostile to Grid was firstly, it was obvious that Ren would be eaten up if he stayed still. Secondly, he believed in the power of his warriors, including Hurent.

The contents of the linked quest was being updated in front of Hurent.

[Prince of the Eternal Kingdom – Chapter IV-]

Level of Difficulty: Not measurable.

1st Prince Ren has seen the strength of aura and has absolute confidence in you. He believes that you are the only rival for Duke Grid.

Advance to Reidan with Ren’s army!

Strike down hard on Duke Grid, who is making fun of the royal family!

Quest Clear Conditions: Occupy Reidan.

Quest Clear Rewards: Ren will be crowned king and you will gain the title of Merit King. If you establish a kingdom, special benefits will be given.

Quest Failure: Unpredictable.

[Would you like to accept the quest?]

It was impossible to measure the degree of difficulty. Quests with users as the target often couldn't guess the difficulty or consequences. Hurent smiled and nodded without hesitation.

"I am willing to help you."

It was around 10 months ago in real time. Hurent had been humiliated after losing to Grid in just 5 seconds. It was also in front of the entire world. How much contempt had he received since then?

'I'm going to regain my honor with this quest.'

Merit King? It was just minor title. Hurent wanted to regain the title of the strongest, and he believed that he was now qualified.

'Grid, I will show you the true power of an aura master. It will be in front of the whole world!'

His efforts over the past 10 months would cause a disaster.



Garosu-gil Road during autumn.

"What exactly is a pet master?"

After the festival was over. Youngwoo went to a restaurant with Sehee, Yerim, and Doohyun. Doohyun explained to Youngwoo after ordering the food.

"You can look at it as an enhanced version of a monster tamer. I can train monsters to act as pets or temporarily take away another person's pet. I can also buff my pets and your pets."

Buff fellow pets? Even the strongest buffer, Huroi couldn't do this. Huroi could only give buffs to his own pet. Furthermore.

"Take away another person's pet?"

"I can command the pets. The duration is a minimum of 15 seconds and it can go up to 50 seconds."

“Can the pets that you command use their skills?”

“Yes.”

“It’s a scam.”

It wasn’t an exaggeration. Taking an enemy’s pet and using their original abilities? It would consume the mana of the pet and hit the enemy. If the pet possessed a buffing skill, it could be used on allies.

Anyway, it was very useful. This could be a great advantage in combat.

“But the real power of a pet master is something else.”

Doohyun was speaking many words, unlike his usual self. Was it due to the beautiful Sehee and Yerim? Not at all. Doohyun was only looking at Youngwoo. To be precise, he was excited about meeting Youngwoo’s pet, Noe.

“Your true ability?”

“I can check the details of the targeted pet. It means I can quickly grasp the stats, skills, weaknesses and advantages of the pet. Also.”

‘Also?’

Youngwoo’s eyes lit up. The better Overgeared became, the happier he was. He was full of expectations for what Kim Doohyun called the ultimate advantage of a pet master.

“I have the pet beauty ability.”

“...Beauty?”

“Yes, so please introduce me to Noe. If I can, I will make Noe more beautiful. I want to be Noe’s private hairdresser!”

“ ... ”

A unique hidden class was dreaming of being a hairdresser? It seemed like this new member also wasn’t normal. Youngwoo recalled something that Vantner said about

the Tzedakah Guild in the past.

“By the way, it looks like the people who joined the guild after Grid aren’t normal. A crazy person attracts other crazy people.”

‘Is it me?’

He belatedly realized that Yerim was holding some rolled pasta to his mouth.

“How about it? Is it delicious?”

Youngwoo was surprised and told the truth, “Not so much. It is too salty so I would rather buy two cups of ramyun.”

“The food that a sexy woman like me is giving you isn’t delicious?”

“What sexy woman...? You aren’t sexy.”

“Aish~ even with this?”

“Hik! Don’t do that in a public place!”

‘Grid, this person.’

Doohyun realized it as he saw Youngwoo sitting between Yerim and Sehee. Youngwoo was the true high school girl killer.

“But where did Peak Sword go?”

Towards the end of the meal. Yerim had an afterthought. Until now, they had completely forgotten about Peak Sword.

“He’s probably out there playing around.”

Peak Sword, who receive the stigma of a sexual harasser due to Youngwoo! He had been chased after by security guards for hours.



## [Mass Production Grid Set]

It consisted of weapons, helmet, armor, gloves and shoes. The weapons were one-handed swords, spears, bows, and shields, and Grid designed them with the intention of giving them to the soldiers of Reidan. They had an excellent performance and the effect when worn as a set was great, compared to other equipment of the same level.

However, there was a problem. The level restriction was 160. On the other hand, Reidan's soldiers were level 133, so the equipment couldn't be distributed immediately.

'But the performance will go down if the level limit is lowered too much.'

What should he do? Grid thought about it and summoned Piaro and Asmophel.



"Hah."

Piaro and Asmophel blinked after they came running at Grid's call.

Beside Reidan's outer walls. Grid was sitting in front of a portable furnace and making items, while four golden hands were hunting monsters near him.

'However, the level is still low.'

The giant worms were very weak monsters, based on Piaro and Asmophel's standards. They were able to cut the giant worms easily, and it would be the same if Duke Grid used a skill. Then what about these golden hands?

The four hands joined forces, but it took them more than four minutes to hunt a giant worm. They couldn't take the initiative when fighting. It was strange that swords were moving on their own, but it wasn't that scary when looking closely. The only point worth paying attention to was the exceptional speed.

However, Piaro appreciated the potential of the golden hands.

'They're much better than when I fought him. I'm looking forward to how they grow

in the future.'

Grid asked Piaro and Asmophel.

"How long does it take for the soldiers to gain one level?"

"Currently, it's five days."

"Wow..."

The level up speed was much faster than expected. Considering that the level of the Winston soldiers remained in the 80's for several months, the soldiers of Reidan were raising their levels at a phenomenal rate. It was a glimpse of Piaro and Asmophel's outstanding training methods, who were once destined to be the pillars of the empire.

"Then the soldiers will reach level 160 in five months?"

"That's right."

Asmophel answered without hesitation. He was so confident that Grid couldn't help feeling greedy.

"Can you raise their level faster?"

"The intensity of the training is already very high. If we overwork the soldiers, they might be injured and there will be many complaints."

"Does it matter as long as they don't die? And so what about complaints? A soldier needs to do this."

Grid had experience being a soldier in the South Korean army. High intensity training? As long as they didn't die, they would eventually adapt. And if they worked hard, they would be too tired to complain.

"Yes? Let's do it."

"...I understand."

Piaro and Asmophel swore allegiance to Grid. They had a obligation to follow him, even if it was a somewhat difficult command. In the end, the soldiers of Reidan had to



suffer.

“Run! Roll! Gear up!”

“Stab! Shoot! Cut! Chop!”

Piario and Asmophel showed no mercy. The 1,000 soldiers of Reidan had to endure harsh training every day until their muscles screamed. As a result, the level up speed of the soldiers increased from 1.3 times to 1.5 times.

[The loyalty of Reidan’s soldiers has dropped by 9.]

[Reidan’s soldiers don’t respect you.]

“...”

Grid was the target of the soldiers’ resentment. It was very serious from a ruler’s point of view. If the loyalty of soldiers towards the lord was lowered, it was difficult to restore.

But Grid wasn’t shaken. Why?

*Ttang! Ttang!*

Every day and night without covering production and mass production-type grid set. Grid knew that the soldiers’ respect and loyalty would rise again the day the Grid set was distributed to them.



Irene’s due date was in five days. Because of this, one of the main powers of the Eternal Kingdom and ruler of the north, Marquis Steim visited Reidan.

“Welcome, father-in-law.”

“Ohh! The duke came out to meet me, I’m so flattered!”

Marquis Steim's eyes were bright as he looked at Reidan. He only knew Reidan as a ghost town, but it had developed quickly after Grid became the lord. The population was still only 20,000, but it was excellent compared to other cities in the Eternal Kingdom.

No, it was unchallenged when it came to agriculture. Even the Saharan Empire didn't have such a great agricultural city.

'I'm amazed at the level of determination to develop an agricultural city in the middle of the desert!'

Indeed, his son-in-law was great. Marquis Steim smiled proudly.

## CHAPTER 331

Irene's bedroom.

"Father!"

"My daughter!"

Irene and Marquis Steim hugged tightly.

It had been nine months since they had seen each other, so they couldn't control their emotions. They checked each other's health and shed tears of joy. In particular, Marquis Steim sniffed with a runny nose.

Irene used to follow her father around everywhere. Now his daughter was going to be a mother, so he felt strange and lonely. Marquis Steim confirmed her appearance and shifted his gaze towards Grid.

"I hope you will always love and cherish my daughter like you do now."

Grid answered with a genuine heart, without hesitation.

"I will love her more than I do now."

At the same time.

[The child in the belly has felt the true love of the couple, increasing all stats by 1.]

Grid whispered words of love to Irene every day, but there had been no response from the baby in the last few days. There was five days left before she gave birth. Perhaps today would be the last prenatal education.



Grid was chatting with Irene and Marquis Steim.

Outside Irene's bedroom, the knights of both families were standing side by side. The eyes of a young man suddenly sharpened. His name was Laden. After Phoenix, he was the best talent in the north.

"There are four people, not three in the bedroom. Does Duke Grid have a shadow?"

'Four people?'

Piario and Asmophel were confused at Laden's question. They could only feel three people in Irene's bedroom. Duke Grid, Irene and Marquis Steim.

'Does this young man want to show off his skills?'

A knight of the marquis. He was making something simple, bigger.

"Did you say you are Sir Laden? Are you certain enough to interrupt the duchess?"

Irene needed absolute stability. Taking the risk to go into Irene's bedroom and making a disturbance? What if there was no third person? It was obvious that Duke Grid and Marquis Steim would be furious.

Piario warned Laden that he would be held responsible. Laden understood and nodded, "I will take responsibility."

If so, there was no need to delay. Piario knocked on Irene's bedroom door.

"What's going on?"

Piario and Laden confirmed Grid's response. Then the knights of both families entered Irene's bedroom.

"What's going on?"

Irene became upset at the crowd entering, so Grid frowned.

"Why is it so loud?"

Laden took a step forward.

“There is a rodent.”

“What?”

Rodent? Grid was feeling confused while Laden pulled out a sword at his waist. Then he kept stabbing his sword at the ceiling?

“...Gone.”

“What?”

It was the worst. Piaro hit his forehead and Grid’s expression distorted. Laden explained, “A little while ago, I felt someone hiding on the ceiling. But now they have disappeared.”

Grid was dumbfounded. His insight was a huge 1,550. Faker couldn’t even secretly approach within 3m without Grid noticing.

“There was a rodent hiding above me? If this is true, why didn’t I know about it?”

“...”

Laden couldn’t say anything. He just bowed his head and waited to be punished. Grid asked Marquis Steim, “Who is this person?”

Marquis Steim replied with a little bit of embarrassment.

“An outstanding person. He’s still young so he sometimes makes mistakes, please understand.”

“Ah.”

The Northern Nova, Laden. It was the moment when he was branded as a bluffer by Grid.



‘Amazing.’

King of Shadows, Kasim. He was the strongest assassin in the world. It was surprising that he was caught by a young man.

‘Time has given birth to talent.’

The Eternal Kingdom. Compared with the Saharan Empire, a great number of talented people were being born in the small kingdoms. In simple terms, the Saharan Empire had 10 times the population of the Eternal Kingdom, so they produced more talent. This wasn’t a good thing from the viewpoint of Kasim, who was burning with vengeance towards the empire.

‘Anyway, I’ll have to be more careful for the moment.’

*Suruk.*

Kasim disappeared into the darkness.



“My money.”

*Ttang! Ttang! Ttang!*

Grid went to the smithy for the first time in a while. Two anvils were lined up next to him and on top of them, four hands were hammering like Grid. The young blacksmiths were amazed by the sight.

Khan approached Grid, “You look upset. What’s wrong?”

“Marquis Steim brought a young knight and he made me upset.”

“Huhu, giving you a bad impression. The young man is pitiful.”

“Irene is sensitive because of the child... Ah, I want to block his career path.”

“It’s a bad idea in your position. You’ve witnessed it from the side of the victim, that

persecuting the weak can cause bad feelings.”

“...Indeed. I wasn’t thinking.”

Up until two years ago, Grid was also weak. He knew how terrible it was to be persecuted by strong men. But now that he had power, he was thinking about abusing it? Grid was disappointed in himself.

“Thank you. You’re too good for me.”

“Huhu, you are also very very good.”

“An old man should keep his dignity.”

Grid smiled and leaned his head against Khan’s shoulder for a moment. It was like a grandchild leaning on his grandfather. But the young blacksmiths thought differently.

‘These two are very close.’

‘A love that transcends status, sex and even age?’

‘Umm... They should watch their mouths.’

*Ttang! Ttang!*

In the midst of this deepening misunderstanding, the God Hands kept working. They produced the necessary basics for the Mass Production Set and delivered it to Grid, who only trusted himself with the high quality materials.

[The skill level of the God Hand’s Blacksmithing has increased to advanced level 2.]

[The skill level of (Understanding of Gods’ Weapons) Legendary Blacksmith’s Craftsmanship Skill has increased to level 7.]

[The number of times the Legendary Blacksmith’s Creation skill can be used has increased by three. Number of items that can be created at present: 13/21.]

Grid's growth continued today.



“Run!”

‘How rotten!’

“Roll!”

‘Damn!’

“Gear up!”

‘Dammit!’

Reidan's training grounds. Thanks to the ‘Will of Duke Grid!’, the soldiers were being overworked today. They rolled over sand that was burning from the sun, crawled out, jumped over dangerous obstacles, and endlessly stabbed their swords and spears.

‘How long will this last?’

These questions were on the verge of disappearing. It felt like all thoughts were being swept away due to the pain. It was the process where their muscles were being reconstructed. They wanted to give up many times.

“The more you sweat, the more you guarantee your family's safety.”

“Do you want to go back to the old days of starvation! Then withstand it! Protect your home!”

Piario and Asmophel cried out every time their hearts weakened.

‘Yes, stand up!’

The soldiers' eyes were filled with hate. Wasn't it funny to give up now? They had always been training with the idea of overcoming these trials. Still, they swore at Grid when they were tired.

‘If I think about it, there isn't a war right now, so why do we need to be trained like



this?’

‘Duke Grid must be bullying us on purpose!’

‘Damn Duke Grid! Curse Reidan’s sun! Fall on the road and break your nose!’

[The loyalty of Reidan’s soldiers has dropped by 7.]

[Rumors have spread that the soldiers of Reidan hate you.]

“Wow.”

Loyalty could be raised at any time. Grid thought this and ordered that the training be gradually increased, not decreased. Now he started to feel alarmed. He was being hated? Wasn’t this a stage beyond resentment?

‘It is time to give them a carrot.’

Grid looked at the list of Reidan soldiers. The list briefly listed the information of Reidan’s 1,003 soldiers. It was their name, gender, level, and occupation. The detailed stats, skills and unique story could only be checked with the Great Lord’s Sword.

“Eh?”

Grid’s eyes widened as he sorted the list of soldiers in order of level. One person. There was one soldier who achieved level 150? Compared to the average level of the other soldiers, which ranged between 136~139, it was a tremendous growth rate.

‘What?’

Grid summoned Piaro.

“Did you call?”

After Lauel and Rabbit, Piaro was the next busiest person. It couldn’t be helped, since he had to manage the fields and army at the same time. But unlike Lauel and Rabbit,

who were always tired, his color was very good. It seemed he had no concept of tiredness because his basic stamina was so high. He was busy, so Grid immediately cut to the chase.

“When I saw the list of soldiers, Royman stands out. What happened? What special training did you give them?”

“Nothing. Asmophel and I instruct all the soldiers the same.”

“Then why is Royman’s growth rate so different?”

“It’s the difference between talent and motivation. There are soldiers who follow the training schedule without thinking, but there are also soldiers who try to make it work better for their growth.”

“Hmmm, can you give extra training for the soldier called Royman?”

“Do you want Royman to grow faster?”

“Yes, to at least level 160.”

“I understand. I had already planned to configure a special group, so I will direct my training towards Royman.”

“Special group?”

It seemed to be something great. What would be the name of this special group?

‘Overgeared Task Force?’

It happened when Grid’s eyes were shining like lanterns.

“Duke Grid! Irene had gone into labor!”

“What?”

Her expected due date was supposed to be in two days. Grid abandoned the items he was making and ran to the castle in a hurry. Piaro also followed. A notification window appeared in front of Grid.

[When the baby is born, do you want it to be a boy or a girl? Your answer will have a profound impact on the child's gender.]

Grid answered without hesitation.

## CHAPTER 332

Grid answered without hesitation.

“Daughter! I want a daughter!”

Wasn’t a son better than a daughter as the successor? That didn’t matter to Grid. He just wanted a child that was like Irene. The girl would be bright, kind, and beautiful, unlike him.

‘I am afraid a son will resemble me!’

Typically, a daughter resembled the father and the son resembled the mother, but Grid didn’t believe this. He didn’t think a girl would have his appearance and personality.

[Do you really want a daughter?]

“Yes!”

[Okay. The baby who will be born soon will reflect your will.]

“Okay!”

From the smithy to the castle. Grid ran through the streets using the shortest path. He wanted to see his child’s face as soon as possible.



“You aren’t late.”

Lauel was waiting for him at the gates.

“It’s been 30 minutes since the midwife entered. Maybe the child will be born soon. Before that, are you really going to name your child Grene? Huh? How about rethinking the name?”

Lauel was sleep deprived, as always. In the game, he was busy managing Reidan, Bairan, and Cork Island, while in reality, he was responding to the endless flood of inquiries about joining the guild. So Lauel’s somewhat tense words were heard as they headed to the 3rd floor.

*Cry! Cry!*

The cries of a newborn baby was heard from Irene’s bedroom at the end of the hall.

“Congratulations!”

The maid assisting the midwife ran out and shouted. The emotions in Grid’s heart were indescribable. He really became a father! He felt a vague fear, but his joy was much greater.

“Daughter!”

The maid responded with a bright expression.

“Your son!”

Eh?

“What?”

It was an unexpected and shocking answer. Grid received a mental blow. On the other hand, Marquis Steim and his vassals were dancing.

“A precious baby boy was born in our family! A young gentleman, young gentleman!”

“Congratulations Duke Grid and Marquis Steim!”

“I wish you the best!”

“...”

A young gentleman.

‘A son?’

Didn’t it say that his choice would have a large effect on the gender of the child when born, so what was this?

“...Ah!”

Grid belatedly replied.

‘I was originally unlucky.’

When had anything ever gone as he wanted? There were few occasions. The result always went against him. He had been lucky since becoming Pagma’s Descendant, but before that, he had been so unlucky that he wondered if he had sold a country in his previous life.

Yes, this was the reality.

“Hah.”

Grid sighed and entered Irene’s bedroom.



“Dear husband... It’s a boy who resembles you. I’m so happy.”

Irene’s complexion was noticeably tired. It was difficult to fathom how painful childbirth would be. But Irene’s smile was brighter than ever. Grid realized something.

‘It might be more influenced by Irene’s wish than my bad luck.’

Grid was relieved when he saw the baby in Irene’s eyes. What did it matter if it was a daughter or a son? Proof of their precious love had been born. He was glad and happy. In the first place...

‘We can always have another child if I want a daughter.’

Irene was the only daughter of her family, so she had a strong desire for many children. She wanted to constantly give birth if she could. Grid smiled and kissed Irene's forehead.

"You must've suffered. Thank you. Thank you for giving this gift to me. Above all, I wish for you to be healthy."

"Dear husband..."

Irene was always affectionate towards Grid. Irene was thrilled and handed the child to Grid.

"Please hug him."

"U-Um."

Grid was startled. Didn't the child have black hair like him? It was concerning. His son, he looked like Grid.

'Please let his nature be different... '

Grid sincerely wished as Irene handed the child to him. Then his eyes widened.

'Why is he so pretty?'

Babies who were just born and couldn't open their eyes reminded him of monkeys. But what was this? The white skin was resilient and the already opened eyes were blue like Irene. They were intense eyes like gemstones.

Grid's mouth stretched widely as he looked at his son. It was an exquisite combination of himself and Irene, so an infinite affection rose inside him.

"What is the name of our grandchild?"

Marquis Steim asked. His mouth was also stretched widely. He looked even more delighted than Grid.

"The child's name..."

Everyone's attention focused on Grid. In particular, Lauel was staring at him with

eager eyes.

‘Please don’t let it be Grene!’

Was his wish heard? Grid spoke a normal name for some reason.

“Lord.”

Don’t be despised like him, be loved and respected by all. Don’t be envious of others like him, but have a wide heart. It was a name filled with these wishes.

‘Lord...!’

It was a good name. It happened when everyone, including Lael, was feeling happy.

“Maybe I should add my initial preceding it, G-lord.”

“...!”

Lael’s expression twisted. He shouted angrily.

“Glord! That is a name that copies the format of an orc chief!”

“Ah.”

Grid felt relieved of the frustration that filled him for a decade. Glord. It was a name that he came up thanks to all his naming experience.

“Phew, it’s cool.”

Lael saw Grid’s expression and shouted again.

“Please just name him Lord!”

“Isn’t that too common?”

“It is better than a name that copies an orc chief!”

He was correct. Glord was a proper noun in Satisfy, so it was right to avoid it. After a moment, Grid nodded.



“Okay, I understand. The name of this child is Lord.”

At that moment.

[Congratulations on the fruit of the couple’s love!]

[You are the first user to become a father!]

[The title ‘First Father’ has been obtained.]

[First Father]

\* When you are in a party with your child, all of your stats will increase by 8%.

If the child’s health drops below 30%, the passive skill ‘Father’s Instinctive Love’ will be activated, increasing movement speed by 80% for 20 seconds and resetting skill cooldown.

Resetting skill cooldown time! It was truly a huge passive skill. Grid was glad when he suddenly felt doubts.

‘Party?’

Why would he go hunting with his child?

‘Why is it like this?’

Then Lord’s status window floated in front of Grid’s eyes.

Name: Lord Steim

Age: 0 years Gender: Male

Occupation: Young Nobleman

Title: Grid's Son

\* The son of a legendary blacksmith. He has inherited most of his father's abilities.

Title: Genius of Eternal

\* A genius that represents a country. He overwhelms local geniuses, and his level and abilities will rise 40% faster than normal. In addition, he can acquire skills in a wide range of fields.

However, there is a limit to the level and abilities that can be raised until he is 15 years old.

Title: One who Will Become a Legend

A person who will leave his name in history. There is an 80% chance of being immune to all status effects and illnesses. When attacked, if his health falls to 1 point, he will enter the immortal state for 2.5 seconds.

Level: 1

Strength: 31 Stamina: 39

Agility: 25 Intelligence: 47

Dexterity: 90 Charm: 100

Dignity: 15 Insight: 78

Skills: Beginner Blacksmith Skill (F), Beginner Weapons Mastery (C), Discerning Eyes (S), Overwhelming Charm (S), Famous and Legendary Pedigree (SS).

His mother is the successor of a noble family in the Eternal Kingdom and his father is a legend. He has inherited all of his parent's strengths, so his potential is outstanding. Teaching him will be inspiring.

However, his talent and environment are so good that he is likely to become arrogant. Education will determine his history.

“This is completely...”

A gold spoon in Satisfy. Grid was forced to admire it.

Lord Steim. It was the day when the overlord of the world, who would later have the name of the Overgeared clan, was born.



“Abu. Abu.”

It had been a week since Lord was born. Compared to when he was born, the beauty of the child was already shining. He had Grid’s eyes and high nose, the good parts of Grid, as well as Irene’s face, skin, lips, and pupils.

“So pretty.”

Saintess Ruby arrived in Reidan two days ago. She had wanted to see her nephew’s face. She smiled and didn’t leave Lord’s side. On the other hand, three women were uncomfortable.

Yura, Jishuka, and Sexy Schoolgirl. The women who gathered in one place after a long time were struggling.

“Well, I’ll admit that the baby is pretty. However, the next baby that I’ll give birth to will be better. Think about it. How dignified and sexy would a child born from Grid and I be?”

It was Jishuka who talked with confidence. Sexy Schoolgirl couldn’t believe her ears.

“Oh my~ Jishuka, are you going to marry Grid? Ah, in the game like Irene?”

“Huhut, this young girl is talking nonsense. If I was to marry Grid, it should be in reality. You can play the role of concubine in the game.”

“Sister, do you not like me? Are you afraid that I will be sexier than you after one or two years? Yes?”

“This kid, shouldn’t you be more self-conscious?”

“Be quiet. I don’t have the emotions of a kid.”

Yura intervened between the two girls. She was calm in front of Lord, unlike Jishuka and Sexy Schoolgirl.

“Yura, aren’t you worried? Irene and Grid will probably become closer after Lord is born. Our positions will become smaller.”

Yura spoke to Sexy Schoolgirl in a nonchalant manner, “I am already treated as a folding screen. I don’t need to worry.”

“ ... ”

In the meantime, Grid was indifferent towards Yura. One of the world’s most beautiful women, Yura, was treated as a folding screen. Jishuka and Sexy Schoolgirl honestly couldn’t believe it. Sehee laughed from where she was playing with Lord with the baby toys that Grid had drawn.

‘It is because Oppa is very shy.’

Everyone forgot it because Grid was married, but he had no experience with love in reality. In reality, he hadn’t even held hands with a woman. An unrealistically beautiful and talented woman like Yura was too high of a barrier to be his first love. Ah, it might be different if Yura had a big chest like Jishuka.

At the same time.

“It’s really amazing.”

The soldier Royman reached level 160 under the thorough guidance of Piaro and Asmophel. Grid was thrilled when he confirmed Royman’s information with the Great Lord’s Sword.

At this time, a huge 5,000 troops were entering Reidan’s vast desert.

## CHAPTER 333

1st Prince Ren's expedition to Reidan had to proceed in secret.

Spreading the news would allow Grid time to respond. Ren secretly recruited his army by organizing small number of troops and moving through through the estates of the nobles. It took a lot of time due to that, but Ren didn't hesitate.

It was right to be prudent.



The day before Grid's son, Lord, was born. There was a big disturbance in the fortified city of Patrian. 1st Prince Ren visited the city with 7,000 troops.

"I greet the prince."

Earl Ashur greeted him. He had the strength to control the balance of the world, but he did his duty as someone loyal to the nation.

"Earl, you don't need to do this. Get up. Come on."

Prince Ren was uncomfortable. Even the prince of a kingdom couldn't afford to go against a great magician. It was the same in the empire.

Earl Ashur asked him, "Why has the prince visited this place with an army?"

Prince Ren explained honestly. He intended to from the beginning.

"Unfortunately, the king's life won't last much longer. I feel like as part of my duty to the stability of the kingdom and the royal family, I have decided to strike at Grid."

"..."

Earl Ashur had also heard rumors about what Grid had said at the rewards ceremony after the golem invasion. He understood the feelings and position of Prince Ren. But he was confused. The wicked Grid was holding his son hostage. His son might be in danger if Reidan was invaded.

Prince Ren saw Earl Ashur's worried face and opened his mouth.

"I'm well aware of your situation. Your son Bland is being held hostage in Reidan? Several months ago, Duke Grid used this weakness so that you would help him."

"..."

Earl Ashur couldn't say anything. He was too proud to admit the fact that one of the continent's 10 great magicians was in someone else's hands.

Prince Ren looked at him. "I will surely defeat Duke Grid and rescue Sir Bland. Trust me and cooperate with me."

"Do you have a good plan?"

Prince Ren was well aware of the strength of Grid's forces. Then what was this confidence? Earl Ashur showed interest and Prince Ren introduced a few people to him. It was the Royal Knights commander, Chucksley, and other people, including Hurent.

Earl Ashur was amazed as he examined their faces.

'Prince Ren had such a network?'

Recently, Chucksley was in the spotlight for shooting down three flying birds with one arrow. The kingdom's influential figures were following Ren. Among them were users (those who received the blessing of God), such as Hurent.

Their power was hard for even Earl Ashur to gauge.

Ren explained to him, "The ideal thing would be for you to personally join my army, but... Duke Grid could hurt Bland. I can't ask that of you, so please do me a favor. Teleport 3,000 of my soldiers to the Altes Mountains."

Altes Mountains!

Strictly speaking, it was the territory of the Saharan Empire located to the west of Reidan. It was the exact opposite position to Patrian, which was to the east of Reidan.

"A diversion?"

“Yes, the 4,000 soldiers will cross the desert and draw Duke Grid’s eyes, while 3,000 soldiers will attack from the rear.”

Reidan had many excellent talents, but there were only 1,000 soldiers. A diversion was highly likely to work. It wasn’t bad. However, Earl Ashur found it hard to answer.

Teleporting 3,000 people?

It might be possible for the legendary Braham, but it was hard for Earl Ashur.

‘2,000 soldiers might be possible.’

He would consume all his magic power at once and would probably receive a serious injury. It would be difficult to use magic for at least a fortnight.

Prince Ren knelt and looked up at Ashur. “I know that this is an unreasonable demand. But please, for the royal family. No, for the sake of this kingdom and Sir Bland.”

The prince of a kingdom. The heir to the throne was kneeling while thousands of soldiers watched on. If Earl Ashur rejected this, it was clear that his reputation would be the worst. Earl Ashur realized.

‘1st Prince... He is quiet sly, unlike his pure and decent appearance.’

Now Earl Ashur realized how he could acquire so many talents.

‘Yes, he will be able to deal with that evil Grid.’

Earl Ashur laughed. He was elated by Prince Ren’s plan and answered.

“I understand. I will follow your will. However, my lowly ability can only teleport 2,000 troops.”

“That alone is good enough! Thank you!”

Prince Ren was thrilled to tears. Earl Ashur knew the tears were false, but the soldiers were different.

“Waaaaahhhh!”

“Hooray 1st Prince!”

“Hooray Earl Ashur!”

[The morale of the army has risen. The stats of all soldiers will rise by 5% and the stamina consumption rate will decrease. This effect will continue as long as morale doesn't fall.]

It was auspicious.

Hurent smiled at the notification window.

“The great magician who grabbed the ankles of the seven guilds is helping me. How about it? Bunny Bunny. Do you feel the difference between me and the seven guilds?”

He would get revenge on Grid and get rid of his humiliation in front of the whole world. Hurent took Bunny Bunny, the best gaming BJ in the world, with him to fulfill that. Bunny Bunny, who had been recording the whole process with his camera, raised his thumb.

“I must admit that there is a clear difference.”

In fact, this situation was Prince Ren's achievement, but Hurent ignored that. Hurent had the vision to recognize Prince Ren's skill and accept the quest.



Name: Karin

Age: 21 Gender: Female

Occupation: Soldier

Title: Royman

A pseudonym used since she started pretending to be male. She really feels like a man,



so her confidence increased and her strength increased by 5%. However, her charm is greatly reduced.

Title: New Star of the West

A genius that represents the region. Her level and abilities will rise 20% faster than normal. In the 'desert' terrain, all stats will increase by 150%.

Title: Watched by a Legend

She has attracted the attention of the legend Piaro. He has given her private lessons under the guise of military training. The rise in stats is very large and it is highly possible to acquire new skills.

Strength: 630 (▲) Stamina: 331 (▲)

Agility: 655 (▲) Intelligence: 99 (▲)

Belief: 10

Skills: Beginner Bow Mastery (F), Beginner Shield Mastery (F), Intermediate Sword Mastery (D), Farming (B), Prestigious Pedigree (A), Life Saving Sword (S)

In the days when Reidan was called the second capital, Karin was born the daughter of Reidan's greatest warrior. She trained in swordsmanship for a long time and dreamed of becoming a knight like her brothers.

But 10 years ago, Reidan became a desert, and her dreams were shattered. She lost her father to the monsters that constantly appeared, and her brothers disappeared in the vampire cities. Their status was unclear and her family fell.

No, it is correct to say that all of Reidan fell. Since then, Karin has been living every day waiting for her brothers to return. She is truly grateful to Duke Grid for restoring Reidan and giving her time to wait for her brothers.

She even abandoned her sex in order to do her best as a soldier.

Grid trembled.

“It’s really amazing.”

A named NPC with no limit on how their stats could increase. It was very difficult to build a relationship with these people. He heard it was more likely to win the lottery. However, named NPCs kept appearing around Grid.

‘My luck is getting stronger!’

Grid thought this, but it was hard to see it simply as luck. It was simple when considering Grid’s current status. A legendary blacksmith and duke of a kingdom. The number of people he had was still small, but he had unshakable power. It was natural for talent to gather around this power.

“But to think she was a woman.”

She was quite pretty. Her skin was rough and her hair was short, but her thick lips and long eyelashes were attractive.

“Woman?”

Piario expressed doubts about Grid’s words. Woman? Royman? That excellent soldier? It was ridiculous. It was the moment Grid was about to explain to the disbelieving Piario.

“Right? She is...”

“Duke Grid!”

Royman fell to her knees. She looked up at Grid with mournful eyes.

“I am a man! My dream is to become a knight and then a soldier, becoming a good man at your side!”

“...”

So please keep this a secret. Grid understood the implications.

“It’s a joke, a joke. Rather, I have a gift for you.”

Grid opened his inventory.

In the inventory, 31 sets of 'Mass Production Grid Set' were listed by type. In fact, he had over 100 sets but they were left in the warehouse due to their weight. Everything he put in the warehouse were normal~rare rated.

On the other hand, the Grid sets in his inventory had an average of an epic rating.

"Now, take this."

He gave Royman a unique rated set with the highest completion.

"U-Unbelievable."

The duke was personally giving her battle gear? The emotional Royman accepted the battle gear. Grid looked at her tearful eyes and urged her.

"Go ahead and put it on."

"Yes, yes!"

Royman held the Grid set in her arms and ran into the barracks. Piaro didn't like this.

"That kid always changes his clothes secretly. It's one of his few shortcomings."

"..."

Grid heard that Piaro had no experience with dating. It seemed like he didn't have a sense for women and couldn't distinguish a man from a woman. Grid couldn't say anything. He never would've thought Royman was a girl if he hadn't checked her details.

After a moment.

"This is amazing!"

Royman ran out in grey armor made of steel and black iron.

"Is it good?"

"Not good, it's great! I have never seen such great battle gear since I was born! Three times...! No, I feel four times stronger!"

“That is being overgeared.”

“Overgeared...! I don’t know what that means, but it’s really amazing!”

Royman’s tone kept rising due to her excitement. She couldn’t hide her female tone and Piaro frowned. Piaro determined that it was a top priority to raise Royman’s masculinity.

“If you are four time stronger, the intensity of your training should be increased by four times.”

“Huh? A-Are you serious?”

“Have I ever spoken in vain?”

“...”

She was already working twice as hard as other soldiers and even had to do field work at dawn, now she was going to get more training? And by four times? Royman couldn’t help feeling afraid. She was like a frightened puppy.

However, Piaro had no mercy.

“Jump! Run straight up Altes Mountains!”

“A-Altes Mountains! It will take two days just getting there!”

” We will be back by tomorrow morning!

“P-Piaro!”

Piaro was full of motivation and Royman started her suffering as she began to run. There was anxiety on Grid’s face as he looked at them moving away. Thinking about it again, didn’t Royman have the Farming skill?

“Surely the special group doesn’t have something to do with farming?”

No way. He had a bad thought. Grid left this place.

At the same time, Altes Mountains.

*Pahat! Pa pa pa pa pak!*

Thousands of rays of light fell. Hurent and Bunny Bunny were at the forefront of the 2,000 troops that appeared.

“The great Hurent’s play, I want you to capture it on camera.”

“Hehe, please leave it to me.”

The humiliated Hurent getting revenge on Grid. As long as he recorded this clearly and broadcasted it, Bunny Bunny could become rich overnight.

‘I wish that there would be many cool scenes!’

He wanted to capture the brilliant battlefield where strong players fought and skills ran rampant. It was Bunny Bunny’s desire.

“I hope you can clear the fields here.”

“Piaro, why are you taking out a hand plow all of a sudden?”

“This is part of the training. And while doing field work, take off your armor. Feel nature with your flesh.”

“...Yes.”

The spectacular sight of Hurent and Bunny Bunny’s army appeared in the distance.

## CHAPTER 334

‘The two of them have good chemistry.’

Piario was a person who liked to teach others. There was no one in the Tzedakah Guild who hadn’t been taught by Piario. Royman also dreamed of reaching a higher ground, so if they stuck together, they could become a fantasy pair.

‘Please don’t lean towards becoming a farmer.’

The unique rated Mass Production Grid set. It had a 160 level limit and had significant value. In particular, it was suitable for people who wanted to grow rapidly. It was an investment, so Grid wanted Royman to achieve a growth beyond his expectations.

“Duke, we’ll return to the north.”

The road to the castle. Earl Steim’s knights came and spoke to him.

“My father-in-law?”

Grid was puzzled because he didn’t see Marquis Steim and Laden explained.

“The lord wants to stay near the young nobleman. We have to protect him, but the north is currently slightly unstable. It can’t be left empty, so we’ll return first. I ask you to please look after My Lord.”

“I don’t care what you say, but isn’t the situation in the north unstable? Is it okay for Father-in-law to leave his position?”

“We will go first so that it will be okay, even if My Lord isn’t there.”

‘Father-in-law has many good subordinates.’

Grid nodded.

“Okay, I understand. I will look after Father-in-law, so please go. If you’re having a hard time in the north, go to Jude in Winston. He doesn’t have any thoughts, but he has great strength, unlike a braggart like you.”

“...I will listen. I am grateful for your care.”

Laden and the knights respectfully said goodbye and left Reidan. It was with 1,000 soldiers. 500 elites were left behind to protect Marquis Steim.

“Vacating his territory because of his grandchild. He had no dignity as a marquis.”

Grid said so, but he fully understood Marquis Steim’s mind. Lord was cute, smart and pretty!

“Lord, wait! Father is coming!”

Grid hastened his pace. He wanted to see his son’s face as soon as possible. Lael gazed at Grid as he entered in a hurry.

“Do you know that your work efficiency has been very poor since Lord was born?”

“Ugh.”

Grid knew. Every day, he had played with Lord for at least two hours, so he had a tendency to neglect item making and hunting. Lael grinned at Grid, who couldn’t speak.

“Well, your current look is very good.”

“Eh?”

Grid was confused since he thought he would be scolded again. Lael gazed at him carefully.

“It is right to get used to loving someone. You will learn to be generous through this.”

Grid was fundamentally a simple and narrow-minded person. What was the reason? Lael could roughly guess.

‘It is because he has been despised most of his life by others.’

Grid had a low self-esteem and was narrow-minded compared to his ability. He wasn’t good at interacting with others. If Lael listened to the Tzedakah Guild, Grid was much worse in the past. He only thought about himself and was always jealous of others.

But Grid started changing, and at the center of this change were Irene and Khan. Receiving love and giving love. Grid became more mature because he experienced one of the basic principles of human relations.

“You will eventually rule over millions of people and receive a lifetime of taxes from them. To become a good and wise king, you must learn compassion first.”

“...”

If Grid was a normal user, he would’ve responded incredulously. Love? Charity? Good and wise king?

‘Are you shooting a movie alone? This is just a game,’ was what they would say.

However, Grid was different from a common user. Satisfy wasn’t a simple game for Grid. It was a world that was as precious as reality, where he got wealth, friends, a lover and a child.

“I understand what you’re trying to say. But isn’t it better to think of the people first instead of me? We can’t even raise the taxes, right?”

“It will be fine as long as I coordinate with you. As you know, I have the qualities of a tyrant like you. The two of us complement each other.”

“Qualities of a tyrant... Two of us...”

Grid shivered. He struggled to shake off this feeling.



Reidan’s desert was full of heat.

There were powerful and wild monsters here, as Prince Ren was well aware. Nevertheless, the reason why he marched his army without any hesitation was because he had a countermeasure.

“That way.”

“Beyond there as well!”



The Royal Knights Captain, Chucksley. The best archer in the palace, Ferrell.

The two people, known as the strongest men, were leading a handful of troops. Their mission was to eliminate the monsters on the way. It was possible because the royal monster scholars displayed the location of the desert monsters on the map.

“It’s easy.”

The squads scattered in all directions around their base, defeating monsters. This allowed the base to safely advance. While this progressed smoothly, the smiling Ren gave orders to 20 assassins.

“Head to Reidan first. If the war begins and there’s a gap in Reidan’s defenses, grab the duchess and bring her to me. Alternatively, you can also kill her.”

“Yes!”

The assassins moved quickly. Ren confirmed this and gained greater confidence, speeding up his march.

“Hurry! We have to arrive at Reidan tomorrow to match up with Hurent’s schedule!”

“Ohhhhhh!”

The soldiers’ morale increased. The heat of the desert? It wasn’t an obstacle for a person who would soon become king.



“What’s this?”

The northern knight leading 1,000 soldiers across the desert. He looked up at the high sand dune and stopped the march.

*Tadat!*

Laden climbed up the sand dune. The soldiers admired his slick movements. Then the sight of thousands of soldiers appeared before him.

“That flag is...!”

Laden's expression stiffened. It was a silver dragon with wings. It represented the royal family of the Eternal Kingdom.

'Why are royal troops here in the west?'

The royal army was advancing towards Reidan.

'Is it to celebrate the young lord's birth?'

However, the scale of the march was too big.

'It can't be!'

1st Prince Ren hated Duke Grid. No, strictly speaking, he was afraid of the duke. A rat cornered by a cat would act! Marquis Steim was concerned that Prince Ren would act against Grid after King Wiesbaden died. Therefore, he wanted to mediate between Prince Ren and Grid.

'My Lord's efforts have been ruined.'

It was clear that King Wiesbaden was dying. It happened when Laden was thinking.

"Why are northern troops here in the west?"

He heard someone's voice behind him. Laden turned and saw 300 people on horseback. They were one of the squads hunting monsters. The elite royal cavalry, the Iron Wind. The leader of the Iron Wind, Beida, was famous for being a master of two spears.

"I asked why northern troops are here in the west."

Beida approached and asked again. There weren't any hostile intentions and they were from the same kingdom, so the northern soldiers didn't bother him. But Laden was different.

"Get down!"

Laden shouted to the soldiers. The spear flew over the heads of the soldiers who had reflexively ducked. The spear was swung by Beida.

“H-Hik!”

The soldiers who survived peed themselves. The few people who were unable to escape had their heads separated from their bodies, causing the entire northern army to turn white. Beida’s gaze fell on Laden.

“You have very good eyes. What is your name?”

“You keep asking questions. You’re like a coquettish woman.”

“...!”

Laden’s attitude that showed no fear stimulated Beida. He slowly revealed the wild nature that was hidden under his calm expression.

“You...! I will cut off your arms and legs first before asking again. Hiyah!”

Beida ran forward. It was a speed beyond common sense as he rushed through the desert hills. The northern troops were frightened, but Laden remained calm.

“The sin of killing Marquis Steim’s soldiers, I will pay it back with death.”

“Bah!”

Laden placed a hand on the sheathe at his waist and watched Beida.

“You are still wet behind the eyes!”

*Puok!*

Beida’s spear stuck in the sand. It was the place where Laden had been standing just a moment ago. Laden avoided the spear and swung his sword at Beida’s thigh.

*Chaaeng!*

Beida defended with his spear and declared angrily.

“You are fast but not very strong... Kuk?”

Beida paled as he realized it. Blood was rising from the wrist that held the spear.

“You!”

Phoenix wasn't the only strong one in the north? Laden knocked down the astonished Beida and commanded the northern troops.

“Kill all of them and return to Reidan.”

Until yesterday, they were serving the same king. Laden believed that Marquis Steim would be on Duke Grid's side, rather than Prince Ren, and quickly knew what to do.



‘It won't be long now.’

Hurent's mood was heightened as he descended towards the foot of the mountain. His blood boiled as he thought of paying back the 5 second humiliation.

‘I will show you the true power of aura.’

The biggest advantages of aura were the fixed damage and form changes. At the time of the National Competition, Hurent couldn't properly make use of the form changes, but now it was different.

It was a power that made imagination become reality. With this fraudulent power, Hurent believed that he could defeat Grid. No, it wasn't just Grid. It included Kraugel, the top rankers, Agnus and the hidden rankers.

Hurent had no doubt that he would overwhelm all of them.

“Who are you?”

It happened when Hurent and the 2,000 troops had just left Altes Mountains and were about to enter the desert. Two farmers blocked their path. Hurent was upset and fired aura at them. The farmers' eyes widened as they saw the aura stretching like a whip.

## CHAPTER 335

*Swaeek!*

The aura whip aimed at the farmers. The farmers standing here were Piaro and Royman.

‘How can aura have this form?’

Royman was familiar with aura. Her father was a prominent swordsman and able to skillfully use aura. But this was the first time she had seen such a changeable aura. It was released from the sword? This wasn’t aura, but magic!

‘There are many masters in this world!’

Royman accepted Hurent as a master of a new world. She felt awe.

*Chaaeng!*

The aura blade aimed for her neck as she stared blankly. Piaro tsked and blocked it with a hand plow.

“Not reacting when a blade is coming at your neck, it’s a convenient way to commit suicide.”

“I-I’m really sorry!”

Royman was confused. That amazing aura was blocked by a hand plow?

‘I knew Sir Piaro was strong, but this much?’

Royman expected Piaro to have the strength of an ordinary knight. It was natural since he did field work every day. He didn’t look very special. But not now. Perhaps Piaro’s strength was higher than Asmophel.

“I will teach you to reflexively defend, even if you don’t have two arms. Let’s plant rice for three hours every day starting from tomorrow.”

“Huh?”

She was sincerely grateful for her life being spared. He would be her savior for the rest of her life. But planting rice? This wasn't a penalty game, so Royman couldn't understand what was going on.

On the other hand, Piaro was somewhat confused.

‘Is there another strong person?’

The Red Knights.

Piario carried out wars all over the continent when he was a part of them. He spent more days falling asleep on the battlefield than he did at home, and he had to face countless enemies. He saw the powerhouses that represented each nation.

However, the enemies he met while staying at this peaceful(?) Reidan were much more brilliant. It was truly amazing.

‘Reidan entices powerhouses.’

Or maybe it was just a different time. In any case, Piario enjoyed it. The invasion of enemies would be the food that further strengthened the legendary farmer's power. He was caught up in this positive feeling and told Hurent what he thought.

“Your ability to control aura is amazing. But it's still lacking strength.”

“...Ah.”

A farmer praising an aura master's aura, Hurent couldn't be happy.

‘However, his skills are real.’

The dirt-covered farmer had blocked his aura with a hand plow. It wasn't a dream. The 2,000 soldiers all saw it.

‘The rumors were true?’

He heard that there were powerful farmers in Reidan. There were rumors that the reason the seven guilds failed was due to farmers.

‘Of course, I thought it was nonsense.’

Now it seemed to be true.

“Hrmm.”

Hurent turned towards Bunny Bunny. Bunny Bunny had the camera in hand and was filming the situation. From his excited expression, he also seemed to be aware of the rumors about Reidan’s farmers.

‘I don’t need to take risks before meeting Grid.’

He was confident about getting revenge on Grid, so he couldn’t fall victim to this farmer. Hurent judged and turned towards Royman.

‘Use him.’

Hurent’s judgment and execution were excellent. There were no unnecessary delays. In order to increase his concentration, he closed his eyes and used ‘Aura Impact.’

[You have released your aura.]

[Accurately imagine the shape of the aura within 2 seconds. If there is even a small error in the image, the skill will fail.]

He had been practicing image training every day for the past 10 months in order to bring out the true power of an aura master! Hurent’s eyes flashed and he shouted.

“Dragon’s Roar!”

[You have developed the breath of a dragon! By reproducing the power of a transcendent being, the power of your aura is greatly increased!]

[There is a limit to the power that a unique rated aura can exert.]

*Kuwaaaang!*

The aura fired by Hurent blew out in a straight line. The strong energy that stirred the earth and caused a sand storm couldn't be compared to the whip from before.

“Ha!”

Piaro was sincerely amazed. When he was a great swordsman, he realized the limits of aura. However, the man in front of him was different. He broke through the limits of aura. He was a truly respectable person who achieved a level that Piaro couldn't reach.

“In honor of your talent, I will also use my full power.”

Piaro couldn't afford to relax. To be precise, he had no room to spare. He had to protect Royman, who would grow to be a strength for his lord. The power of the aura breath was strong and wide. He couldn't just stand by and watch.

“Free Farming 4th Style.”

*Suruk.*

Piaro moved his hand to his waist. It was to extract a plow from one of the six sheaths hanging there. A plow that Grid created. As soon as he pulled it out, Piaro's power exploded.

The power of items.

[All skills related to farming will increase by 20%.]

“Plow the Field!”

*Pepepepeng!*

Piaro's plow struck the ground, causing it to rise like a tsunami.





‘Amazing!’

The world’s top gaming BJ, Bunny Bunny. He pointed his camera and admired the whip-like aura. Hurent’s control skills were extraordinary. However, Bunny Bunny was disappointed when the shabby farmer blocked it with a hand plow.

‘A farmer could block that skill?’

Aura Master Hurent. His aura was gorgeous, but it was without strength. There was a reason he was defeated by Grid in 5 seconds.

‘Instead of getting revenge on Grid, will he die in four seconds this time?’

Bunny Bunny was extremely disappointed in Hurent when he suddenly had a thought.

‘I heard a rumor that there was a monster famer in Reidan... ’

Was the rumor true?

‘A huge scoop!’

This was a great opportunity to inform the world about the truth of the rumors. The excited Bunny Bunny focused on filming. Hurent used a tremendous skill that was reminiscent of a dragon’s breath.

‘Ohhh!’

Hurent’s abilities were real. It was too early to be disappointed in him. Bunny Bunny started sweating as he saw the power of that breath. How would the rumored farmer cope with this cool technique?

‘Increase my viewership with a spectacular battle scene!’

Bunny Bunny prayed, but his wish was soon popped.

“Another farming equipment?”

The hand plow changed to a plow! The farmer called Piaro didn’t seem to be showing

a brilliant battle scene, unlike Bunny Bunny's expectations. No, Bunny Bunny was crazy to have high expectations in the first place.

Bunny Bunny frowned.

"Free Farming 4th Style, Plowing the Field."

*Pepepepeok!*

The earth rose and collided with Hurent's aura breath. At the same time, the ground started to be cleared for use as a farming field.

"What is this...?"

Bunny Bunny's camera picked up the stunning sight. Streams of water were rising from the center of the cleared land.

'This is the desert!'

Water was found in the desert? Bunny Bunny's cognitive abilities failed to keep up with the scene in front of him.

"Free Farming 1st Style, Sowing."

*Papat! Pa pa pa pa pak!*

Seeds poured down like rain over the confused Bunny Bunny and 2,000 soldiers.

'What is this?'

It was a series of processes that reminded him of farming.

'No, this is impossible.'

No one was crazy enough to start farming in front of 2,000 enemies...

"Free Farming 2nd Style, Rapid Growth."

*Kwaduk! Kudududuk!*

“Heok!”

Bunny Bunny’s face turned white. It was because the thousands of seeds scattered on the ground started to sprout all at once.

“This is crazy!”

He wanted a spectacular battle scene, but it was a farming diary? Bunny Bunny felt more anger than wonder as he stared at the scene of a desert being turned into rice fields. At this time, Hurent was aiming for Royman.



[Block Toys to Help a Child’s Development.]

It was an item Grid got from the Reputation Store. At first he thought it was a useless item, but he was glad to see Lord playing well with them.

“Abu. Abu.”

A small baby was sitting on the bed and building a spire with the blocks. It was a crude shape that anyone could recognize as a castle. A child only 10 days old was building a castle with blocks? It was an unbelievable sight.

“A genius! The best genius of the continent!!”

Marquis Steim was sure of it. It was an objective assessment, not because he was blinded by love. Irene made a happy expression.

“It’s good that his dexterity resembles my husband’s. I think he will become a master of blacksmithing.”

Grid replied with a smile.

“He’s just like you.”

“Dear husband...”

“Irene.”

The eyes of the couple were filled with affection. The couple's love was much deeper than before. Every night, the six hands...

Omitted.

So it was natural that their love would deepen.

"Hum hum."

Marquis Steim coughed as the couple embraced each other. It was a signal that they shouldn't forget he was here.

"What type of education are you planning on focusing on for Lord?"

Marquis Steim's question activated the child care system.

[Please select Lord's education.]

[Lord's age is still young, so there are limited options to choose from.]

1. Leave it until he is older.
2. Basic academic education.
3. Basic etiquette education.

'Don't rush.'

What education should he give to a child who was only 10 days old? Grid was able to pick option one when he suddenly stopped.

'No, if I think about it, isn't the current Lord twice as intelligent as Jude?'

Jude's maximum intelligence was set at 20, while Lord was born with 48 intelligence. He was young, but had a good brain, so he was already at a level that could be taught. That's why basic academics and etiquette were provided in the options.

‘He is highly likely to become arrogant.’

Grid pondered and made a decision.

“I will teach him etiquette. He was born with a gold spoon, but he shouldn’t be too indulged.”

“Um, yes. Early education is important. It’s especially important for talented children.”

“I’m in favor of Dear Husband’s will.”

[Lord’s early education method has been selected. Your wife Irene will teach Lord.]

At this moment.

‘Eh?’

Grid could see Lord’s face, which had been smiling happily the whole time. Now Lord looked like he wanted to complain about something.

‘Don’t tell me he doesn’t want to study?’

Did he understand their words?

‘I must be mistaken.’

Grid was being too sensitive. Grid laughed it off.

“There’s a strange expression on Lord’s face, so it seems like he has done a poo.”

“Oh my, really?”

Irene confirmed it and called a maid.

## CHAPTER 336

“Indeed, my grandchild is great! He doesn’t cry when doing a poo, he’s a real man! Just like me!”

“It’s good if you’re dexterous like me. He is also pretty like Irene, and smart.”

“Ha! He’s perfect! It is almost a perfect work by God! Giving birth to such a great son, I respect you!”

“I admire the man who helped give birth to a lovely woman like Irene!”

“Kelkelkel!”

“Hahaha!”

Grid and Marquis Steim made a fuss as the maid changed Lord’s diaper. The great lords who represented their nation had forgotten their dignity. Irene was somewhat disgruntled, but didn’t say anything. She didn’t want to break their excitement because she understood their hearts.

“Lord is sleepy. We shouldn’t interrupt his nap time, so we should go out.”

“T-This... I want to play together a bit more.”

“Father is right. Don’t you know how important sleeping is for a child when growing up? We shouldn’t prevent him from sleeping.”

“...It can’t be helped.”

“Sleep well, Lord. Chu.”

The Grid couple left the child to the nanny and left the room with Marquis Steim.

After a moment.

It happened when the nanny fell asleep.

“ ... ”

Somebody fell from the ceiling. It was done secretly with no sound. The sleeping nanny and knights guarding outside didn't notice the appearance of the visitor. It was natural. The man with dark skin and long arms was none other than Kasim, king of shadows.

How many people could detect Kasim's stealth? There were only a few throughout the continent.

'He's cuter up close.'

Originally Kasim was protecting Irene, but now he was by Lord's side. Most nobles cherished their heir more than their wives. Grid was the same, so Kasim changed his protection priorities.

'Once he's older, he will attract many women.'

The last 10 days.

Kasim was amazed as he watched Lord. It was the first time he had seen such a beautiful and clever newborn. Kasim didn't share a single drop of blood with him, but he was glad to watch.

'If it wasn't for the empire...'

He would be able to marry a Nero woman, have a child, and live a normal life.

*Kwaduduk!*

It was at this moment that Kasim's desire for revenge on the empire was revived. Suddenly, the sleeping Lord opened his eyes. The newborn baby detected him when the nanny and knights outside the door couldn't.

Kasim was thrilled.

'His innate senses goes far beyond an ordinary person.'

"Abu! Abu!"

Lord reached out to Kasim. There was clearly a smile in his eyes. It felt like he was just looking at Kasim.

‘Does he know that I am guarding him?’

This baby was the real thing. Kasim, the strongest assassin currently in existence. He became greedy when he saw the transcendent genius.

“Little boy, do you want to play with me every night from now on?”

“Abu! Abu!”

His eyes shone like they had lanterns. It seemed like an answer. Kasim smiled with satisfaction, picked up the block pieces and arranged them on one side of Lord.

“Throw this. Like so.”

Kasim demonstrated directly. He threw a block and hit one of the dolls placed on the window frame.

*Tok!* After seeing that the doll fell, Lord laughed. But with the baby’s control, the dolls were still too far away.

“Bubu! Bu!”

Lord waved his arms when the block he threw wasn’t able to reach the window. His pride seemed to be hurt that he couldn’t match Kasim. Kasim thought it was absurd.

‘A newborn baby is aware of my words and is also burning for victory...!’

Also!

‘His strength is already better than most boys!’

The block that Lord threw was very light. In order to throw it towards the window, he needed the strength of a 14 year old. However, Lord was still 0 years old. Kasim’s enthusiasm grew. This child’s innate senses and power!

‘I might be able to impart the completeness of the secret techniques Master left behind!’

Doran and Kasim were slightly lacking in talent. They could only learn half of their master’s secret techniques.



‘But this child...!’

Lord Steim.

It was the day he met the first of his seven mentors.



“Oh my!”

The nanny woke up and felt like she had been hit by lightning. It was because the formerly clean room now had blocks scattered around it.

‘Was it the young Lord?’

A newborn baby climbed down from bed and played with toys? It was nonsense, the nanny was well aware of this. But if someone had entered the room, the knights outside the door would’ve called out and woken her up. She was forced to suspect Lord.

However...

Lord was in a deep sleep. His sleeping form was consistent with when she last saw him.

‘Lord is sleeping, so what happened?’

She got goosebumps. It seemed to be a ghost. On the other hand, Kasim was shocked from his spot on the ceiling.

‘A newborn baby is pretending to sleep!’

It was amazing.



The desert had been turned into a field.

The soldiers freaked out as the hot desert turned into a golden wheat field.

“Wow... What is this?”

“Am I dreaming right now?”

The 2,000 soldiers were confused at the unbelievable situation.

‘What is this sudden scene?’

Bunny Bunny was angry.

“What’s the point of making a field? It’s in vain!”

Hurent rushed towards Royman.

“Uh!”

*Chaaeng!*

Royman barely defended against Hurent’s blow. A blue light aimed at her waist. It was Aura Impact, which he used to create another blade and attack through the gap.

‘It is the end!’

Royman felt sure of her death. She closed her eyes as the aura blade flew at her.

“Is there more than one life? Fight to the end and don’t give up so easily.”

Piario. He seemed to be busy with the wheat field, but he ran to protect Royman.

“Sir Piario...!”

Royman looked at Piario different after her life was saved again. She was full of longing. But she couldn’t look into Piario’s eyes for long. She was embarrassed and shyly bowed her head.

“ ... ”

A person of talent who had just started to walk along his path. There was no need to feel ashamed for being powerless against the strong. He spoke words of comfort, “I will add two hours of planting.”

“Heok.”

Piario had no mercy. He turned towards Hurent after reducing Royman’s sleeping time to 3 hours and 30 minutes. Hurent was smiling despite his attack being blocked. He could afford to relax.

“I heard that a crazy farmer was the guardian of Reidan. I’m embarrassed, since I didn’t expect it to be true.”

“You seem quite amused for someone who is embarrassed.”

“Of course I’m amused. What if I defeat the farmer who stopped the seven guilds from reaching Reidan? Won’t my evaluation soar up infinitely?”

“Don’t put impossible words in your mouth.”

“We’ll see. I know the long and short of it.”

“It seems like you believe in the 2,000 soldiers.”

“No, I only believe in me.”

*Ttaak!*

Hurent snapped his fingers. Was it a signal for the soldiers to attack? Piario thought so, but the soldiers didn’t move.

‘What?’

“Uh!”

Piario was puzzled as Royman suddenly groaned. It was because she started to feel pain from her side, which had been lightly grazed by the aura blade.

“My aura left a mark.”

“Mark?”

“Yes, a mark where aura can manifest. Imagine it. If I release aura from your lover’s side, what will happen to your lover? She is so fragile that she will break in two.”

“...!”

Piaro’s eyes widened. He was certainly upset.

Hurent smiled with satisfaction.

“Now, make your choice. Allow my army to advance! Or I will break your precious lover apart in front of you!”

Hurent shouted with confidence towards Piaro.

“Is that a mark that can be carved into the ground?”

“Eh?”

What? There was no tension in that question. Hurent was confused and nodded.

“T-That’s correct. It is a technique with a high utilization.”

“Hoh.”

*Ssik!*

A smile appeared on Piaro’s face. He looked very wicked.

“Won’t this be useful for clearing the fields?”

“What?”

Clearing the fields? What was this? Hurent couldn’t understand the words and frowned. Piaro copied his style of speaking.

“I will give you a choice. Work in the fields with me. Or do you want to work in the fields after losing all 2,000 soldiers?”

‘No, what nonsense is he saying?’

Wasn’t Hurent the one in an advantageous position right now? It was like talking to a wall. Hurent realized it.

‘He was called a crazy farmer for a reason!’

This farmer truly wasn’t sane. Hurent determined and triggered the skill to let Piaro know his position.

“Kyaaak!”

Royman couldn’t bear the pain coming from her waist and sat down. Her side was already soaked with blood. Piaro saw it and shouted, “You have chosen!”

“...Eh?”

“Free Farming 8th Style. Polishing!”

The reason why Piaro left Hurent alone and cleared the field. It was because his enemy wasn’t just Hurent. Piaro was thinking about the big picture.

*Pepeng! Pepepepeok!*

The wheat field that covered the whole area. Explosions occurred where the 2,000 soldiers and Hurent were standing. The myriad of wheat had become powerful bombs, destroying the whole area.

“What?”

Hurent was at a loss for words as he saw the soldiers screaming and dying. A ranged skill that could target 2,000 people? This was equivalent to the Meteor skill that could only be learned by a legendary great magician.

“Don’t tell me, a legendary...!”

Piaro approached the astonished Hurent and wielded his hand plow.

*Puk!*

[You have suffered 15,500 damage.]

*Puk!*

[You have suffered 15,900 damage.]

*Puk!*

[You have suffered 16,100 damage.]

[You have suffered catastrophic damage in a short period of time! You are in a critical condition!]

‘T-This is crazy!’

What was this? Hurent was hit successively in the forehead by a hand plow and sat down.

The sight behind Piaro was a mountain of bodies and a river of blood.

## CHAPTER 337

Hurent had been playing Satisfy since the closed beta. He went through a lot of adventures, so he knew better than anyone how vast the world was. A farmer was stronger than him? He could accept it.

Yes, it wasn't surprising if a legendary farmer could use a meteor type skill.

'The legendary fisherman might be friends with the dragon king by now.'

There were many hermits in this world. But there was one thing that Hurent couldn't accept. A legendary farmer was excellent. Then why was he Grid's subordinate?

'Grid, where is your limit?'

He gained a legendary class faster than anybody else, and now he also had a legendary NPC? Grid was an object of hatred, but Hurent had to acknowledge his superior abilities. Piaro reached out to the frustrated Hurent.

"Come with me."

"..."

The crazy farmer. He didn't even blink after killing thousands of people, making him look strange. Hurent wanted to resist. However, his body wasn't in a state where it could move. In the end, he had to give up.

"Yes, I will follow. Drag me to Grid, where you can boil or bake me to your heart's content."

"No, you will do farming with me."

"What?"

Was he really crazy?

It was funny to say this with his own mouth, but Hurent was the leader of an army that wanted to invade Reidan. From Reidan's point of view, he was a sinner that they could

acquire a lot of information from. As a person of high importance, it was right to handle him carefully.

But he was going to do farming? It was surreal and his ego was hurt. Did Piaro read his mind? Piaro made a ridiculing sound at Hurent's expression.

"The leader of an army who died before reaching Reidan has no value. You just have to think about doing farming."

"Eek!"

Hurent's ego was shattered. He panicked and made a mistake.

"I have a lot of confidential information! If you don't obtain the information from me, Reidan will be turned into a sea of fire! So treat me as a high priority prisoner!"

"Oh, really?"

Piaro's expression changed. It was the moment Piaro transformed from a farmer into the commander of Reidan. Hurent realized his mistake.



"Kuheok! Cough! Cough!"

The explosion of countless wheat was enormous. More than half of the 2,000 soldiers died, and the rest were seriously injured. Bunny Bunny's state was in the middle. He barely survived with 15% of his health left and he was gripped with an unknown terror.

'He is a huge monster!'

Reidan's crazy farmer. Rumor had it that he overwhelmed the 2nd ranked Zibal and the 3rd ranked Chris, turning Chris into a serf. The rumor that he blocked the seven guilds alone(?) was also not an exaggeration.

'How terrible was Zibal's fight with that monster?'

The world was wide and there were many monsters. Bunny Bunny was caught in a desire to capture all of them with his camera. He wanted to become a conglomerate



by monopolizing all the viewers.

But to do this, he needed to survive. Swiftiness was needed to catch all types of scoop, so he steadily raised his agility with every level. It should be enough to avoid death.

‘The first thing is to live.’

It was enough that he captured video of the rumored farmer. The farmer made a wheat field in an instant and used it for an explosion that destroyed most of the 2,000 soldiers. There was no longer any reason to stay here.

Then Hurent? Wasn’t Hurent going to get revenge on Grid?

*Puk!*

“Heok!”

*Puk!*

“Kuack!”

*Puk!*

“Kuheeok!”

“...”

Looking at Hurent being hit three times on the forehead with a hand plow, Hurent’s desire for revenge on Grid seemed like a dream.

‘Discard Hurent!’

Bunny Bunny determined, wore the ‘Fast Boots,’ and quickly left the battlefield. He was planning to join Prince Ren. Prince Ren had many talents who were above Hurent. What if he filmed the gorgeous clash between them and Overgeared?

‘I will be sitting on money! I must shoot a video worth 100 billion dollars today!’

Bunny Bunny’s aspirations were great.



“Where have all the kids gone? Why don’t I see any of the guild members?”

After playing with Lord. Grid stopped by Lauel’s office before going to the smithy. As always, paper was piled up like a mountain.

“Everybody is busy. They aren’t at the estate because they are committed to their missions or hunting.”

“Aren’t they only hunting in the vampire cities?”

“That is the most efficient method. Aside from the experience, vampire items and elixirs can be obtained. The desert ecosystem is in a fairly stable state, so this is appropriate.”

“Did anyone find an elixir?”

“Not yet.”

“Ah.”

The drop rate was truly the worst. It was a shame for Grid, who coveted the agility elixir.

Lauel asked him.

“Do you remember how 10 years ago, the former lord of Reidan sent out an expedition to the vampire cities?”

“I remember. Why are you asking about it all of a sudden?”

“It’s annoying because the Overgeared members haven’t found any traces of the vampire expedition, despite searching all over the vampire cities.”

“Why is it annoying? It was 10 years ago, so is it strange for all evidence to be wiped out?”

“Yes. The records left behind showed that there were close to 18,000 people on the vampire expedition. It is normal that some traces of them should remain.”

“Well, there are many vampire cities that we haven’t visited yet. The evidence might be somewhere there. But is it an important issue?”

“At the present time, no.”

“At the present time? Then it could become an important issue later on?”

The moment Grid asked the question.

“Earl Lauel”

A young knight ran into the office. Entering the office without even knocking on the door? Lauel was offended, but this didn’t seem like a situation where etiquette was important. The knight’s entire body was covered in wounds.

“Aren’t you one of Marquis Steim’s knights? What is going on?”

“Well... Heok!”

The knight was going to explain to Lauel when he panicked. It was because he noticed Grid sitting on the couch.

“I-I greet Duke Grid!”

Grid waved his hand.

“There is no time to say hello so please explain.”

“Ah, yes! 5,000 enemy troops are advancing towards Reidan!”

“5,000 enemy troops?”

The face of the knight was filled with despair.

“It is the royal troops!”

“Royal troops? Eternal?”

“Yes! Sir Laden is leading the 1,000 northern soldiers to slow the enemy’s march, but it’s a terrible situation!”

“Eh?”

Grid couldn't believe it.

“Why is the royal army of the Eternal Kingdom coming to invade Reidan? Aren't we on the same side?”

Lauel smiled. “The rice that we sowed was eaten.”

“Sowed rice...?”

The Grid in the past would've failed to understand the present situation until the end. But Lauel had been his subordinate for 9 months in reality and 27 months in game time. It had been so long, so how could Grid not learn something?

“Did King Wiesbaden die?”

“...!”

Lauel's eyes widened. He honestly never imagined that Grid would guess this himself.

‘He has grown steadily, but to think he reached this level!’

The astonished Lauel was speechless for a while.

“This situation is interesting.”

Grid rose from his spot and smiled darkly.

“Lauel, have Asmophel convene the soldiers. It's time for the storm.”

Grid headed towards his private warehouse. The warehouse was filled with ‘Mass Production Grid Sets.’



“Kuaack!”

“M-Marquis Steim... I couldn't hold out until the end... I'm sorry... Cough! Cough!”

The 1,000 troops led by Laden and 10 knights. They fell into a crisis after wiping out the Iron Wind troops. It was because he was caught by the unit led by the great swordsman, Chucksley.

“You’re great.”

Great Swordsman Chucksley. He was comparable to the past Piaro of the empire. He praised Laden, who defended against his sword four times.

“20 years later. No, you might’ve been able to hit me in 10 years. I have never seen anyone with such a terrific talent like you.”

“Pant... Pant...”

Laden had defeated Beida and several others talents alone. He was exhausted and at a disadvantage when facing Chucksley. To be honest, it wouldn’t be strange if he collapsed immediately. However, Laden didn’t show weakness to the end. He knew that the moment he fell, the 1,000 troops he treasured would be wiped out.

‘I have to give my all for My Lord.’

He felt disappointment and despair at not meeting expectations.

*Kkuok!*

Laden tightened his grip on his sword. He ignored the blood in his mouth and laughed.

“Are you sure? I don’t need 10 years. Five years. No, I will go beyond you in three years.”

“...”

Chucksley’s face distorted. He was unable to deny Laden’s arrogant remark, making him feel uncomfortable.

“Isn’t that only if you survive?”

“...That’s right.”

“Yes, try to survive.”

Chucksley's family had been loyal to the royal family for generations. For him, Marquis Steim was an annoying presence that could threaten the royal family. It was more so after his son-in-law became Duke Grid.

But now. It was a golden opportunity to catch both Marquis Steim and Duke Grid. It was fortunate that he met the northern troops by chance in the desert. It was evidence that Marquis Steim was in Reidan!

*Chaaeng!*

“Ugh!”

Chucksley's swordsmanship was sophisticated without any deviations. He was faithful to the basics, which excluded any variables. However, it wasn't something that Laden, who lacked training and experience, could go against.

*Chaaeng! Chaeng!*

*Puok!*

“Kuaaaak!”

As the exchange of blows continued, Laden's wounds increased while Chucksley's technique became sharper. The northern army and Chucksley's Black unit were clearly divided as they watched the confrontation.

‘We won.’

‘It is over.’

The Black unit cheered while the northern troops were frustrated. At this moment, 5,000 soldiers appeared on the horizon. Was it the appearance of a friend like a miracle? No way. The identity of the great army was the main troops of Prince Ren, the enemy.

Tears flowed down Laden's bloody and dirty cheeks as he saw it.

‘My Lord... ’

He felt guilty for his lacking strength.

## CHAPTER 338

“Pant... Pant...”

He reached his physical limits. Nevertheless, he was able to hold on for only one reason. It was to hold up the enemies until Marquis Steim received the news of the invasion. Laden struggled to buy some time.

But now it was over. The moment he witnessed the 5,000 troops, unbearable despair suppressed Laden’s tired mind and body.

“Bow to the prince!”

Chucksley easily overpowered Laden and forced him to kneel.

“K-Kuack...!”

Laden didn’t want to bow his head. The royal family of Eternal? Future king? No matter what, it was still his lord’s enemy.

“Damn bastard!”

Chucksley pushed down Laden’s head. Due to the pressure on his neck, Laden’s gaze was finally directed towards the ground. The satisfied Chucksley bowed to the prince.

“I greet the prince!”

“You suffered on the way here.”

Prince Ren talked to Chucksley before turning his gaze to Laden.

“You defeated Beida? You have great skills for your young age. I heard that the northern powerhouse is Phoenix, but that seems to be a story of the past.”

“...”

Laden didn’t answer. It was enough to incite the wrath of the royal retainers, including Chucksley.

“You! You should appreciate the prince’s generosity!”

“Shut your mouth, it isn’t an honor!”

“Calm down.”

Ren stared at the northern army. They looked frightened. They were accused of opposing the royal family, so only fools wouldn’t realize they would die. Ren smiled benevolently towards them.

“You are also people of the Eternal Kingdom and it is right to follow me, successor of the royal family. If you repent and surrender, I will forgive and accept your sin.”

In the end, they were people from the same nation. The prince’s attitude weakened the hearts of the northern troops. They started looking at each other the moment they saw a hole to survive.

At this point, Laden shouted, “The one who protected us was Marquis Steim, not the king! It is only thanks to the marquis that our northern people can exist, and we have pledged allegiance to him! So I can’t accept your suggestion!”

The north was formerly a land of war. The area was filled with the most monsters and barbarians, causing the royal family to give up on it. Thanks to that, the northern people were always threatened and felt despair.

The person who led them was Marquis Steim. He wasn’t frustrated, despite the royal family cutting off their support. He had excellent leadership and united the northern people to protect and stabilize his territory.

Marquis Steim was a hero and savior for the northern people. The northern troops recalled this thanks to Laden’s cry and firmed up their hearts. Rather than surrendering, they held their weapons and took an attitude of resistance to the end.

“Everybody is so excited to die.”

Ren’s expression distorted. It was unpleasant to miss the opportunity to obtain 1,000 soldiers. He revealed his true nature as he gave an order to Chucksley.

“Kill those useless dogs.”



“Yes!”

Chucksley answered and pointed his sword at Laden’s neck. Laden didn’t feel any regret. It was better to die than to beg for life and betray his master.

‘Duke Grid, please guard my lord.’

Kingdom’s Hero. His strength would be able to overcome this ordeal. Laden didn’t doubt it and closed his eyes.

*Jeeeong!*

A golden hand glowed under the desert sun. It flashed through the 5,000 troops and protected Laden.

‘What is this?’

Chucksley’s eyes widened. It was absurd. A golden hand was flying alone and swinging a sword without a master? It wasn’t very threatening, but he had to admit that it was fast. He couldn’t understand it.

“What type of person?”

Chucksley shouted as he blocked the golden hand. The answer came from the sky.

“The duke.”

“...!”

It was a calm and relaxing voice. It was the middle of a battlefield. Chucksley, Prince Ren, the 5,000 royal troops, Laden, and the northern army stared up at the sky. There was a man with black hair. The man had a small crown on his head. He wore harmonious red armor and black boots as he looked down at the battlefield.

“Beggars move around in groups. Foolish.”

The man spoke with arrogance on his face. That person was Grid. A person who rose from a commoner to a duke! His sudden appearance reversed the atmosphere of the battlefield.

“Grid...!”

“Duke Grid!!”

The 5,000 royal troops shrank back because of a single man, while the northern army were delighted. It was a presence beyond common sense.



Fast Boots boasted a wonderful movement speed. Stamina and endurance suffered from a rapid decline, but movement speed increased by up to three times in all terrains.

Bunny Bunny ran through the desert and was able to catch up to Prince Ren.

‘I’m not too late!’

Bunny Bunny felt relieved and switched his view to camera mode.

*Peeng!*

“What...?”

Something moved swiftly over his head. At first, he thought it was a huge bird. But then he zoomed in and saw that it was Grid.

“It’s natural!”

Bunny Bunny thought Grid appeared in a dramatic moment to save the northern troops. Grid had done it countless times in the National Competition and the Reinhardt golem invasion. He was a hero who made the crowd cheer by appearing at the perfect timing.

‘Why did I only realize this now?’

Unlike other celebrities in Satisfy, Grid had a lot of anti-fans. This was because he relied on items rather than skills. It was the same with Bunny Bunny. Bunny Bunny didn’t like Grid. He judged that it was difficult to raise the public’s enthusiasm for Grid as the protagonist. In other words, it wasn’t easy.

He always watching Grid through sunglasses, but it was different now. Now he belatedly realized. In the first place, items weren't a factor that could be underestimated. Didn't Bunny Bunny arrive here quickly because of the Fast Boots? Items were an indispensable element in the game. It meant he wasn't looking at Grid through sunglasses.

Bunny Bunny discarded his useless egotism and focused on Grid.

"Grid! Show me the performance of a hero!"

His video would make people cheer all over the world.



[Great Lord's Sword]

It was a rare sword only given to the greatest lords and it made it possible to closely observe the target. Normally this target was only limited to one person. It was difficult to observe several people at the same time.

However, Grid had a high level of insight. His insight further amplified the power of the Character Observation skill attached to the Great Lord's Sword. Thanks to that, Grid could simultaneously observe the information of the people on the battlefield.

Instead, the information was very brief.

Name: Chucksley Roka.

Level: 313

Name: Ferrell Shaiva du Bon.

Level: 305

Name: Andu

Level: 301

...

...

It included the knights of the royal army.

Name: Laden

Level: 258

...

...

The northern knights. In addition, there were the royal soldiers and the northern soldiers. Grid could identify their name and levels. It was impossible to check the details information including stats, skills and stories, but this alone was a big help.

‘The average level is 130... It is surprisingly high.’

The average level of the northern soldiers was 110, while the average level of the royal soldiers was 20 higher. Given that the Winston soldiers he saw a few months ago weren’t even level 100 yet, the level of the royal soldiers was well above the average. In other words, they were the elite of the kingdom.

‘But so what?’

It wasn’t as good as Reidan’s soldiers. The average level of Reidan’s soldiers was 148.

‘Today they will reach 160!’

*Ssik!*

It was truly a wily smile. It was enough to make the royal army uneasy. Grid dismissed the Great Lord's Sword and swapped Braham's Boots with Grid's Boots.

[The magic Fly is no longer available. Fly is stopped.]

[You will fall.]

*Kwaang!*

Grid's Boots boasted a heavy weight. Sand scattered as Grid fell onto the desert sand.

"D-Duke Grid!"

Laden was baffled. He discarded his favourable position in the sky and fell into the middle of the enemy? He couldn't understand Grid's judgment. Grid spoke harshly towards him.

"You are really weak."

"...Huh?"

"I've known you since you started bluffing. You are a braggart who can't fight properly."

Grid judged Laden using three things.

Firstly, it was the first time they met. Laden said there was a rodent hiding in Irene's bedroom. But the result? There wasn't even a fly, let alone a rodent.

The second was his level. The level of the royal knights was at least 300, while Laden was only level 258. It meant that while everyone was hunting hard, Laden was playing alone.

The third thing was results. The royal knights and soldiers were fine, while Laden and the northern army were dying. No matter how great the number, this one-sided result

proved that he was powerless.

“Tsk tsk... I don’t understand why Father-in-law appreciates you so much.”

“Ugh...”

Laden’s heart was stabbed as he heard the words.

‘The duke’s words are true. I am too weak and useless.’

Laden fell into shame. He felt guilty to his lord. Meanwhile, the royal army was astonished.

‘He got rid of Beida and the Iron Wind.’

‘He is strong enough to defend against Chucksley’s sword many times.’

‘Yet he is weak?’

Grid’s measure of strength seemed to be much different from theirs. Indeed, it was natural. Grid was the kingdom’s hero. He already showed overwhelming strength in the golem invasion. They couldn’t be compared. The 5,000 army shrank back.

“Plunging into enemy territory alone, you don’t understand the situation.”

Chucksley pointed his sword at Grid. His momentum was great. Great Swordsman. He had the title of one of the continent’s strongest swordsman, so he didn’t shrink back despite the opponent being Grid.

“During the Reinhardt invasion, I was somewhat lacking. I could only watch you from a distance.”

But.

“Since then, I have made an effort to become stronger than before.”

Chucksley wielded his sword. It was a straight trajectory with no flaws. It truly was a sleek and sophisticated blow. Bunny Bunny exclaimed as he filmed the scene from a considerable distance.

‘Too fast!’

It was an unavoidable attack. The problem was that Grid gave the enemy an opportunity. Bunny Bunny was sure that Grid would be hit first.

But.

*Jeeong!*

A blood sword emerged from a dark space in front of him. It wasn’t a greatsword that Grid normally used, so his attack speed surpassed that of Chucksley.

‘Fast!’

It was so fast that it couldn’t be seen! Grid scoffed at Chucksley, whose attack was blocked.

“Are you a fool? Do you think that I was playing around while you became stronger? I have grown stronger, just like you. You won’t catch up.”

“Won’t catch up?” (TL: Grid uses an Internet slang that basically means someone who can’t catch up)

What did that mean? Grid’s onslaught poured towards the puzzled Chucksley.

The repetitive use, disassembly and assembly process led to a 100% understanding, and Iyarugt was now going to turn the battlefield into disarray.

## CHAPTER 339

At the time of the pope candidates episode.

Grid got a great chance to study Lifael's Spear. He repeatedly disassembled and reassembled a myth rated item and raised his understanding to 100%. This was valuable research that couldn't be converted into money. It was a dream that other blacksmiths couldn't even hope for.

"Cry, Yakult."

It wasn't difficult for Grid to raise his understanding of Iyarugt, which was still only unique rated. It was very easy compared to understanding Lifael's Spear. Grid was now able to control Iyarugt without resorting to Blackening.

However, the renaming failed.

[Iyarugt is the best sword of hell! You, don't replace my noble name just because you find it hard to pronounce!]

Iyarugt had tremendous pride in his name. He followed Grid, but he couldn't accept a new name. He didn't know what it meant, but he felt an instinctive rejection towards Yakult. Grid didn't care. The sword would obey his command, no matter what name he called it.

[Iyarugt has used Blood Cry.]

[All targets within a 30m radius will lose their sense of balance for 1.5 seconds.]

*Kiiing...*



“Ugh!”

Blood Cry didn't distinguish between friend or foe. The northern troops and royal army around Grid all groaned with pain and stumbled. It was the same for Prince Ren and his escort knights.

‘Making me fall to my knees!’

Prince Ren was the heir of the Eternal Kingdom. As the 1st Prince, he had never bowed to anyone except the king. But now, Grid used a skill to make him kneel for a while. It was really terrible. His ego was shattered.

‘No?’

Amazement appeared on Prince Ren's face as he looked up. He looked around and saw that knights and soldiers on both sides were all kneeling together. Even Chucksley seemed on the brink of collapse.

The person who was standing in this spot? It was only Grid. It was an absurd appearance where he overpowered everyone.

‘This is the strength of a legend...!’

He truly was a fearful enemy. If possible, he never wanted to go against Grid. However, he was a mountain that must be overcome if Ren wanted to become king. While Prince Ren was shivering, Grid was baffled.

“What? You endured it?”

Blood Cry consumed a lot of mana and had a long cooldown time. It was also dangerous because it didn't distinguish between enemies. It was a great way to exert his power, but Chucksley was relatively stable. He had resistance comparable to a boss monster.

“I won't fall from something like this!”

Chucksley demonstrated an extreme mental strength as he overcame Blood Cry and defended against Grid's attack, then he fought back. It was a simple trajectory. Thanks to the Iyarugt, Grid was able to respond without much difficulty.

*Chaaeng!*

Chucksley and Iyarugt collided in an impressive manner and dust flew all over the place. It was an ignorant attack. Grid and Chucksley exchanged looks through the dust. Unlike the composed Chucksley, Grid didn't look very good.

He was confused because the opponent was exceedingly stronger than he expected.

'What is this guy?'

He had high status resistance and his swordsmanship was odd. His technique seemed simple, but it was strong when actually facing it.

'This is the first time.'

Grid's surroundings were filled with geniuses. Except for Grid, even Jude could be considered a genius in certain areas. In particular, there were the sword geniuses, Piaro and Ibellin. What did they have in common?

They were the masters of anomalies. They used unconventional swordsmanship to confuse and overwhelm their opponent. Then what about Chucksley? He didn't show any gaps, because he was faithful to the basics and excluded variables.

This style of swordsmanship was bad for Grid, who was still lacking. All of Grid's techniques were blocked.

*Chaaeng! Chaeng!*

'Hey, this...'

The more Grid competed with the sword, the more he understood Chucksley's strength. Grid had the advantage in speed, but he couldn't use it.

'I want to see his status window.'

He wanted to swap to the Great Lord's Sword and view Chucksley's information. Chucksley was probably a named NPC. But he couldn't afford to do it.

*Jjeejeeong!*

The extremely honest, but fast and powerful sword, put pressure on Grid. Grid was forced to focus on defense.

“Okay! You’re doing well, Sir Chucksley!”

Prince Ren cheered after standing up. He gained confidence after seeing Chucksley overpower Grid.

“Grid! This is the result of your pride and self-righteousness!”

How could he confront 5,000 soldiers alone? The royal army was helped by Grid’s stupidity. Prince Ren was sure that he would win this war.

“Kill him! Kill Grid and go straight to Reidan!”

Prince Ren shouted while Bunny Bunny cursed in the distance.

‘Dammit!’

The protagonist of Bunny Bunny’s video was originally Hurent. But Hurent was dominated in an instant by a farmer. Then he tried turning the main character into Grid, but...

‘Grid is losing to Chucksley!’

Bunny Bunny didn’t want this result. He wanted Grid to defeat the strong enemies. However, the current situation looked helpless. Bunny Bunny was feeling resentful when a voice entered his ears.

“The majority of the northern army seems to have survived. We made good time.”

“...!”

Bunny Bunny was a second advancement assassin. A person could get close to him without him noticing? They could only be a top ranker. In other words, the owner of the voice next to Bunny Bunny wasn’t ordinary.

“You...!”

Bunny Bunny turned around and was shocked. It was the master of beauty, Lael of

the silver hair. One of the 10 Rookies who played for the US team in the National Competition, and someone who was now one of Grid's top aides.

Bunny Bunny's eyes shone at meeting a celebrity and Lauel grinned.

"It's interesting to see Bunny Bunny, who I've only seen on TV before. Are you live?"

"T-That's impossible. I need to solve the problem of image rights, so I'm taking a recording."

"Ah, it's a relief that you aren't stupid. Please contact me before you start the broadcast. We have to talk about the distribution of revenue."

"Yes, yes. I will keep that in mind."

Lauel's profile stated that he was 20 years old. Bunny Bunny was seven years older. But he couldn't feel comfortable around Lauel. The only thing that mattered in society was power and wealth.

"Earl Lauel, the soldiers are ready."

A blond man appeared behind Lauel. He was an NPC called Asmophel. There were 1,000 soldiers gathered behind him with excellent military discipline. Every soldier had killing intent in their eyes and they were orderly. Compared to them, the royal army that was considered the best in the Eternal Kingdom was like a child.

'What is this?'

Bunny Bunny admired it. He never imagined that Grid could train an army to this degree.

'Grid is even great at nurturing an army!'

The more he discovered, the greater he thought Grid was. But what was this? Why was he on the verge of dying alone in enemy territory? Bunny Bunny directed his gaze back to the battlefield.

Grid was still dueling Chucksley. He didn't have any wounds, but it was the same for Chucksley. Chucksley overpowered Grid with his swordsmanship, while Grid made up for what he was lacking with speed.

The problem was that there were 5,000 soldiers behind Chucksley.

‘The moment those 5,000 soldiers move...’

The balance would collapse and Grid would die. Bunny Bunny felt nervous and asked.

“Lauel, shouldn’t you help Grid?”

Lauel was relaxed. As he watched the battle of Grid and Chucksley through the dust, he made a meaningful remark.

“You don’t know Grid’s abilities.”

In the first place, Grid’s strength wasn’t swordsmanship.

“I don’t know why he’s playing around with swordsmanship with that person, but I don’t need to worry. Knight Chucksley, he might be strong, but he isn’t comparable to the people that Grid has faced so far. Isn’t that right? Sir Asmophel.”

“The opponent’s skill is still insufficient.”

‘Playing around? A great swordsman is lacking?’

Bunny Bunny doubted his ears. He thought that Lauel and Asmophel were speaking unreasonably. At that moment.

“Kuaaaack!”

A terrible scream shot into the sky. It must be Grid! Bunny Bunny freaked out and zoomed in on the direction.

“This is impossible!”

Bunny Bunny was at a loss for words. The great swordsman Chucksley, who had been dominating the whole time, was now bleeding from the chest.

“Now.”

Lauel instructed Asmophel, who shouted towards the soldiers.

“Aim your bows!”

Reidan’s soldiers moved in a sleek manner. They quickly stabilized their feet in the sand, took out a bow and pulled back the bowstring.

‘What are they thinking?’

Bunny Bunny wondered. The distance from here to Grid was approximately 300m. It was too far to hit the mark. Even if there was a lucky shot, it was obvious that the person wouldn’t suffer a great impact because the power would be greatly reduced.

However, Reidan’s soldiers had a hidden secret. It was the power of items. Reidan’s soldiers were equipped with items produced by Khan. The power and accuracy were completely different from typical bows. What if the power of qigong master Lauel was added?

“Wind Dragon’s Roar.”

*Kuoooooh!!*

A westerly wind started to sweep through the desert.

“Fire!”

*Papat! Pa pa pa pat!*

1,000 arrows were simultaneously shot. On the battlefield, the royal army watching Grid was forced to accept the baptism of arrows pouring down.

“Wow...”

Bunny Bunny trembled.

It was the first time he saw the scene of 1,000 soldiers being wrapped in a pillar of light, symbolizing they had levelled up at the same time.

## CHAPTER 340

Training, training, training! And more training! Why did they have to go through such hellish days. Reidan's soldiers had always questioned it. They couldn't understand why they had to train so much every day.

'I know that it's necessary to become stronger to protect our home and families. But still, isn't this too much? Once we adjust to a training regime, we are forced to do a new one and then adjust to that. What if this keeps repeating?'

"The baker was a former soldier. I don't think there is any army on the continent training as hard as us."

"The infantry in the rear are grumbling. The level of training we receive has already exceeded the level of ordinary soldiers?"

"Of course. Isn't our training at the level of special forces? It's crazy. Why do we have to climb a wall without a ladder?"

"I don't like the giant worm hell training. When I move through sand that is pouring down like a waterfall, I really feel like a hamster on a wheel. Then when I see the giant worms, I get goosebumps..."

"Isn't it ridiculous to train new archers by firing at birds? No, we're infantry, so why do we need to have good archery skills?"

"I don't understand why we have to do field work. Isn't this exploitation of labor instead of training?"

"Hah... Why is the duke giving us such trials?"

Reidan's soldiers loved and respected Grid. It wasn't an exaggeration. Duke Grid was the one who saved them from starving in their bleak homeland. The soldiers would lay down their lives for Grid.

But those thoughts gradually faded. As they were forced to do harsh training by Grid, this gratitude disappeared and hatred started growing. It was a natural phenomenon. The training that the soldiers of Reidan received?

It was similar to the training received by the Black Knights, the second strongest knights division of the empire. It was much higher compared to normal training, so it was at a mental and physical level that ordinary soldiers couldn't afford.

But they somehow managed to endure.

Piara and Asmophel.

It was possible because the two people, who were originally supposed to be pillars of the empire, instructed them.



“Prepare!”

A westerly wind started blowing in the desert. The soldiers of Reidan pulled back their bowstrings without a single error. These were the poisonous eyes of those who had endured the hell training.

Grid was struggling on the battlefield alone.

“Shoot!”

*Pak! Pa pa pa pa pak!*

The 1,000 soldiers simultaneously fired their bows. Their posture was really good and the arrows flying with the wind were perfect.

*Puk! Puuooooook!*

“Kyaak!”

“Hik!”

Khan had achieved Advanced Blacksmithing level 8. He was Albatino's descendant, and Grid's friend and disciple, so the power of the arrow and bows he produced were beyond imagination.

The arrows flew 300m away and killed the royal troops.



“Do it again!”

The soldiers of Reidan became covered with the level up pillars of light as the number of casualties in the royal army increased. Their strength, stamina, and agility increased as they pulled the bowstring again.

Grid’s form was seen in their fierce gazes.

‘Duke Grid!’

‘This is why you forced us to do such difficult training!’

‘You predicted the enemy’s invasion!’

‘I am impressed with My Lord’s foresight! I really admire you!’

Today.

The unexpected invasion of Reidan and the misunderstanding involving Grid allowed all their hatred to disappear. Loyalty burned fiercely inside them.

‘Facing the enemy alone to minimize the damage!’

‘You are truly great and courageous!’

‘I will devote myself more to you!’

It was the first battle they had been in since they started training with Jude. The soldiers of Reidan showed a high concentration which greatly affected their skills.

“Shoot!”

*Pak! Pa pa pa pa pak!*

Asmophel ordered and arrows once again flew.

*Puk! Puuooooook!*

“Ugh!”

“Kuheok!”

Reidan’s soldiers kept growing in real time through level ups. Hundreds of royal soldiers couldn’t endure the powerful arrows and died.

“What is this?”

Prince Ren was severely shaken. The 5,000 soldiers were focused on Grid and allowed a surprise attack. The shock was huge. He felt desperation and despair on this battlefield where one man demonstrated an absolute power.



Ferrell, the chief archer of the Eternal Kingdom, was amazed.

‘Don’t tell me that they’re all archers!’

Reidan’s 1,000 soldiers. Firing arrows from a distance of 300m wasn’t something that ordinary soldiers were capable of. By default, talented people needed to train their archery skills for 10 years before being capable of this.

Thus Ferrell was confused.

‘I thought that Reidan was a dying city.’

There were 20,000 people in the city and Grid had only taken over it for 16 months. He could train such elite archers in only 16 months? It was nonsense. It was impossible. Ferrell was confident because he had personally trained archers.

‘Also!’

He heard that Reidan had a total of 1,000 troops. Wasn’t it probable that all 1,000 would be archers? No. An army without infantry was powerless. Grid would be insane to train an entire army to be archers.

‘It can’t be...!’

A shocking thought passed through Ferrell’s mind.

‘What if they’re all knights?’

Archery was included in the arsenal of knights, and a knight level talent would be capable of learning archery to this degree after 16 months.

‘This! Reidan is a complete gold mine!’

There were so many talents to train as knights! Ferrell misunderstood and pulled out his bow. It was the Thunder Bow, which was a family heirloom passed down from generation to generation.

“Reidan...! I will cut off that bud!”

*Pachik! Pachichik!*

Thunder sparked as Ferrell pulled back the bow. There was a flash and an arrow that was more like a lightning bolt flew.

*Peeng!*

*Pepepepeng!*

The screaming in the sky! Thunderbolts after thunderbolts appeared in succession. Reidan’s 1,000 soldiers. They didn’t know what to do when faced with the magic arrow.

“Heok?”

“Suddenly!”

The soldiers of Reidan had endured hell training that put them on the verge of death. But this was the first time they experienced such a sudden danger. They paled as they saw the flying arrow, then someone appeared in front of them.

With his red cloak flapping, it was Asmophel. He took out a long sword that he had used since his days in the Red Knights. He moved his sword in a trajectory that was like a stream of paper, or a calligrapher writing on blank paper.

*Pepepepeong!*

“What?”

Ferrel's vision was as good as a hawk, so he was shocked. It was the first time he saw a sword destroying his arrow.

'Even Captain Chucksley can't face my arrow head on...!'

Ferrell was astonished and blinked blankly.

"Try and stop this!"

There was no meaning for an archer who couldn't hit his target. Ferrell was the best archer in the kingdom and fired his bow again. The arrow he fired this time was several times stronger and faster than the previous one.

*Kwa kwang!*

Thunder rang out as the arrow flew towards Asmophel's nose. The corners of Asmophel's gorgeous lips curved up. Was this his first chance to play an active role since serving Duke Grid? The only thing he had done so far was collect gold coins and train the soldiers.

Asmophel wanted to prove his value by playing an active role and Ferrell was a good opponent. Asmophel's manifested a red aura and blocked Ferrel's arrow with his strength, then he shouted.

"I will cut off the enemy's head!"

*Taack!*

It happened when Asmophel jumped from the sand dune and was about to head to the enemy.

"That bow, it looks good?"

To be precise, he was interested in the materials that made up the bow. Grid didn't hide the greed in his eyes as he reached Ferrell first. Asmophel wanted to cry.

"My Lord! Please give me a chance to work!"

Asmophel's voice failed to reach Grid. It was due to the screams of the thousands of confused royal soldiers being attacked that dominated the battlefield.

*Puok!*

“Kuk...!”

Ferrell was only focused on Asmophel. He thought Grid was fighting Chucksley and had no idea that he would receive a surprise attack. He allowed the attack and started bleeding, while Grid connected the next blow.

[Critical!]

[Iyarugt’s option effect is activated, reducing the target’s healing power by 50%.]

[Critical!]

[Iyarugt’s option effect is activated, giving the target a bleeding status that will last for 3 seconds.

[The 3rd combo has been achieved!]

[The bleeding effect is maximized. The damage that the target will receive is increased by 200% for 1 second.]

‘Now!’

Grid’s eyes shone as he aimed at the named NPC who had a high health.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Pinnacle.”

*Seokeok!*

Pinnacle descended. Blood spurted like a fountain from Ferrell’s chest, filling his field of view as Grid raised his sword to strike again.

[The 5th combo has been achieved!]

[The target's thinking ability has been destroyed for 0.3 seconds! You can link Hell Sword.]

In the blink of an eye. Ferrell was stunned by the repeated onslaught.

"Hell Sword."

*Kwajik!*

*Pajijijijik—!*

Dozens of red-black stems emerged from Iyarugt and pierced Ferrell's chest.

The sight,

"Okay! Gorgeous! The best!!"

Bunny Bunny's video seamlessly moved between the sky and the ground. Grid dominating the battlefield would surely be passed onto the viewers.

On the other hand.

"Ferrell!"

Chucksley fell victim to Grid who suddenly used a skill when exchanging sword blows. He was outraged by the sight of Ferrell being blindsided due to his carelessness and attacked Grid.

"Rising Sword!"

It was an extremely irregular technique that looked like it rose from the ground. Chucksley was sure that Grid would be hit by this technique. But he was wrong. The reason why Grid was unable to subdue Chucksley despite his speed advantage was due to the firmness of the swordsmanship. Chucksley used a big technique and abandoned his own strength, revealing a gap.

"Pagma's Swordsmanship, Kill."

*Peeeeeeong!*

Grid was hit in the chest while Chucksley's waist was struck. The difference between the two sword skills was clear. Grid was hurt in a much more deadly area. It was the moment when Chucksley seemed to have the initiative.

"Ohhhh!"

"My Lord!"

Prince Ren and the royal troops cheered, while Asmophel and Reidan's soldiers felt desperate. Even Bunny Bunny's face darkened as he filmed. Except for one person. Lauel had a smile on his face as he looked at Grid.

"Gotcha."

Grid grasped Chucksley's neck.

"My Lord's strength isn't swordsmanship."

Lauel shrugged. This was a fact that the two people knew. Grid wasn't a swordsman.

"It's being overgeared."

Receiving a wound in a critical area? His armor had outstanding defense and minimized the damage. He couldn't hit the enemy? He would maximize his damage with superior weapons.

*Clink!*

*Clink clink.*

Four golden hands flashed and surrounded the gasping Chucksley. Then a white flash stunned the battlefield.

## CHAPTER 341

Grid had done his best in the duel to persuade Piaro. He took out all the cards he had and realized one thing in the process of defeat. The suitable weapon for more advanced swordsmanship was a one-handed sword, not a greatsword.

‘The relatively big and heavy greatsword’s trajectory is simple and limited.’

Grid’s basic battle style was to repeatedly hit. Therefore, he preferred a greatsword with strong destructive power. Pagma’s Descendant had a damage oriented skill tree, so the greatsword was very good for that.

However, Grid felt the limitations. From Elfin Stone to Braham and Piaro. The appearance of unmatched powerhouses meant that his previous way of fighting became ineffective. So what about strong destructive power? It couldn’t deal with the strong opponents!

‘I need to familiarize myself with one-handed swords.’

He obtained the strongest one-handed sword, Iyarugt, which wasn’t lacking in power compared to a greatsword. After the confrontation with Piaro, Grid devoted himself to training with the one-handed sword.

What if it was the him in the past? ‘How annoying. All I need is items.’

Grid would think that, but now it was different. He did his best to get used to one-handed swords, just like when he made items. This change was possible because he had a desire to become stronger.



‘Compared to the old days, I increased my control skills and didn’t neglect training.’

He was arrogant. He learned today that against Chucksley, a knight he’d never heard of, his techniques didn’t work. Iyarugt gave him the best sword trajectory, but he could only hold on. To be honest, it was quite frustrating for Grid.

He judged that it was hard to overcome Chucksley without the help of the God Hands.



But this place was in the middle of the enemies. He didn't know when other enemies would attack, so he had to place the God Hands on the defensive.

Then the situation changed. Allies arrived and the enemies had fallen into confusion. The focus on Grid was eased. Grid used that chance to deploy Magic Missile that he'd saved as a trump card and managed to shake off Chucksley.

He pursued Chucksley's ally and this became the bait.



"Kuk...!"

Chucksley was hit by Kill and his health gauge fell to two-thirds. Grid took great damage when enduring the blow to grab Chucksley's neck, and blood was pouring from his chest. But his health gauge wasn't reduced at all.

It was the power of the Holy Light Armor and Doran's Ring.

Grid sensed the power of the Rising Sword used by Chucksley and wore Doran's Ring in advance. It was the judgment ability he was able to exert due to the Slaughterer's Eye Patch. The ability to use this item perfectly would impress rankers.

Grid smiled coolly and whispered to Chucksley.

"Have you heard of being overgeared?"

"Overgeared?"

What did that mean? Grid used such difficult terms to understand. To Chucksley, Grid was an intellectual.

'I thought he was ignorant because he was a commoner, but he uses such complicated jargon...!'

It was incredibly frustrating to listen to. Four golden hands flew around Chucksley, who was unable to interpret the meaning of overgeared.

'This!'

The golden hands were moving and wielding their weapons by themselves. There were three of them? Chucksley detected the danger and shook off Grid. Grid was unable to suppress him with force and shouted without any delay.

“Magic Missile!”

*Jiing.*

Grid’s magic power gathered at the tips of the four hands.

*Pepepepeng!*

White flashes of light flew out and hit Chucksley.

“Kuaaaaak!”

Chucksley felt a pain that couldn’t be ignored. The Magic Missiles launched by the golden hands contained incredible power for low-grade magic. Chucksley couldn’t understand it at all.

‘Why is the resistance of my White Armor being ignored!?’

The Lokan family that Chucksley came from had served the Eternal royal family for generations. He had countless achievements and received the praise and recognition of people. One of the things he received was the White Armor.

The armor boasted good physical defense and high magic resistance, so it easily blocked variables. Chucksley was always invincible in war when wearing this armor. He crushed the enemy’s physical attacks with his sword and resisted the enemy’s surprise magic attacks with his armor.

However!

“Cough! Cough!”

This low level spell penetrated his armor and dealt a perfect blow? No, Pagma’s Descendant was a blacksmith, so how could he use magic in the first place? The secret must be in the gold hands!

‘What is the identity of those golden hands...?’

Chucksley's head was a mess as he coughed up blood. He wasn't able to figure out Grid. It felt like he was facing a person on a different dimension. Yes, this was the feeling he'd had using the Reinhardt golem invasion.

'Why...?'

He had trained in swordsmanship until he vomited blood and as a result, he got the title of great swordsman. The person who was once called the greatest swordsman, Piaro, had disappeared. But there was still such a gap between them?

'This is a legend!'

Hadn't Grid already become a legend? Grid's growth should already be over and he should become stagnant.

"Why...? Why have you become stronger?"

"..."

Grid's eyes were different from when they first met. Grid no longer ignored Chucksley and respected him. He honored the strong. That's why he spoke honestly.

"I am still weak."

"What?"

Grid defeated the golems who were threatening the kingdom and now overcame Chucksley! Then what were these words? Chucksley was agitated as Grid repeated something he had heard.

"The world is wide and there are many strong people. You will know if you ever meet a real powerhouse one day. How incomplete I am."

Braham and Piaro. Compared to them, he wasn't a legend. He had yet to achieve his full growth. One reason was that he couldn't complete the class quest, but Grid knew the truth.

'It isn't because of the class quests.'

It was because he didn't have the ability to progress through the class quests. If it was

Yura or Huroi, they wouldn't have been stupid enough to be stuck for such a long time on one quest.

'I have no talent.'

He didn't have control skills like Regas and Faker, or the ability to raise his level like Jishuka or Pon. Grid didn't have any advantages that would be his weapons. The reason he was able to get to his current position was his tenacity. Without that tenacity, Grid wouldn't have become Pagma's Descendant and would still be ordinary. No, he would've still been a low level user.

"Well, I mean... I will devote myself more and more. As long as I can survive here."

Killing intent filled Grid's eyes. Respect for the strong? This was enough. Grid had no intention of forgiving the enemy who dared to invade Reidan. It wasn't simply due to the threat of losing his territory.

Reidan had 20,000 people. The people had an infinite affection towards him. The enemies in front of him were trying to harm those people. He couldn't forgive them. No, he couldn't tolerate their existence.

*–Grid, everything is ready.*

The composition of the battlefield had transformed to the ideal form. Reidan's soldiers fired arrows without a break and reduced the number of royal soldiers, while Laden and the northern army tied up their feet. Then Lael cast the strongest skill of a third advancement qigong master, 'Master of Flow.'

Now all that was left...

*Please imprint on the world that your territory is off limits.*

*–Y-Yes...*

Lael would take care of it. Grid decided to take Ferrell's life first. Ferrell was gasping due to his wounds and couldn't resist the sword that pierced him.

[You have defeated Viscount Ferrell, the best archer of the Eternal Kingdom.]

[The Bon family will be forever hostile towards you.]

[356,410,000 experience has been acquired.]

[The Thunder Bow has been acquired.]

[Your demonic power has increased by two.]

“Ferrell!”

Chucksley and Ferrell were fellows who relied on each other. Chucksley gazed at Grid with hateful eyes. Grid thought this was ludicrous.

“Don’t forget who caused this situation. You’re the ones who aimed your swords first. Forgetting the fact that I saved the kingdom, all of you are less than dogs.”

Grid looked arrogant and wicked. The conditions to instill fear and regret in the enemy wasn’t just overwhelming power, but also attitude. He had been intentionally trained in this by Huroi.

“This guy!”

“Viscount Ferrell!”

Ferrel Shaiva du Bon. The ruler of the family who ruled the Shaiva estate for generations and who had a high reputation. His death would be enough to buy the wrath of the Shaiva estate and the royal family. A huge 300 knights and soldiers headed towards Grid.

“Protect the duke!”

Laden screamed and tried to move the army. However, Grid raised his hand and stopped him.

“Ohhhhhh!”

“Die!”

The isolated Grid gazed at the 300 enemies rushing towards him. Prince Ren watched the battlefield from where he was hiding among the escort knights.

‘That guy, I will make him regret it.’

Grid started his sword dance. It was a enchanting sight as a sword dance was unfolded in the middle of a battlefield filled with blood and flesh... No, he seemed like a madman who couldn’t grasp the mood.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Wave!”

*Kurururu!*

Iyarugt had a higher attack speed than the greatsword. It exerted havoc in a long battle, but it was forced to fall behind a greatsword when it came to single attack skills.

Grid had swapped to Grid’s Greatsword the moment he started the sword dance. Grid’s Greatsword was a superior weapon with the best attack power, and an option effect that increased the damage of skills.

It wasn’t possible for the 300 troops from the Shaiva estate to endure the black waves spreading all over the place.

‘This monster!’

Grid’s eyes gleamed with a red light and caused infinite fear inside Prince Ren. However, Prince Ren endured it.

“Don’t overdo it! Time is on our side!”

After a while. If they waited a little longer, the 2,000 soldiers would cross the Altes Mountains and hit Reidan.

Also!

‘Grid! Your wife will enter my hands soon!’

Until then, they just needed to endure. Prince Ren was confident that he would win the war with this web-like strategy.

## CHAPTER 342

*Puk!*

‘Now!’

*Puk puk!*

‘It will be soon!’

A young man was digging at the ground. He was a beautiful young man. His beauty and grace didn’t fade, despite having sunburned skin and dirt stains.

‘Not long now!’

*Puk puk! Puk!*

The young man with the shy expression. He was digging at the ground with a hand plow when he heard the cry he had been waiting for.

“It’s time for a snack!”

“...!”

The pupils of the young man greatly expanded. He jumped up and quickly used magic.

“Haste!”

Haste. It was a spell that raised the target’s speed from 1.2 to 2.5 times. It wasn’t easy to learn, but it was a useful magic that could be used extensively. Even if a person learned it, their performance would differ according to the capacity of the caster.

A magician who could double their speed with Haste? There were no more than 100 of them on the continent. However!

*Swaeek!*

The squatting young man showed off a phenomenal performance. His speed was doubled and no one could catch up with him.

“That lousy person...!”

“He’s trying to take all the potatoes today!”

The farmers were indignant. The young man who used Haste was Bland. He didn’t hesitate to commit a foul by using magic to gain more potatoes.

“Did you forget that Piaro said we should divide it among ourselves?”

“I will tell Piaro!”

The farmers saw that he was about to leave and used a childish attack. Bland hesitated for a moment.

‘I have to eat!’

Earl. Bland who had a rich life as the son of Earl Ashur, one of the 10 great magicians on the continent! For him, potatoes were just food that pigs were forced to eat. He had never eaten potatoes, and only consumed the finest ingredients, which were more nutritious and tastier than potatoes.

However, that changed after being held hostage in Reidan. Bland ate only potatoes to survive. Then he became thrilled. He was surprised by the gorgeous taste and the instant feeling of fullness.

In particular, the Rainbow Potato was a delicacy. He could get seven different types of tastes from one potato. A potato that he could only eat after being captured and suffering from a desperate situation. To Bland, it was more sacred than any blessing from a god. He was able to shake off all types of troubles and anxieties thanks to it.

There was plenty of food in the developed Reidan, but the potatoes were still the best for Bland.



“You want one today?”

The housewives asked Bland, who had run across the vast fields. Bland nodded without hesitation.



“That’s right.”

“Wow...”

The housewives thought it was pitiful. The beautiful young man in front of them. The housewives heard he was a precious child of a prestigious family. What wrong did he commit to live in slavery to Duke Grid?

Every day Bland worked in the fields, then there were rumors that he was taken separately by Piaro to be beaten in all types of ways. It was clear that this young man must be experiencing a terrible life. It was painful enough to want to die every day.

‘Eating to relieve his stress... ’

‘It’s a pity for such a good looking person.’

A housewife tearfully handed the snack to Bland. There were 10 baked potatoes and 10 boiled potatoes.

“As you know, there is only supposed to be one potato per person...”

“I know that you are always suffering, so I will give you all of this.”

“Please eat and gain strength!”

‘The people pity me.’

Bland had a unique bloodline and had been on the best elite course in the kingdom. He didn’t have many opportunities to associate with the common people. However, his time in Reidan started to change his perception little by little.

‘The people have a hard life, but they still take care of others. It’s too much.’

It was ridiculous. But he couldn’t help admiring it. Bland received the handkerchief containing potatoes and frowned.

“There’s no need to worry about me. My bloodline means my physical strength isn’t weak, so I won’t get sick. There’s no need for unnecessary worry.”

Bland’s speech was prideful and could hurt the housewives’s feelings. But the

housewives were fine. They thought it was cute that the young man didn't know how to express himself.

"Potato... I originally thought it was pig food, but I will eat it anyway."

Bah! Bland snorted and held the handkerchief close to his chest. Contrary to what he said, he clearly cherished the potatoes. He left the place. At this time, the farmers belatedly arrived.

"He took so much!"

"Some of us might not have enough to eat!"

"Damn that man!"

'Noisy.'

They were so excited that they had to run around and yell? It truly was shameful. Bland clicked his tongue and moved to a secluded place. It was near the north wall. He sat down to eat the potatoes when his eyes sank.

'There are a bunch of rats'.

There was a suspicious group clinging to one side of Reidan's high walls. There were 20 of them. They were moving carefully and slowly climbing the wall. The color of their clothes was similar to the color of the wall, making their stealth great.

The Bland from before he came to Reidan wouldn't have been able to detect them.

"Hrmm."

Half a day ago. Asmophel led the army away, so it seemed like something big was occurring.

"It doesn't have anything to do with me."

Bland didn't care if the 20 assassins climbing the wall were successful in infiltrating Reidan. He wouldn't care even if they slaughtered people and set Reidan on fire. In fact, looking at it from his position, he should be applauding them.

“Then why...?”

Why didn't he like it? Bland placed a boiled potato in his mouth and stood up. The delicious potatoes, the farmers who suffered with him, and the housewives who cooked the potatoes and cared about him. They might be harmed.

“I feel bad.”

More than anything else.

“...Irene.”

The woman he once loved was in Reidan. He had no lingering feelings for her. She had already become the woman of another man.

‘I want her to be happy.’

Bland's mind was made up by the time he put the third potato in his mouth.

“Fire Arrow.”

*Hwaruruk!*

The 20 assassins climbing the wall. Eight fire arrows were shot at them. The momentum was completely different from a usual Fire Arrow. It was natural. He had been trained by Piaro for 16 months while doing field work every day.

He farmed... No, he could now borrow the natural mana of the ground. It was similar to the Natural State that belonged to the legendary Piaro.



Daluka. A legendary assassin wrapped in the veil of mystery. There were many speculations that Doran and Kasim were disciples of Daluka. Then one day 10 years ago. The Eternal Kingdom were lucky enough to obtain one of Daluka's hidden techniques.

From then on, they started raising the Silver Dragons group. They took 5,000 orphans from all over the kingdom and trained them as assassins, giving them Daluka's hidden technique.

Of course, it wasn't easy. Of the 5,000 children who endured the training and survived, only 40 were trained in Daluka's technique. Of these 40 people, not one of them had mastered the technique. They could only scratch the surface.

But this alone was enough. One year since the launch of the Silver Dragons group. The Silver Dragons had a 100% success rate with their missions. Prince Ren was confident. With the power of the Silver Dragons, the Eternal Kingdom would grow until they could eventually threaten the Saharan Empire.

At that time, the silver dragon drawn on the flag would spread open both wings again.

'What is happening?'

The 20 members of the Silver Dragons were baffled. Agricultural fields spread out in all directions from Reidan's outer walls. They had to pass through this place to get to Reidan, but the conditions of the farmers were strange.

'Why are they farmers?'

There were dozens of farmers scattered through the vast fields. But their movements were unusual. The way they wielded the sickle and hand plow was reminiscent of swordsmanship. In particular, a few farmers were strong enough to make the Silver Dragon members sensitive towards them. They seemed like influential people who would represent a kingdom.

'What is this?'

The Silver Dragons had learned Daluka's Absence of Worldly Desires technique. It was a breathing method that allowed them to infiltrate many places, even if it was only at the 5th stage. And the 20 people assigned to this mission were elite 5th stage Absence of Worldly Desires members. It meant they wouldn't show any agitation, even when facing death.

However, the farmers couldn't help making their hearts unsettled.

'It is better to move more carefully.'

The Silver Dragon members made the correct judgment and lay flat on the ground, crawling through the fields. They didn't want to be seen by the farmers. The result.

‘Pant pant... It’s dirty.’

A lot of time and stamina was consumed by the time the Silver Dragons reached Reidan’s outer walls, making them fall behind schedule. Originally, they should’ve already had the duchess. Yet they hadn’t even crossed the outer walls yet? It was truly shocking for the Silver Dragon members.

But they were elites.

‘Erase the shaking.’

The members regained their calm thanks to Absence of Worldly Desires. Then they used ‘Daluka’s Clothes.’ It was a technique that could achieve the ultimate stealth by making them like a chameleon.

*Susuk.*

*Sususuk.*

Even the gods in the sky wouldn’t be able to see them right now! Then fire arrows flew towards the backs of the Silver Dragons climbing without any doubts.

“Heok!”

How were they noticed? The Silver Dragons avoided the magic and hurriedly looked around. The magic flew from the direction of one person. It was a farmer eating potatoes. The sun-tanned skin really made him seem like a hillbilly. It was unexpected, but this person was certainly a farmer.

‘Did he use the magic?’

It was fast and powerful magic that they couldn’t completely avoid!

‘The farmers in this area are crazy!’

The eyes of the Silver Dragons shook. Their 5th stage Absence of Worldly Desires started shaking.

‘We can’t delay any longer. Should we ignore him and continue the mission?’

‘No. Witnesses must be taken care of immediately in order to complete the secret mission.’

The Silver Dragons made a quick decision. They dropped down from the wall towards the farmer chewing potatoes. A magician had very weak defense. They believed that they could easily overpower the magician.

The magician’s bombardment? There was no need to worry about that. Don’t give him time to cast!

“Heok?”

The confident faces of the Silver Dragons distorted. The guy was a farmer or magician. Now he was creating a shield and pulling out a sword?

‘What is his identity?’

Farmer, magician, swordsman. It was uncertain. Bland shot Fire Blast at the Silver Dragons. Using another spell while creating a shield as well?

“Double casting!”

The Silver Dragons paled. Their 5th stage Absence of Worldly Desires was broken.

At the same time.

“Throw it again.”

King of Shadows, Kasim. The strongest assassin who had taken numerous lives was busy spending time with a newborn baby. He kept forcing the baby to do something.

“Abu! Abuuuu!”

The baby clamored with sharp eyes that resembled his father’s. It felt like he was saying that he would do it this time. Then...

*Peok!*

Lord flew a block at a doll 3m away and it fell. It was an achievement that had taken two days. The growth was much faster than what Kasim predicted. Kasim was

convinced as he felt something beyond admiration.

‘This child...! This child will be able to master all of Master’s skills!’

## CHAPTER 343

The power of a legend was truly great. Duke Grid, who saved the 1,000 northern troops, and caught the ankles of the 5,000 royal troops. He clearly proved his strength. Honestly, Prince Ren felt awe. Grid, who swept through the battlefield with four golden hands, was like the incarnation of the battlefield itself.

But!

‘The important thing in a war is resources, but power!’

War wasn’t just limited to the battlefield. Those who had a bigger perspective of the strategies and tactics spread out like cobwebs would win. In that sense, Grid was the worst. A ruler plunging into enemy lines alone? It was truly stupid.

‘Grid! I will make you regret the fact that you entered the middle of the enemy troops!’

After a while, a separate group would hit Reidan from the rear, and then the Silver Dragons would capture the duke’s wife. Then the initiative would be completely on Prince Ren’s side. Grid would be completely isolated. The victory of the royal army would go as he planned.

‘Huhut! Your stamina can’t endure forever!’

In fact, Grid’s movements were different from when he first appeared. He was tired and dusty from dealing with the soldiers, arrows, magic, and the surprise attacks of the knights. He had clearly become sluggish.

‘I just need to buy a bit more time!’

A dark smile spread on Prince Ren’s face as he watched Grid. He already felt like he had won. He just needed to hang on longer.

*Puk!*

*Puuooooook!*

“Kuak!”



“Heeok!”

A rain of arrows from Reidan’s soldiers fell around Grid. It felt like the arrows wreaking havoc on the royal soldiers were becoming stronger?

‘I must be mistaken.’

At first, he thought so. But he soon realized.

‘I wasn’t mistaken!’

*Puuooooook!*

“Kyaaak!”

The number of casualties from the arrows were rising rapidly. It was clear that the attack power of Reidan’s soldiers had increased significantly since the beginning.

‘What is this...?’

Chucksley called out to Ren, who was pale and nervous.

“The archery skills of the enemies are growing in real time! If this is the case, we won’t be able to control the damage to our side! It’s better to have the knights keep Duke Grid in check, while the soldiers defend against the arrows!”

“No! We can’t do that!”

Training one knight was much more difficult than nurturing 1,000 soldiers. Prince Ren wanted to minimize the sacrifices of the knights. The role of grabbing Grid’s ankle should be left to the soldiers.

‘I just need to endure a little longer!’

It wouldn’t be long now. Soon, an army would appear and hit the enemy archers from behind. However!

“Prince! The arrival time of the reinforcements has been exceeded!”

“...?”

Prince Ren looked up at the sky. It was just before the sun was about to set. If things went according to Prince Ren's plan, it was time for Hurent's group to arrive here and slaughter the enemies. Then why?

'Why haven't they arrived yet?'

Hurent was comparable to Chucksley. Hurent and the 2,000 troops couldn't be held back by monsters or thieves. Prince Ren thought for a moment before his eyes widened.

'It can't be!'

What if Grid had discovered the existence of the second group?

'He might've prepared an ambush for them!'

Grid! A person who didn't receive formal education managed to see the flow of the battlefield?

'Does he have an innate talent for strategy?'

Grid noticed the existence of the second group and prepared an ambush for them! It was just amazing. Then another sad piece of news was passed onto the disgruntled Prince Ren.

"Prince! I can't detect the Silver Dragons!"

"W-What?"

There was a magic power detector implanted in the bodies of the Silver Dragons. The purpose was to thoroughly supervise and manage them, as it was possible the brainwashing might be broken and betrayal would occur.

Now they couldn't be detected? This meant the death of the Silver Dragons.

'How?'

Prince Ren had 100% confidence in the abilities of the Silver Dragons. He didn't doubt that they were the strongest assassination group on the continent. Yet they failed to abduct one woman? He couldn't even imagine it.

‘Unless the duchess is protected by someone as strong as Grid, it is unlikely that the Silver Dragons will fail... Heok!

Perhaps the duchess had a protector that was as strong as Grid? The Overgeared members who assisted Grid during the Reinhardt golem invasion in the past. Prince Ren shook as he was reminded of their existence.

‘Considering their abilities at the time, can the Silver Dragons go against them?’

Grid!

‘What the hell are you...?’

Prince Ren was suffering from extreme confusion when Chucksley shouted at him.

“It’s difficult to come back from this situation! We should change our strategy now!”

“W-Why? What should we do?”

“It’s meaningless to buy time!”

Chucksley tightened his grip on the sword he was holding.

“Put all our strength into killing Duke Grid!”

It was a signal. The knight captain Chucksley and deputy captain Andu. Those two skilled people, 50 royal knights, and thousands of soldiers rushed towards Grid. It was an offensive that wasn’t afraid of losing people.

Dust covered the area where Grid was standing.



‘It’s dirty.’

The average level of the enemy was only 130. Setting aside Grid, most rankers would be able to slaughter the royal soldiers alone. However, Grid wasn’t in a position to hurt the royal soldiers. He had an obligation to concede the experience to the soldiers of Reidan.

It was hard. He had to subdue them without killing! He had to regulate his strength, causing his stamina to be quickly consumed.

‘In the first place, there are too many of them.’

5,000 enemies. When he faced them directly, there seemed to be no end to them. The soldiers of Reidan killed hundreds of enemies with their arrows, but nothing changed. When 10 soldiers were killed, countless others took their place.

The attacks coming from all directions? He would’ve been hit a few times if it wasn’t for the God Hands.

‘War is never easy.’

He wanted to evolve Reidan’s strength so that he wouldn’t suffer from this again. Grid breathed out roughly as dust covered him on all sides.

“Hit Duke Grid!”

“...!”

Grid frowned. Chucksley and the knights who had been by Prince Ren’s side. They were simultaneously rushing towards him? The soldiers built a defensive formation around them and also ran.

“This is a bit dangerous?”

Grid was thinking when a whisper from Lael was heard.

*–Pull out your power.*

The chunnibyou instructed Grid. Lael sensed his reluctance and urged him.

*–You can’t afford to let the soldiers attack any longer. Excessive greed will poison you. I’ll let the soldiers know what they have to do, so go crazy.*

*–Yes, I understand.*

There was no room to spare. Grid nodded and took a position that was suitable for unfolding his sword dance.

“Duke Grid!”

Laden and the northern troops rushed to protect Grid.

“It’s too unreasonable! Leave it to me and avoid them!”

“...You.”

Laden’s expression was shrouded. At first glance, he was ready to die. Grid realized why Marquis Steim appreciated Laden so much.

‘His loyalty is at the level of Jude.’

No, it was higher than Jude. Jude didn’t care about his life because he had no thoughts, but Laden was prepared to sacrifice his life despite having a normal brain.

‘It would be better if he had the skills to back it up.’

Grid didn’t know Laden’s skill and misunderstood to the end. Meanwhile, Laden wielded his sword at Chucksley.

“I won’t let you pass!”

“Newbie! Open the path!”

Laden and Chucksley’s swords collided in the air.

“Think about your body.”

Grid grabbed Laden’s shoulder and pulled him back. Thanks to this, Laden was safe from Chucksley’s attack. However, Grid was the one in trouble instead. Chucksley let dozens of knights to strike at Grid.

“Duke Grid!!”

Laden hurriedly exclaimed. It was impossible for Grid to deal with dozens of knights alone. Even the four golden hands were useless because they were busy dealing with the soldiers. The shouting Laden feared the worst for Grid. Grid couldn’t help smiling.

“Cute guy.”

“...?”

He was smiling in this situation? Laden was worried that Grid had lost his mind. Then an amazing sight occurred in front of him.

“Pagma’s Swordsmanship, Restraint.”

It was a daunting sword dance. Grid’s feet trampled on the desert sand and was reminiscent of a military style.

*Jeeong!*

The air around Grid became heavy and oppressive.

“Umm...”

The knights and soldiers around Grid lost their momentum and retreated. There was only one person. Chucksley was able to overcome the oppression with his mind and body, and stabbed at Grid. But his sword didn’t reach Grid.

*Pahat!*

Something rose from behind Grid. It looked exactly like Grid and rushed out to defend against Chucksley’s sword. It was Doppelganger Randy, who copied Grid’s appearance.

“A clone...!”

Chucksley and the knights were agitated.

It was common sense that clones were merely illusions. However, Grid’s clone clearly felt real. It was like facing another Grid.

“Pagma’s Descendant! Why do you have these techniques when you’re a blacksmith?”

The confused Chucksley shouted.

“The power of pets.”

“Power of pets?”

What was that? Chucksley's mind became complicated because Grid used hard to understand words. Meanwhile, his swordsmanship overwhelmed Doppelganger Randy, who only had 30% of Grid's abilities. But he couldn't play around forever.

"Dragon's Stretching."

The qigong master's third advancement class, 'Master of the Flow.' Its single combat ability was relatively inferior, but it was a class that existed for war because it could change the climate and terrain...

In order to fulfill his role as Grid's aide, Lauel used a skill he obtained after becoming Master of the Flow.

*Kurururu!*

The desert shook. The earthquake stirred up the area, causing the sand to pour down in all directions and swallow up the royal troops.

"Blackening."

*Kuwaaaaaang!*

Darker than the starless night sky. Grid released his power in the center of the chaos and brought disaster to the royal army. Pagma's Swordsmanship, Wave, Link, Kill, Transcend, etc. Grid poured out everything without holding back. He also had the support of Lauel, the northern troops and Reidan's troops, causing the war to end quickly.

The northern army in the middle of the battlefield was forced to suffer great damage, but it was a great achievement for Reidan because they weren't damaged and they raised their levels. It was truly a one-sided victory.

But Asmophel wasn't satisfied with this result.

"Please give me a chance to do something..."

He wanted to be seen by His Lord. Then Grid cried out to the eagerly waiting Asmophel.

"Asmophel! Recover the loot with the soldiers!"

“...Yes.”

It was this role again. Asmophel, who was once considered one of the two pillars of the Saharan Empire. The tears of a person that Piaro acknowledged soaked the battlefield.



## CHAPTER 344

‘He is already tired.’

Grid played a big role on the battlefield, but Lael wasn’t satisfied. Honestly, it was below expectations.

‘I wanted him to show that he wasn’t lacking anything.’

The ability to read and respond to the enemy’s movements, ability to utilize the terrain, the timing to use skills and take potions, the abilities of the items, etc. The current Grid wasn’t bad overall, but it wasn’t enough to compare with the high rankers.

This wasn’t meant to disparage him. The most appropriate expression was not the best or the worst.

‘It’s more exciting to see Yura’s skills. Grid is still lacking. First of all, he has poor control over his stamina and mana.’

Grid had to bear that in mind at all times. The power of legendary skills was excellent, but they consumed a lot of resources.

‘Every time he is in a crisis, he has a habit of relying on Wave and Restraint. It is a fatal weakness against those who can avoid non-targeted skills. I don’t know why he uses Magic Missile so much.’

That wasn’t all.

‘The God Hands have a mere artificial intelligence. There are attacks that the God Hands can’t cope with right now... For example, what if they are attacked by a superior attack?’

Among the rankers, there were those who were called ‘supreme.’ As a simple example, Kraugel and Agnus had something in common. A way to strike at them couldn’t be found. Then what about Grid?

There were still a lot of gaps. As far as Lael could see, Yura would surpass Grid as soon as she reached level 300.

‘For sure...’

Grid was steadily growing and would continue to do so. Lael trusted him, but he still couldn’t help feeling worried. It was because every human had a limit.

‘But.’

It didn’t matter if Grid reached the limits of his talent.

‘He can overcome it with items.’

Grid had the skill to create legendary items. It was possible to create completely new types of items, making the possibilities endless.

‘I will help you make more creative items than typical items.’

Lael thought while looking at the battlefield and commanding the soldiers. Unlike his attitude, his vision captured the movements of Prince Ren.

“He’s finally leaving the battlefield.”

The knights blocked Grid, while the northern troops and Reidan troops were busy dealing with the soldiers. No one noticed that the enemy, Prince Ren, was running away. Lael laughed.

‘This will make him easier to capture.’

Lael opened the list of Reidan’s soldiers and arranged them in order of level. Then he named 13 soldiers.

“Arm yourselves with this and follow me.”

“Yes!”

The soldiers that Lael pointed out. They had all reached the level 160 required for the Mass Production Grid Set.



‘It’s impossible! This is ridiculous!’

Prince Ren had an excruciating headache. The moon shining down on the cold desert didn’t cool the boiling heat in his head.

‘Using power to overcome the difference in numbers and detecting all my strategies!’

Grid!

He was far beyond what Prince Ren assumed. A person that shouldn’t be turned into an enemy. Despite the loss of his royal dignity, he had to admit this. The Patrian horses running through the desert sand.

Prince Ren held the reins tightly as pain, anger, regret, and despair dominated his mind. The defeat today might’ve completely destroyed the foundation of the 1st Prince. He was feeling frustrating when a group appeared behind him.

Lauel and the 13 soldiers.

“Prince Ren! If you don’t want to die, surrender right now! Stop if you want to live!”

“Would you stop if you were me?”

Prince Ren thought scoffed at Lauel’s nonsensical words and spurred the horse on. Lauel sighed and beckoned to the soldiers.

“Shoot.”

“Huh?”

Shoot a bow while riding on a horse? The Reidan soldiers were baffled. They were novices in riding horses, so shooting on horseback was a long time away. Lauel shouted as they hesitated.

“Trust in the power of items!”

“Items...!”

Common NPCs didn't know the concept of being overgeared, but the soldiers of Reidan were different. Their superiors had sat them down and told them about being overgeared and the power of items. They pulled out their bows while their horses ran.

Lauel was the same. Then a notification window popped up in front of him.

[You have let go of the horse's reins! Danger! The risk of falling from the horse will increase by 60%!]

[The Mass Produced Grid's Gaiters have attached to the stirrups. The risk of falling has decreased significantly.]

'He made it properly!'

The skills of elite soldiers included horseback riding. But it took a considerable amount of time to train them to wield a sword or shoot arrows on a running horse. In particular, the desert terrain of Reidan made it harder for beginners to learn. Lauel was worried about this and made a request to Grid.

Solve it with items. Grid's response to this was the Mass Produced Grid's Gaiters. It was made in a form where the gaiters could be attached to the stirrups. There was the disadvantage of being uncomfortable when getting off the horse, but...

'We will get used to it!'

*Kirik!*

On a running horse! Lauel and 13 soldiers pulled back their bowstrings! Prince Ren was shocked by the sight.

'Soldiers have learned the skill of fighting on horseback?'

It was difficult for even knights to learn! A smile appeared on Lauel's face as he saw Prince Ren's expression.

"Reidan's soldiers, you are the loyal subordinates of Duke Grid! Place your anger in

the sharp arrowheads! Pass on the arrows of regret and despair towards the head of the enemy who dared invade Reidan!”

The 13 soldiers got goosebumps at Lael’s horrific shout. But they were the soldiers who endured Piaro and Asmophel’s hell training, so they calmed their minds and fired the bow in an unwavering manner.

*Pahat!*

*Pa pa pa pat!*

“Protect the prince!”

As the heir, Prince Ren’s importance was very high in the Eternal Kingdom. He was constantly guarded by members of the Silver Dragons. Daluka’s Clothes were turned off, and the five Silver Dragons following the prince revealed themselves, breaking the 14 arrows with their daggers. The silver color in the darkness was very sharp.

“They are strong!”

Panic appeared on the soldiers’ faces. Their skills weren’t at the level to deal with high level assassins. But Lael was still smiling.

“Noe!”

It was the best demonic beast in hell. Throughout this war, he had been asleep on Lael’s chest. Grid had ordered that he escort Lael.

“Nyang!”

A black cat with small demon wings! His chubby body flew to the assassins and swung his sharp claws.

“Nya nya nya nya nyang!”

“Heok!”

“Ugh!”

“Keok!”

The Silver Dragons were strong. It wasn't easy for Noe, who was only in the early 200's, to easily overpower them. The daggers focused on blocking Noe's attacks. However, Noe had a secret technique.

"Kyong!"

Noe's mouth stretched wide open. The agility of the Silver Dragons was swallowed by Noe.

"I'm much better compared to my previous life."

Qi was focused on Laue's fingertips. Then the Dragon's Claws sprang up from the ground and fatally injured the weakened Silver Dragons.

"U-Unbelievable!"

The Silver Dragons were easily subdued!

'What is that crazy cat?'

Prince Ren increased the speed of his horse. But Noe's movement speed far exceeded it after taking the agility of the Silver Dragons.

*Peok!*

"Ugh!"

The cat's paws struck the back of Prince Ren's head and knocked him down. It was the shame of a lifetime.



The Reidan army's military barracks. The 1st Prince Ren, who abandoned his army and retreated, and the soldiers who were captured.

"You guys dare!? Don't you know who I am?"

Royalty. Ren, who was first in the line of succession, recognized himself as a holy presence. Wasn't it too insulting to be caught by soldiers and dragged around like a dog? He would rather die than bear this shame. Grid read the anger and resentment

filling those stubborn eyes and scoffed.

“This totally crazy bastard.”

“What...?”

He might be a prisoner, but wasn't he still a prince of the Eternal Kingdom? He should be treated with a minimum of courtesy, not dragged around and forced to kneel like a dog!

“E-Ek? Duke Grid! You! How can you say such words?”

“It's easy. Aren't you really crazy? First, you're the one who invaded my territory, but you want to blame me? What is with this impertinent attitude?”

“Don't talk nonsense!”

*Kwaduduk!*

Prince Ren coughed up blood. It felt like something was broken. Grid sighed, “You don't know your mistake.”

This was the temperament of the strong. They were accustomed to trampling on others and living their own way. They were unaware of their own faults.

‘It was the same with Lee Junho and Choi Chansung.’

Grid had been bullied by them for a long time, so he was well aware of it.

“People like you don't change easily. It's the same for me.”

Grid's current personality was mostly shaped by what he experienced.

He had been submissive and trampled on for most of his life, giving him an obsession to pay back any grudges and a tendency for violence. His basic tendencies still hadn't changed, even with his life improving.

“Lower your eyes.”

*Peeok!*

Grid didn't treat the other person in a special manner just because he was a prince. He forced Prince Ren to bow his head and made an immediate decision.

"You are sentenced to death."

There was a commotion in the surroundings. There was a captivity law in the West Continent. It was a common law that lasted for hundreds of years that prisoners couldn't be harmed if they were nobility or royalty. The fact that Grid would violate this law astonished Prince Ren and the royal army.

Lauel sent Grid a whisper.

*–Hold on. If you kill Prince Ren, Reidan will become independent and have a completely hostile relationship with the Eternal Kingdom.*

*–Then let's be independent. Won't I be king anyway?*

*–It's premature. If Reidan becomes independent from Eternal right now, there's a possibility that Marquis Steim's northern territory will be taken while it is isolated, and Reidan is likely to become the empire's prey.*

*–Hmm.*

Grid's understanding was low. But he paid attention to what the other person said.

*–I don't know... Then what should I do?*

*–Be magnanimous and spare him. Anyway, Prince Ren is responsible for this war and he has completely lost his foundation. By sending him back alive, you can make him build up forces loyal to you, killing two birds with one stone. More forces will support you and Reidan can establish a greater presence in the Eternal Kingdom.*

*–But I already declared that I wouldn't send the invaders back alive.*

*–I'm telling you to reverse the decision. You won't lose any dignity. No, many users will admire your wise choice.*

*–That... Really?*

Reversing the decision. Grid didn't particularly like it.



*–You, you aren't planning to stab me in the back later right?*

*–It will never happen, as long as you are ruling above me.*

*–... I will work hard, even if you're scary.*

*–Huhuhut!*

The smiling chuunibyou Lael. The fact that he would never commit betrayal, Grid knew this better than anyone else.

## CHAPTER 345

Grid accepted Lael's advice and nodded.

*–I'm convinced. Then let's handle Prince Ren.*

Grid's black eyes that were filled with anger slowly calmed down. He learned from watching Huroi and Lael. He thought carefully before opening his mouth.

"Prince Ren, let me ask you one thing. The fact that you invaded Reidan means that something happened to the king?"

'He is too clever.'

Grid saw through his tricks and neutralized them. Those black eyes. They gave the illusion that they could see through everything. It was hard to believe that Grid didn't come from noble birth.

Prince Ren felt awe as he gulped and nodded.

"Yes. The life of the king is running out and I had to strike at you in order to safely succeed the throne."

Prince Ren replied. His face once again distorted with rage and resentment.

"You...! If you had just pledged allegiance to the royal family and not just the king on that day! I wouldn't have chosen such an extreme method!"

It wasn't a simple matter of transferring responsibility. Prince Ren exposed himself to Grid. The position that Prince Ren was in, it was all as Lael intended. Lael had a wicked smile on his face.

'Your extreme choice has weakened the royal family's power and raised Grid's position.'

'That Lael.'

Grid got goosebumps at Lael's smiling face. Smart guys were too frightening.

“Hrmm... As you said, I swore allegiance to the king.”

Grid read the wider political perspective. He suppressed his trivial rage towards Prince Ren.

“I, Grid Reidan du Steim have decided. Prince Ren tried to shake my foundation by invading, but Prince Ren is also the king’s successor and the pillar of the Eternal Kingdom. As your servant, I will forgive the prince’s sins.”

“...!”

The eyes of Prince Ren and the royal army widened. Grid was treating the prince with disrespect, but that wasn’t the problem right now. Forgive the sins. This meant no responsibility would be held. Such great mercy was unheard of.

Prince Ren couldn’t believe it and asked again, “Just before, you gave me the death penalty...! Why are you suddenly eliminating my sin? What absurd thing are you trying to do?”

Grid’s eyes became flat.

“Why are you having a conniption when I’m giving you a break?”

Grid eventually revealed his true nature due to Prince Ren’s attitude. Lael shook his head and glanced at Bunny Bunny. This scene was meant to be edited. The quick-witted Bunny Bunny immediately nodded.

Grid spoke again, “I’ll let it go. You’re the successor to the king who I swore allegiance to. In order to maintain my loyalty to the king and to suppress chaos in the Eternal Kingdom, I will let it go, you jerk.”

“Why...? Why would you make such a decision...?”

Prince Ren was thrilled after realizing that Grid’s heart was as wide as the sea. He felt guilty.

‘Whatever the reason, I tried to destroy Duke Grid.’

The fact that he was forgiven...

Prince Ren was deeply moved as he spoke.

“I, 1st Prince Ren of the Eternal Kingdom, make this pledge. Duke Grid, sacrificing yourself to forgive this sinner for the sake of the kingdom... I will never forget this and spend the rest of my life paying it back.”

“Don’t stab me in the back.”

Grid grumbled and rose from his seat. Then the 1,000 Reidan troops and 500 surviving northern troops stood on his left and right. It was truly spectacular. He was certainly one of the top users among the two billion users.

‘Everyone starts the game on equal terms.’

However, while some people were still wrestling with orcs, Grid became the duke of a kingdom and reigned over thousands of soldiers. He was truly a great person. Bunny Bunny’s gaze was filled with envy as he looked at Grid...

‘Now I see that he is a good person.’

After using Blackening, Grid’s eyes became completely black and he turned pale. The distinct tones gave him the illusion of being handsome. He appeared very well on the screen. Still, it was no comparison to the ‘white-haired Grid version,’ which once made women around the world feel thrilled.

“Then I will leave now.”

Bunny Bunny captured Grid’s image. He had no regrets. The army withdrew from the barracks and returned to Reidan. The last thing he saw before leaving was Chucksley, who was mixed in among the royal army survivors.

Chucksley vowed.

‘A hero of the kingdom who has a wide range of skills.’

He was deeply grateful that his prince was forgiven.

‘I swear that the Lokan family will honor you and your family forever.’

It originally should be like this. Grid was the kingdom’s hero. However, Prince Ren and

Chucksley forgot this fact while they were busy being defensive, so they truly felt guilty.



“I am thankful that my life is spared, but... It’s bittersweet. Now I’m completely out of the line of succession.”

There weren’t even 1,000 royal troops left. Out of 7,000 troops, he lost more than 6,000. In addition, he lost 24 Silver Dragons, 39 knights, Ferrell, and Andu. Due to this war, the forces supporting the royal family were hit hard, so he couldn’t avoid taking responsibility. He would be pushed down the line of succession and probably disciplined.

“The blood of the royal family is more precious than any other gem. Your Highness was able to keep your life, so that’s enough. In addition, it’s a big achievement that you confirmed Duke Grid’s loyalty to the royal family.

Chucksley reassured him as much as possible. Prince Ren was grateful that he always served the royal family with a great heart.

“Let’s hurry. I have to stay by Father’s side when it is the end.”

King Wiesbaden had less than a week left to live. Prince Ren’s sin would be heavier if he wasn’t by his father’s side. Prince Ren and Chucksley hastened their pace with an impatient mind, when two men appeared in front of them.

One was Eternal’s 2nd Prince, Aslan, while the other one was covered in robes and unidentified.

“Aslan? Why are you here?”

Prince Ren was confused by his brother’s unexpected appearance.

“I was sure that Brother would be defeated. Did you really think you could defeat the legendary Duke Grid with just an army of 7,000? A legend isn’t someone who can be hurt by a soldier. The royal family doesn’t yet have the power to oppose Duke Grid.”

“...I’m sorry. I was overwhelmed by my anxiety, dealing a big blow to the royal family.”

“No. You don’t have to apologize to me. Rather, I’m thankful to Brother. Why do you think I didn’t stop you, despite foreseeing your defeat?”

Aslan was originally a reticent prince. He didn’t open his mouth easily and even when he spoke, he thought about it at least 10 times. Ren might be his brother, but he’d rarely heard Aslan’s voice in the last 30 years.

But now.

Aslan was speaking without hesitation, with a provocative expression. The contents were also disturbing. Prince Ren’s expression distorted.

“Aslan, don’t tell me that you...”

A wide smile spread on Aslan’s face.

“Did you notice? I wanted Brother to self-destruct. In that sense, the current result is a little unfortunate. It would’ve been ideal if you lost your life to Duke Grid.”

“Prince Aslan! That’s too much!”

Chucksley was someone who had sworn allegiance to the royal family itself, not to Prince Ren. He prayed for the well-being of the royal family. He didn’t want disagreements between the princes. Aslan reached out Chucksley, who was trying to calm down the mood.

“Sir Chucksley, come. I will take the life of my big brother here, and I hope that you won’t be swept away by it.”

“What...!?”

Chucksley doubted his ears. He couldn’t move easily as Aslan spoke to the robed man with him.

“Please spare Sir Chucksley, if possible. He’s the treasure of our kingdom.”

The silent robed man nodded.

“I understand.”

*Flap.*

The unidentified man threw his robe into the sky, making Prince Ren look away for a moment.

*Teong!*

The man who took off his robe suddenly approached Prince Ren.

“You!”

Chucksley hurriedly moved. He did his best to block the sword that was about to stab Prince Ren. However, the man’s swordsmanship was at a level that Chucksley couldn’t go against. It avoided Chucksley’s sword and moved across Prince Ren’s body in a diagonal line.

“Ke... heok!”

Prince Ren coughed up blood as the sword went through his armor. The hot blood quickly soaked the cold desert sand.

“Prince!!”

He had to live! Chucksley was filled with that conviction and rushed to Prince Ren. Somehow, they had to leave this place and do first aid. However, the unidentified man Aslan brought blocked Chucksley’s way.

“Who the hell are you?”

He was a great swordsman. One of the strongest swordsman on the continent. Now there was a swordsman who surpassed him? The unidentified man replied to the confused Chucksley.

“I am called the 9th knight.”

“...!”

Chucksley belatedly examined the man. The man was wearing red armor that symbolized the Red Knights.

“A single number knight!”

The strongest knights of the Saharan Empire who dominated the continent for hundreds of years. It was said that their reputation was known even on the East Continent.

But!

‘I am a great swordsman!’

If a singly number knight was the strongest knight in the empire, he was the strongest swordsman on the continent. It was normal for him to be upset.

‘Then why?’

The 9th knight shrugged at the confused Chucksley.

“A mere 100 years ago, Great Swordsman wasn’t the title for the strongest swordsman. A sword saint was the best.”

“But in the last 100 years, nobody with the qualifications to become a sword saint has emerged. A great swordsman appears once every 20 years.”

“You might’ve perceived yourself to be the strongest, but there are many talented people born with the qualities of a sword saint. If you look at it, a great swordsman is common.”

“You are also a great swordsman!”

“Indeed. But I am much closer to becoming a sword saint than you.”

*Puok!*

A strange sword with a Y-shaped end. It bounced off Chucksley’s sword and pierced Prince Ren’s heart.

“Your Highness!”

The body of Prince Ren in his arms was rapidly cooling down. Chucksley despaired as he sensed this, while Prince Aslan took care of the soldiers with the 9th knight.





Originally, 20 members of the Silver Dragons came to kidnap Irene.

They were held captive by a potato enthusiast who might be a swordsman, magician, or farmer, and thought they would be killed. However, the potato enthusiast unexpectedly gave them mercy. Rather than taking their lives, he removed the magic power detectors controlling their bodies and minds?

“There must be a reason you guys wanted to do something so bad. Anyway, now you’re free. I don’t want to defile my body and soul by killing you.”

They were orphans and then forced to become assassins. Now he gave freedom to those who had always lived in hell? The Silver Dragons were impressed. They were grateful to the potato enthusiast whose name they didn’t know. The problem was that they now had no place to go.

“We want to follow you with a sincere heart.”

“..”

It was annoying for the potato enthusiast, Bland. He didn’t need the help of these weak assassins. But they would be helpful to someone else.

“You are just a nuisance to me. However, if you want to do something, protect Duchess Irene.”

“Yes!”

The Silver Dragons moved immediately. At this time, Irene was in Lord’s room. It was the realm of Kasim, king of shadows.

“Who are you?”

“Heok!”

There was someone whose presence they couldn’t detect? Kasim examined the Silver Dragons who appeared.

“Hoh, that is Daluka’s breathing method? You guys are learning something pretty

interesting.”

Lord Steim, who would be the continent’s future.

It was the day when the foundation of the strongest assassin group, ‘Overgeared Shadows’ was set.

## CHAPTER 346

When they returned to Reidan.

The level difference between Reidan and the northern army was evident during the marching process. Reidan's soldiers weren't breathless at all, while the tired northern army was on the brink of collapse.

The northern troops had made great sacrifices in the war, so were they exhausted because of mental weakness?

No.

It was the difference in basic stats. The northern army was regarded as one of the best in the Eternal Kingdom, but it wasn't comparable to Reidan's army, who had endured the hell training by Piaro and Asmophel.

Reidan's soldiers not only had a high level, their strength and stamina also far exceeded the average. Moreover, their ability to adapt to the terrain was so high that it was difficult to see them as soldiers.

'I would like to get a copy of the soldier training method of Reidan.'

While Laden was feeling impressed with Reidan's army, Grid spoke to Asmophel in the lead.

"Asmophel, you had a hard time training the army. Thanks to your hard work, I was able to win easier in the this war."

"You're overpraising me, My Lord. In addition, the military training wasn't done solely by me."

"No, it isn't too much praise. The difference between the royal army and Reidan's army is as big as the sky and the earth. This was my chance to get to know your abilities. And Piaro? Doesn't he usually spend his days in the field? You are a hundred times better than him."

"My Lord...!"

After serving Grid, Asmophel had been in the shadows without performing well. He was afraid that he would never be seen by Grid, but this was groundless. Grid recognized his efforts and acknowledged his abilities.

Asmophel was thrilled and exclaimed, "I will work hard to achieve your goals in the future!"

"Yes, good. Continue to focus on training the army."

"...Huh?"

Asmophel's official position was head of the Overgeared Knights Division 2. In fact, this didn't mean training the soldiers. The leaders of the knights division were supposed to performance high level missions. In particular, Asmophel played a pivotal role in the Saharan Empire, the strongest nation on the continent.

'He wants me to continue the military training in the future?'

The problem was that Asmophel wasn't active.

'My Lord is still not aware of my skills.'

His position was being downgraded to a mere trainer? Grid asked the anxious and frustrated Asmophel, "By the way, how much loot did you get?"

"...The royal army dropped 933 blades, 712 spears, 250 bows, 195 shields and 141 armor pieces."

"Is that the end?"

"Yes..."

"Why?"

"Huh? That... They are all the items dropped by the royal soldiers."

"Weren't there 4,000 casualties? So shouldn't there be at least 4,000 items dropped?"

"..."

Just like monsters and users, NPCs didn't always drop items when they died. It was natural for there to be many cases of empty hands. Grid was well aware of this, but he still thought it was too low. Asmophel stayed silent and Grid asked Lauel.

"Lauel, how much money did we win? You said we could sit on a pile of money if we took the spoils? But what is this? Were my expectations too high?"

"There is a total of 2,090 normal rated level 130 equipment. 141 normal rated armor. If I calculate it at the minimum price, it is a profit of 25,000 gold... Sooner or later, you will become a building owner. Are you really going to dismiss this much money?"

"Heok?"

25,000 gold was around 30 million won. The profit earned from half a day of fighting was enormous.

"How can it be so much money?"

"Level 130 normal rated weapons are at least 10 gold, while armor is 30 gold. You can't ignore quantity. If you melt all of it and use it as material to make items, you will be able to earn a bigger profit."

"...War is a good thing."

"Indeed. If you take advantage of war, not only can you gain loot, you can also establish a logistics business. It will be very beneficial to the economy. This is why the empire has been constantly fighting for hundreds of years."

"Then should we fight every day from now on?"

"Is it that easy? Well, it is undeniable that Reidan is a territory optimized to serve as a base for war. There is a desert everywhere and monsters pop up in large quantities. We can also produce large amounts of food thanks to Piaro. It will be useful when it's time."

"Piaro..."

Grid's face distorted as he heard that name. The person who had the role of commander didn't participate in this war. It was scandalous the more he thought about it.

“Why did he go to Altes Mountain just before there was a war? He used the excuse of just training one soldier. His timing is really great.”

Piario had actually smashed the separate group led by Hurent that attacked in the rear. He even obtained 850 new farmers... No, he had secured prisoners. Piario could be said to have the best achievement in this war, but Grid didn't know this.



“Your Highness...! Your Highness!”

The cold desert night. A person of a noble lineage died without leaving a will behind.

Chucksley hugged Prince Ren's corpse and tears flowed down. Aslan's expression was benevolent as he looked at Chucksley.

“Sir Chucksley, I am reassured of your loyalty to the royal family. Now, take my hand. Serve me until the day I die.”

“...”

Chucksley didn't have any particular special feelings for Prince Ren. He equally revered all of the royal family. But at this moment, he felt hostile towards Aslan. His cruelty where he didn't blink when he murdered his brother was rejected by Chucksley.

‘He is scary!’

In addition, the value of Chucksley's existence was decreased. He felt helpless that he couldn't protect Prince Ren. Chucksley swallowed his fear, anger, and despair as he bowed to Aslan.

“...I will follow.”

This was his duty. No matter what Aslan was, Chucksley had to follow him since he served the Eternal Kingdom's royal family.

But.

‘A person blinded by the throne and borrowing the power of a foreign nation to kill his

brother, I can't really be loyal to you.'

He would just perform his duty. Chucksley's hot loyalty for the royal family cooled. However, Prince Aslan wasn't aware of his internal thoughts and was happy.

"Today is a happy day."

Prince Aslan, who was destined not to be king just because he was born two years later than Prince Ren. He had always cursed his fate. As a prince who couldn't be king, he hated his rotten life. Now his fate changed thanks to Prince Ren's stupidity.

"Now, let's go back. I will take care of my brother who was killed by Duke Grid."

February 10th, Year 406 of the Eternal Kingdom.

1st Prince Ren started his invasion of Reidan with only an army of 7,000 people.

February 17th, Year 406 of the Eternal Kingdom.

13th King Wiesbaden died and 2nd Prince Aslan became king.

February 21st, Year 406 of the Eternal Kingdom.

14th King Aslan declared at a meeting.

"Duke Grid might've killed the prince, but he isn't guilty. Prince Ren forgot about Duke Grid's merits and invaded without any justification. He was clearly wrong and Duke Grid only defended himself."

After that. Grid was able to maintain his position and lead a life that wasn't any different from before, despite being charged with killing Prince Ren. His position as one of the great lords of the Eternal Kingdom was still solid.

But this wasn't what Lauel desired.

'In my original plan, Grid's position should already be beyond the royal family's.'

He intended to take advantage of Prince Ren. However, all his plans were useless after someone killed Prince Ren. The culprit who killed Prince Ren? Lauel was convinced that it was King Aslan. But this wasn't a problem that he could bring to the surface.

There was no exact proof and no justification for it. King Aslan was showing favor towards Grid.

‘Clever.’

By acting like this, he restrained Grid from growing, while accumulating friendship with Grid. On the other hand, the king teamed up with the empire and could expand his economic and military power.

‘There was an attitude of explicit cooperation with the empire immediately after Aslan was crowned King. This proves that the imperial royal family is behind Aslan. Aslan will be able to lay his foundation thanks to the empire, while the empire can perfectly control the Eternal Kingdom. It’s a good thing for both of them.’

Aslan, he was a troublesome opponent. Rather than frowning, Lael laughed at the thought.

“Kukukuk...! King Aslan, this was good. You’re the first opponent to stimulate my passion. The folds of my brain are twitching with excitement.”

Lael held up a big hand and covered half of his small face. He leaned back on the window and lifted the transparent glass.

“I can’t wait. The master of the glass filled with bitter tears will be me.”

So...

Grid was rejoicing while Lael was immersed in this atmosphere.

“King Aslan sent another gift? Hey, he’s a nice guy. Hahaha! He is much better than the former king!”

After the war.

He acquired a lot of loot and King Aslan sent gold treasures, so Reidan became abundant. This would be the foundation on which all 1,000 of Reidan’s soldiers could arm themselves with the Mass Production Grid Set. The soldiers of Reidan were being reborn as true elites.





“Eh?”

Grid was busy making the Mass Production Grid sets with the four God Hands. He went out for a walk and to spend time with Lord, only for his eyes to widen. The cause was the large number of farmers working in the fields. It seemed to have grown by 1,000 people.

“Where did all these people come from?”

Reidan was suffering from a population problem, so how were there so many farmers? Piaro came over to the grumbling Grid and explained.

“I picked them up by chance in the Altes Mountains.”

“ ... ”

Picked up people in the mountains? It was also more than 800 people? It was a ridiculous explanation. However, Grid believed it because he had a history of bringing the Ul Clan here.

“There must be an ethnic minority living in the Altes Mountains. Very good. It is no wonder why I didn’t see you during the war.”

It was the moment when soldiers of the Eternal Kingdom were treated as a minority.

Royman had a question. She confirmed that Grid was busy with Lord in his arms and asked Piaro.

“Piaro, why didn’t you tell the duke the truth? They aren’t a minority, but people from the Eternal Kingdom like us.”

“I don’t want the workforce I obtained to be taken away into the army. This isn’t an act to deceive My Lord. Farming is a national power, so in the end, I made a choice for My Lord. I will also train them to do some military exercises.”

“I see!”

Royman witnessed Piaro’s overwhelming skills and sincerely admired Piaro.

Everything that Piaro said sounded right. Anyway, 850 farmers were added to Reidan. They worked in the fields in the morning and received military training at night. Mixed among them was Aura Master Hurent.

‘What am I doing now?’

It was very confusing and embarrassing, but he couldn’t help desiring the results of the ‘★ Hidden Quest ★ Fun and Exciting Training.’ Reidan was becoming stronger day by day.

## CHAPTER 347

The typical profit structure of BJs was through lunar balloons (goods received from viewers).

In fact, the main source of income for BJs was advertising.

Brands advertised themselves through the BJ's clothes or accessories. There were also banner ads inserted on the screen and video ads that increased sequentially according to the number of video playbacks.

A BJ's advertising revenue increased dramatically depending on the number of viewers and video plays, so the popular BJs made millions of won as monthly revenue.

The pinnacle of this was Bunny Bunny. After his splendid recovery through the 'Seven Guilds invasion of Reidan,' the average number of viewers was 150,000. The viewers were from all over the world. Once the broadcast started, there were a flurry of lunar balloons. The advertising companies also guaranteed him the best treatment.

"The new broadcast will raise my value even more."

*Tadak. Tadak. Tadak.*

Bunny Bunny sat in front of a computer for three days. He had his meals in front of a computer and reduced his sleep. He concentrated on editing the video while wearing thick glasses.

"Okay, very nice."

Bunny Bunny was very pleased with the 10 hour video that was gradually being completed.

Prince Ren marching off resolutely. A young knight struggling against the great swordsman, Chucksley. Grid appearing in a dramatic moment to overpower Prince Ren's army. The Reidan soldiers, who turned the royal army into masses of experience. In the end, Prince Ren fell to his knees before Grid. Grid showed mercy to Prince Ren and reigned over thousands of soldiers.

As a bonus, the farmer who crushed Hurent...

The war footage of the Reidan army and royal army was a blockbuster. There were plenty of spectacular and stimulating sights to make the viewers enthralled. Thanks to Bunny Bunny's great filming and editing techniques, there was nothing boring.

'In particular, the finale is the highlight.'

Grid looked down at the kneeling Prince Ren with a haughty attitude. The viewers would realize something when watching Grid say 'I will forgive your sins.' They would know that Grid was a clever person who looked to the future.

'The ones who mock Grid for only using items will be shut down.'

Bunny Bunny liked Grid's character very much. He showed a great dignity as a lord, while showing abrupt speeches and absolute force. He always appeared in dramatic moment and was suitable to be a protagonist.

'His appearance is also becoming better.'

His skeleton had been further refined by exercise. In particular, his sharp jawline was now visible. It was a subtle difference when actually looking at him, but it was different in the video. This was because elements on the screen could be changed significantly by minor factors.

'I want to get closer to Grid in the future in order to obtain more opportunities to film.'

*Ttiring~*

Bunny Bunny was putting the final touches on the editing when an email arrived. It was from Lael. Bunny Bunny narrowed his eyes as he checked the contents of the email.

"He is as thorough as rumored."

Lael had two requirements. First, pay 40% of all Grid-related proceeds to Overgeared. Secondly, delete the scene where Grid allowed Prince Ren to live.

'The profit distribution is more than twice the average...'

Still, it was something he could afford. It was worth spending this much. But why did he want to delete the last scene that would imprint Grid's charisma onto the public?

Why? Bunny Bunny worried about it for a long time before figuring out Lael's intentions.

'Wasn't Grid framed for killing Prince Ren?'

In such a situation, what if it spread that Grid released Prince Ren?

'... Some people might think that Grid stabbed Prince Ren in the back.'

It would be misunderstood that Grid let Prince Ren leave alive, only to chase and assassinate him.

'It is a situation where the person who killed Prince Ren can't be specifically pointed out. Well, the misunderstanding might be resolved if Grid tries to explain it.'

However, it was a sensitive issue, so the public might be indifferent to the clarification.

'Yes, there is no need to scratch at the surface.'

Bunny Bunny was convinced and started editing the video again.

Then two days later.

The nine hour video of the war between Grid and Prince Ren was broadcasted by Bunny Bunny. The reaction was explosive. It exceeded even Bunny Bunny's expectations.

*-Wow... That knight called Laden has excellent skills. Not giving into the enemy until the end for his lord...*

*-A Named NPC? Ordinary players like us can never meet them... ⇨*

*-Chucksley is the real thing. He's a great swordsman.*

*-Ohh! Grid!*

*-Crazy; Look at Grid;;;*

*–Wow... I never thought he could match Chucksley... He's even giving Reidan's soldiers experience while dealing with Chucksley ⇨ ⇨*

*–I can't look away.*

*–I felt it since he hit the Red Knight, but Grid has really improved his control skills.*

*–I agree. There is no comparison to the National Competition or the golem invasion.*

*–What are those golden hands? ;;*

*–What Grid ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ Does he want to be a thousand-armed person in the future?  
⇨ ⇨ ⇨ ⇨ ⇨*

*–Grid oppa has used Blackening.*

*–I prefer the white version.*

In the past, there were many people who expressed dissatisfaction towards Grid. Some even showed hostility. They couldn't acknowledged Grid, who showed poor skills and only relied on items. But now it was different.

People felt attracted to Grid. Over time, the users saw Grid growing and 'wanted to become like Grid someday.'

*–Eh?*

The enthusiastic audience watching Bunny Bunny's broadcast became quiet. It was due to Hurent, who won Prince Ren's trust and led 2,000 troops. He repeatedly said that he would repay his grudge while moving through the Altes Mountains.

*–Farmers?*

That's right. Farmers blocked their way. The viewers were disappointed.

*–What is wrong with those farmers? ≡ ≡*

*–Blocking the front of an army... Do they want to commit suicide?*

*–How poor... Pitiful.*

That was the common belief. All the viewers were worried about the lives of the farmers. But what was the real scene? 2,000 soldiers were defeated by a farmer who used a legendary wide area skill. They should be worried about Hurent.

*Puk.*

“Eek?”

*Puk.*

“Huk!”

*Puk.*

“Heeeok...!”

“...”

At present, the number of viewers for Bunny Bunny’s broadcast had reached 300,000. The first user to become a duke, Grid, and the prince of a kingdom were fighting. It was a hot topic that caused the audience interest to explode.

As hundreds of thousands of viewers watched, Hurent was defeated by a farmer. He was hit in the forehead three times by a hand plow and became a rag. It was a shocking event that would cause a wave beyond the legendary ‘5 second logout’ incident.

The world was in an uproar for a while. News related to Grid was played unceasingly in South Korea as well as the world.

<Duke Grid has the strongest soldiers!!>

<The crazy farmer of Reidan wasn’t a rumor. He actually exists.>

<Even the farmers of Reidan are strong... What is Reidan’s strength?>

“This war hasn’t revealed Duke Grid’s real power. Jishuka, Regas, Pon and the other Overgeared members didn’t participate.”

“Grid’s actual power must be several times stronger than what was shown here.”

Various media and public opinion was concentrated not just on Grid, but Grid's forces. Numerous experts rated Grid's power as two or three times what was shown. But they didn't know. Two times? Three times? How funny. After merging with the Silver Knights Guild and obtaining Yura, Grid was 10 times stronger than what he showed in the war.

Even now.

Grid's strength was increasing by leaps and bounds.

"Let's build a temple for Goddess Rebecca in Reidan."

14th Pope Damian. The first user to acquire the status of pope was trying to start his first foreign activity after stabilizing the church.



The spacious fields of Reidan.

Hurent hadn't been able to stretch his back for hours already. There was no time to breathe, thanks to Piaro's thorough supervision.

"Don't bend your knees when bowing your back."

Furthermore, Piaro had too many unnecessary requirements. Hurent was exhausted and he couldn't bear it anymore.

"Don't bend my knees when bowing my waist? Isn't that too hard? It's complete torture!"

"Hard work is the way you train your body. If it's easier, your body won't be trained and you might be hurt in the long run."

"...I see."

Hurent was confused. Wasn't he a prisoner? But he was being trained rather than treated as simple labor. In fact, the rewards for the '★Hidden Quest★ Fun and Exciting Training!' was of immense value.

"Why are you being so good to me? Do you plan to make me Grid's subordinate? It



won't work. I will never be Grid's subordinate. My goal is to make Grid kneel within four seconds.

Piario explained to Hurent.

"In one week, I will be heading into Altes Mountain to do a mass-scale land clearing. My goal is to train you as much as possible by then to make you the best labor force."

"...Dammit. I knew it. You wouldn't do this for no reason."

Hurent grumbled but followed Piario's instructions. He couldn't help it when looking at the quest reward. The moment he was immersed in the rice planting.

"It's been a long time, Brother."

A man with his face and name deeply covered by a straw hat arrived. He walked across the fields in a leisurely manner and gave a friendly greeting to Piario.

"You have grown!"

Piario was a crazy farmer who attacked people for no reason.

'I don't know who he is, but I feel sorry for him.'

Hurent shook his head. The man with the straw hat. The foolish man who greeted Piario was attacked. Piario's hand plow attacks were quick and irregular. Even an aura master couldn't match it. Hurent predicted that the man in the straw hat would have his forehead struck by a hand plow.

However, the result was different from what he expected.

*Chaaeng!*

A beautifully shining white sword easily blocked Piario's hand plow.

"Heok."

That crazy farmer's hand plow could be blocked? Hurent was astonished while Piario cried out.

“You have far exceeded my past self...!”

There were only two people who had ever made Piaro feel thrilled. Pagma’s Descendant Grid and White Swordsman Kraugel. That’s right. The identity of the man in the straw hat was the 1st ranked user, Kraugel.

“I’m stuck at the last wall blocking my ultimate goal. I’m asking for a spar with you in order to break that wall.”

The peak of two billion users and...

A unique existence who gobbled up all types of titles. He was trying to get ahead of everyone else.

And on this day.

It was the historic first meeting between Grid and Kraugel. It was a turning point for both men.

## CHAPTER 348

“I’m stuck at the last wall blocking my ultimate goal. I’m asking for a spar with you in order to break that wall.”

“Hoh, the ultimate goal you are aiming at. The goal must be...”

They were meaningful words.

Piario asked carefully, “Is it becoming a sword saint?”

Kraugel didn’t deny it.

“That’s right.”

“Haha.”

Sword Saint. It meant a saint of the sword. A person who reached the extremes of swordsmanship and received enlightenment was always the strongest in history. Muller, who managed to suppress and seal the bodies of the great demons like Hell Gao, Drasion, Morax, Astaroth, and Purpu.

After Muller, no sword saint had been born in the last 100 years. Now Kraugel was close to reaching a level that even Piario couldn’t achieve.

‘He has enough talent.’

Piario had been very amazed when he first met Kraugel. It was because Kraugel’s talent was higher than the person who was praised as the strongest swordsman on the continent. Yes, Piario had seen through him from the beginning. If there was a person who would surpass him one day, it would surely be Kraugel.

‘But.’

He felt strangely irritated after seeing Kraugel’s growth.

‘I never even saw the threshold... ’

*Duguen.*

*Duguen! Duguen!*

His heart beat wildly. The fighting spirit that had been lost since becoming a farmer was currently wriggling. This uncontrollable fighting spirit made his blood become hot like lava.

“Are you qualified?”

Was he qualified to achieve something that even Piaro, a legend, couldn’t do? Kraugel read Piaro’s feelings from his provocative question and made a serious expression.

“Please check it for yourself.”

Just as Piaro was always the strongest, Kraugel was the same. He was always aware of his position as the peak of two billion users. He didn’t consider himself inferior to others, and was filled with passion and pride. For him, Piaro was a good friend as well as a mountain that must be surpassed.

“I will apply for a spar. Do you accept?”

“Of course.”

Piario nodded. This would allow Kraugel to achieve the quest prerequisites.

[Sword Saint]

Difficulty: SSS

Win against a legend.

It was a simple and clear quest, assuming that he could meet a legend. But the degree of difficulty was high enough to be described as absurd. A person who wasn’t a legend had to win over a legend? This was indeed...

‘Interesting.’

That’s right. Rather than grumbling or being disgusted like a regular person, he felt delighted. New challenges were necessary to increase his passion. On the other hand, Hurent doubted his ears.

‘Sword saint? A sword saint! It can’t be!’

There were only one other person who was a candidate for a sword saint. Hurent stared at the man in the straw hat. He wanted to look at the skill of a sword saint candidate. He left the field and followed after Piaro and the man.



“Stab.”

“Hiyap!”

“Cut.”

“Haap!”

“Chop.”

“Huriyat~!”

The war 10 days ago had awakened Reidan’s soldiers. Reidan’s soldiers no longer wasted time complaining during the practical training. They needed strength to protect their family, home, lover, and friends!

They couldn’t be lazy because they felt the importance of it through the war. Now, even if Asmophel didn’t force them, the soldiers enthusiastically immersed themselves in training and wanted to increase its intensity.

Their grudge against Grid melted away. They felt greater loyalty than before.

He trained them in anticipation of the enemy’s invasion, showed them a great dance on the battlefield and gave them the most powerful ‘Mass Produced Grid Set,’ so the soldiers felt respect and thanks.

“How about it, young lord? These brave young men are soldiers of Duke Grid. Aren’t they really reliable?”

Asmophel asked with a confident expression. Lord sighed as he watched the soldiers’ training from within Ruby’s arms.

“Abu... Bububu.”

“...?”

Asmophel was stunned. Lord’s attitude and disgruntled expression seemed like he was saying, ‘The level of the soldiers is poor.’

‘What?’

The young lord could understand his words and answered them? Furthermore, he could see the strength of the trained soldiers? No, how could a baby sigh in the first place?

‘... Was I dreaming for a moment?’

Asmophel wasn’t convinced and felt confused in many ways. Ruby smiled at him.

“It hasn’t even been a month since my nephew was born. How can he understand your words? Don’t pay attention to the baby’s reactions.”

“...Yes.”

Yes, he was interpreting it in the wrong way. Asmophel nodded at Ruby’s words, while Lord pointed elsewhere with his fingers. It was the direction of the magic tower.

“Oh my, does this mean you want to see where the magicians are?”

Ruby asked and Lord nodded. Asmophel saw him and was terrified.

‘You really are aware of our words!’

He heard that Lord was a genius, but he thought it was exaggerated. Now it turned out that the rumor actually downplayed it.

‘Being able to communicate with adults less than a month after being born... There is no doubt that he will be an outstanding scholar or magician in the future.’

It was understandable that he should think so. Lord didn’t respond to the strong soldiers of Reidan because he didn’t have the knowledge.

‘He was born with intelligence, not the eyes to see martial arts.’

The moment Asmophel thought this.

“I want to use this place, so can you ask the soldiers to leave?”

Piario, a long-time friend and commander of Reidan, visited and asked for help. He was supposed to be doing field work at this time, so Asmophel questioned him.

“What will you be doing?”

Piario pointed to the man in the straw hat who came with him.

“I am going to spar with this friend.”

“Hoh.”

Asmophel detected Kraugel’s strength with one glance and expressed interest.

‘He’s difficult to measure.’

It was the first time he had seen this since Piario. Asmophel checked the schedule and ordered the soldiers.

“Go around the desert once.”

The desert around Reidan was vast, but Asmophel spoke it easily. Frankly, it was a tall order. Yet the soldiers replied enthusiastically.

“Yes!”

They would run until they died. This was the current attitude of the Reidan soldiers. The soldiers got ready and left the training grounds at noon.

Then the huge training grounds that could accommodate thousands of people only contained Piaro, Kraugel, Asmophel, Ruby, and Lord. There was a total of six people if Hurent was included.

He thought he had gone unnoticed, but Hurent had been caught from the beginning. Asmophel approached him as he watched from behind a huge tree.

“Outsiders aren’t allowed in this place.”

“Heok?”

Hurent was startled. He hid himself as much as possible using aura, but he was still found in an instant? This person called Asmophel, he definitely had great skills like Piaro.

‘Where did Grid collect all these monsters?’

Hurent was a famous ranker, but he didn’t have much experience with named NPCs. Acquiring named NPCs as subordinates? He never even imagined it. Named NPCs had a strong influence on Satisfy’s world and each one had a distinct personality, making it hard to become friends with them.

Hurent was admiring Grid when Asmophel urged him.

“Aren’t you going to leave?”

“Hrmm.”

Hurent didn’t want to step back. He wanted to peek at the skills of the man in the straw hat.

“Can’t I just watch a little bit?”

Asmophel glanced coldly at Hurent.

“Why should I do such a favor for an outsider?”

He disliked repeating the same words. Hurent shrank back at his pressure. A heat spread through his body.



‘When did I become an aura master?’

After being defeated by Grid in the 1st National Competition in five seconds, he hunted and trained repeatedly, raising his aura to the unique rating. He believed he was the strongest. He was sure he could beat the famous Kraugel and Agnus. His confidence soared into the sky.

However, his confidence crashed down after he met Piaro. A legendary farmer had oppressed him with three blows from a hand plow, so he had to question his own abilities.

Therefore.

“I will back off...”

Hurent decided to retreat. This was the first time in his life that he had acted as a mild sheep. Hurent swallowed down his shame and left the training ground. He couldn’t help wondering. He had always reigned as the strongest except for the 5 second event, so why was he so weak here?

This Reidan, it was extraordinary. It felt like Alice in Wonderland.



Saintess Ruby.

Grid’s sister and a high school student. Her goal was to aim for a prestigious university, so there was little time to play the game. She played for 30 minutes a day. That’s why her level was still low, despite changing to a hidden class alongside Yerim. She was a real light user.

But she had changed recently. It was since Lord was born. He might be a child in the game, but he was her cute and pretty nephew. Ruby looked at Lord and became fascinated by him. She recently spent more than an hour a day connecting to Satisfy and spending time with Lord.

It was the same today. She was enjoying a peaceful time while holding Lord in her arms. Lord was very happy to spend time with his beautiful aunt. He enjoyed his aunt’s soft and nice scent. But there was a limit for babies.

“Hrmm.”

Lord started to yawn. It was the signal that it was nap time.

“I must go back now.”

It was time to return to reality. It happened when Ruby was about to leave the training ground and log out.

*Chaaeng!*

Kraugel and Piaro clashed with each other.

“Abu?”

The sleepiness suddenly fled from Lord’s eyes.

“Abu! Abuuuu!”

Lord shouted excitedly, waving his short arms. His blue eyes shone as he watched the confrontation between Kraugel and Piaro. Asmophel was astonished when he saw it.

‘The young lord...!’

He didn’t see Reidan’s soldiers as ‘poor’ because he didn’t have the ability to see martial arts.

‘It is because his vision was too high!’

The man in the straw hat wielded his sword at Piaro. And the legendary Piaro. The two people caught Lord’s interest. Asmophel trembled. It was difficult for him to figure out what Lord’s character would grow into later on.

“Abuoo-!”

Lord was touched by the confrontation between the two people and gradually grew. The child could instinctively feel it. The fact that one of his future seven mentors was in front of him.

## CHAPTER 349

Four months ago in Satisfy time.

Kraugel had spent one month with Piaro. He watched Piaro's every move and they sparred together 30 times. He personally witnessed when Piaro became a legendary farmer. Thus, Kraugel knew Piaro's strength better than anyone.

'The basic level difference is huge.'

At the time of separation, Piaro was level 380. This wasn't mere speculation. It was calculated using all types of indicators, so Kraugel was convinced that it was accurate. He trusted his understanding of the game.

'And now.'

Kraugel calculated that Piaro should be level 385~386. It was the conclusion he came to after studying the experience values required to level up and the growth rate of named NPCs. On the other hand, what was Kraugel's level?

326.

'There are 60 levels between us.'

It meant he dealt 30% less damage and would receive 30% more damage. It was a big penalty, considering there was such a big difference in the basic stats of normal classes and legendary classes. But Kraugel didn't shrink back.

'The odds are good enough.'

Kraugel had maintained the 1st ranking since Satisfy opened. He was the first in all types of fields, gobbling up achievements and titles. This could cover the gap in level and class.

'Also.'

Piario's farming technique was based on the sword. Plow, sickle, hand plow, flail etc. It was unusual since farming equipment were used as weapons, but it was still in the

form of swordsmanship.

‘It is ideal to use swordsmanship with a sword.’

Using swordsmanship with farming equipment? It was meaningless and the only fatal weakness of the ‘farmer’ Piaro. This was the decisive reason why Kraugel thought he had a chance of winning.

‘I only have to be careful of the instant kill skill.’

It was Fated to Perish, which logged Zibal out in a single blow.

‘I can’t allow him to use it.’

The recent broadcast of ‘Polishing’ had caused a stir, but Kraugel felt more appreciation for ‘Fated to Perish.’

*Clink.*

Kraugel took out White Fang. It was the legendary sword that he acquired from one of the great demons Drasion, who was defeated by Sword Saint Muller.

“Can you give me a chance to attack first?”

In a duel, attacking first was important. It was a means of ensuring a definite advantage for a short time. That’s right. Now Kraugel was asking Piaro to concede something. He weighed up all the penalties and decided that this advantage wasn’t too much to ask for.

Of course, Piaro should reject. But who was Piaro? He was a person who had always been called the strongest. He showed off a confident figure.

“I’ll accept.”

It was as Kraugel expected. Piaro gave Kraugel a chance to win and Kraugel had no intention of missing it.

‘The opponent is a legend. The difference in stamina is overwhelming, so it will become disadvantageous to me in the long run. I have to finish it quickly.’

*Pahat!*

It was a time when the sun was shining overhead. Under intense sunlight or moonlight, this footwork gave off a stealth function around Kraugel's body. White Light Steps. In the past, Piaro hadn't been able to see through Kraugel's stealth.

But now he was different. He was quick to respond to Kraugel's movements, blocking White Fang that aimed for his left side.

*Chaaeng!*

'Indeed, the gap in level is too big.'

The stealth was useless. If he couldn't lean on White Light Steps, his odds would fall by 1%.

'It is still within the permitted range.'

Kraugel was still calm. He wasn't shaken even when faced with the worst situation. It was the attitude of someone at the top. On the other hand, Piaro blocked White Fang with a hand plow in his left hand and wielded a sickle with his right hand.

It was a diagonal attack. It was fast enough to exceed Kraugel's predicted range.

'What?'

How could Piaro's agility be far beyond the assumed level? Kraugel was surprised, but he responded without making a mistake.

*Chaaeng! Chaeng!*

*Chaaeng!*

In a 0.1 second gap, Kraugel avoided Piaro's strike and counterattacked. He didn't need to go through a process of decision making to respond. He used his experience and reflexes developed from countless battles. Of course, the help of 'Keen Senses' was also great.

*Chaaeng!*

“Kuk!”

Kraugel let out a groan. He blocked the hand plow and sickle with White Fang, but was baffled by the strength behind them. A normal person would've felt sure of their defeat the moment they felt this gap in strength. But Kraugel saw an opportunity in the crisis.

“Tearing the Sky.”

*Kwajak! Kwajajak!*

One of the ultimate skills of a White Swordsman was revealed. A beast's claws clashed with Piaro's equipment.

*Chaaeng!*

There was a slight crack in the hand plow and sickle as blood flowed from Piaro's chest.

“The equipment that My Lord made...!”

Piario was startled. He couldn't help being surprised that the farming equipment made by a legendary blacksmith was damaged by the blow. However, Kraugel was even more surprised.

“There wasn't a lot of damage?”

The damage formula for Tearing the Sky was difficult to calculate because it was utilized as a counterattack and the orbit was limited, while also taking into account the user's attack power + attack power of the enemy.

Kraugel had predicted that Piario would receive at least 40,000 damage. However, the damage was only 7,000, making Kraugel realize.

‘Piario must be over level 400.’

This was bad. The level difference was too large for the damage formula to be properly applied. The fourth stats awakening was a wall that couldn't be overcome by the effects of different titles.

‘How? How did Brother grow so quickly?’

Kraugel didn't know it, but this was all due to Chris, other high level players, and Grid. Kraugel didn't know that Piaro was constantly turning high level rankers who visited Reidan into farmers and training them, as well as achieving rapid growth through his spar with Grid.

It was a pity.

*Swaeek!*

Kraugel was hit by a flail while trying to regain his composure. His eyes widened as he was about to read the orbit.

'It isn't swordsmanship?'

Piaro had changed from swordsmanship to farming techniques. It was an entirely new form. It was the moment when the strength of 'Sword Saint Candidate' Kraugel to see through numerous swordsmanship techniques was neutralized.

*Peeeeek!*

"Ugh!"

Kraugel wasn't able to react and was hit hard, causing his shoulders to shake. The right arm holding White Fang fell into a paralysis state. Piaro read this and thought.

'Counterattacking is impossible.'

Kraugel would absolutely take an evasive action. It was likely to be the footwork called White Light Steps. Piaro determined this and swung the flail.

*Suuk.*

Far from Kraugel avoiding it, he clung to Piaro. It was an approach that applied a footwork different to the White Light Steps. Kraugel used brilliant footwork to come close, making it difficult for Piaro to attack.

It was the precursor of 'Hwimori.'

*Peok! Pepeok!*

*Pepepepeok!*

Kraugel was able to reach the East Continent with the help of the sage, Sticks. Before he changed to a white swordsman, he explored the place that imitated the culture of the east and reproduced the fast and odd footwork of someone he met. Piaro felt like he was possessed by a ghost as he was kicked.

But.

“It’s just a tickle!”

Piaro had been hit by Tearing the Sky, so the kick couldn’t do much damage to him. Piaro accepted all of Kraugel’s kicks, but he was fine. He pushed Kraugel with his shoulder, withdrew the flail that stretched forward, while at the same time, taking out a plow with his other hand.

“Free Farming 4th Style, Plowing the Field.”

*Sururuk.*

Kraugel stumbled and the ground around him was cleared in an instant. Piaro was about to sow seeds when he stopped. It was due to the storm caused by Hwimori.

*Puk. Puk puk!*

*Puuooooook!*

The kicks were fast and light, but were weak. Piaro’s body seemed to be affected by the technique.

“Cough!”

Piaro coughed out black blood. At this point, Kraugel overcame the paralysis in his right hand.

“Storm Sword.”

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

The light blade tore Piaro’s old clothes to shreds. Piaro’s health gauge was decreasing



little by little as he allowed successive attacks. However, he wasn't upset at all. Rather, his momentum increased.

“Fun!!!!”

Kraugel had a different type of power from Grid. It was the first time in ages that an opponent made Piaro so excited. The excited Piaro dug at a vein of water.

*Peeng!*

A pillar of water shot up and crashed into Kraugel's body. Piaro linked Sowing and Rapid Growth together.

*Kwarururung!*

‘Legendary skills...!’

Kraugel paled as he witnessed the thorns growing rapidly in the field. He escaped through the air with White Light Steps and restored the posture of White Fang. It was the manifestation of ‘Meteor Sword.’

*Kwa kwa kwa kwang!*

The whole area was scorched. The meteor blades that fell from Kraugel's sword went through the thorny vines. At the center of the field, Kraugel's White Fang and Piaro's hand plow collided head on.

‘Blocking Meteor Sword...!’

Even the composed Kraugel couldn't stay calm. He launched a nervous onslaught, causing a thunderous sound to ring out every time it was stopped by Piaro's farming equipment. Piaro was amazed.

‘He has already penetrated through my farming techniques!’

Kraugel's vision surpassed Piaro's. Kraugel subsequently crushed the seven farming tools used by Piaro, increasing the number of wounds on Piaro's body. It was based on pure control ability and battle senses.

But his level was a problem.

Piario still had more than two-thirds of his health left despite allowing successive attacks, while Kraugel avoided most attacks but his health fell to less than half. His movements were relatively high compared to Piario, so he was consuming stamina quickly.

‘White Light Sword isn’t a match.’

After blinding the opponent, he could link his top skills. But Piario was a legend and immune to status conditions. It meant that the opponent was someone he couldn’t unleash 100% of the white swordsman’s power against.

‘No, those are all excuses.’

He had encountered numerous opponents immune to CC and he had beaten them all. He always overcame his lacking areas with his control. However, his skills weren’t prevailing against Piario.

The moment that Kraugel thought this.

“I guess I should use all my power.”

Piario barely escaped from a nasty wound, spoke meaningful words and used Natural State. At the same time, his amplified stats overturned the situation. Now Kraugel was the one allowing attacks.

Piario’s speed and power, enhanced by Natural State, started to overwhelm Kraugel. Most of his health was lost in an instant, causing Kraugel’s eyes to flash.

“Super Sensitivity.”

[Super Sensitivity has been used.]

[100% of your mana has been consumed.]

[For the next six seconds, all senses transcend cognition.]

[Agility is increased by 20% and you can 100% predict the behavior of all objects within 10 meters.]

[This will be exhausted in six seconds.]

Kraugel's strength wasn't due to skills or title effects. Kraugel himself had natural abilities. The moment Super Sensitivity was used, Kraugel was reborn.

*Seokeok!*

It was enough to overcome Piaro's enhanced speed and deal a deadly blow.

'What?'

This was an unfamiliar experience to Piaro. Was it because he received a deadly wound? No, this wasn't something new. Piaro was always injured when he fought. The problem was his instincts. His instincts were shouting that it was dangerous. It warned him not to confront Kraugel.

'Does it want me to run away?'

Piaro's fighting spirit peaked. The moment he lost his dignity as the strongest person, he showed a technique that he didn't use against Grid.

"Free Farming Peak Style!"

'This!'

Kraugel entered the transcendent realm thanks to Super Sensitivity. He tried to escape the moment Piaro spoke with a serious look on his face. It was because he perceived the danger that couldn't be resisted. However, it was already too late.

"Pounding Mortar!"

*Kuwaaaaaang!*

It was a disaster. Something fell from the sky and dug into the ground, like a mortar. At the same time, Reidan shook. It was like a great earthquake.

## CHAPTER 350

“Pounding Mortar!”

The moment that Piaro took out his peak technique.

*Kurururu!*

A tremendous sound was heard from the ground. Thunder? No. It was a more threatening and artificial feeling.

*Kuoooooh!*

The larger the shadow cast became, the heavier the atmosphere.

*Jjirak. Jjirak.*

Kraugel’s body was filled with an instinctive fear.

‘Unbelievable.’

Kraugel stood on turbulent ground. He looked up at the sky and faced a disaster. It was as big as a house. It was falling down at a fast speed.

*Kuwaaaaaah!*

“...!”

Kraugel couldn’t even scream. The enormous mortar caused infinite suffering and fear as the mind and body crumbled. It was a pressure that could kill someone.



[You have been hit by a lethal blow!]

[The durability of the Plain Straw Hat (Normal) has been completely lost and is permanently destroyed.]

[The durability of the White Clouds Clothing (Unique) has decreased by 128.]

[The durability of the White Clouds Footwear (Unique) has decreased by 150.]

[The durability of the White Clouds Gloves (Unique) has decreased by 163. There is a risk of damage.]

[The durability of the White Fang (Legendary) has decreased by 61.]

[You won't die in sparring mode. Your health has fallen to a minimum, so sparring mode is finished!]

The mortar that was the size of a house. It disappeared like a 'mirage' after it crushed Kraugel.

“ ... ”

There were no more clouds in the sky. This was the aftermath of being torn by the force of Pounding Mortar. Kraugel was at a loss for words and belatedly realized.

'I lost.'

Did he lose because Piaro was over level 400? It was nonsense. A level difference in the game was due to the difference in skills. It meant his growth process lagged behind.

'I completely lost.'

What if they fought again?

'It will still be the same.'

The current Piaro was different from the past. He was a legend who completely overcame his immaturity after just becoming a farmer and relied on swordsmanship.

'He is a wall that can't be overcome.'

Did Kraugel's heart sink down after realizing this? No.

‘... I can’t overcome him yet.’

People praised Kraugel as a genius. He overcame trials and adversity, believing in this talent alone. Of course, that was a big mistake.

‘One day, I will go beyond him.’

Were there any geniuses who had it easy? Unlike what other people thought, Kraugel was accustomed to defeat and failure. He always faced challenges, because he was always challenging difficult situations. But he didn’t give up. By working hard and overcoming the trials, he trained and raised himself. He would continue doing so in the future.

“Kuk... Kukukuk.”

The straw hat’s destruction exposed the black-haired man with a wounded face.

[Kraugel]

The world’s most prominent name burst out laughing as he laid on the ground.

“Kuhahahahat!”

It was a cool laughing sound that made the listeners happy. He was delighted by the spar that allowed him to realize his own shortcomings.



Ruby and Lord were present at the outskirts of the training grounds where Piaro and Kraugel were sparring. Nevertheless, what was the reason why Piaro was able to use his peak technique? It was because he trusted Asmophel.

*Kuuuuuuong!*

The moment the large mortar slammed against Kraugel and the training ground.

“Hup!”

Asmophel protected Ruby and Lord. He held the two people in their arms to protect them from the earthquake, creating a barrier from the sand storm. There was a wave

of energy.

“T-Thank you.”

“Abuuuu!”

Ruby expressed her gratitude while Lord cried out loudly.

“This world might perish, but I will protect both of you.”

Asmophel asserted. His loyalty moved Ruby’s heart. On the other hand, Lord showed no interest in Asmophel.

“Abu! Abuuuu!”

How could a baby be so strong? After forcefully pushing Ruby away, Lord fell to the ground and started to move towards the center of the training ground. The crawling speed made it hard to believe he was a newborn baby.

“Pant... Pant... Umm?”

Piario was tired from the aftermath of using Pounding Mortar. He was thrilled when he found the approaching Lord.

“Young Lord...! Do you recognize my skills?”

Piario had a discerning eye. He had glimpsed Lord’s genius early on. He wanted to propose a lifetime of doing field work together, so he coveted Lord’s talent.

‘As expected of the young lord.’

He understood Piario’s strength through this duel. He wanted Piario to serve as a mentor and they would work together in the fields! The young Lord would be his best disciple.

‘No, I’m still not good enough!’

The moment that Piario was full of expectations. The crawling Lord reached Piario. Then he just passed by Piario.

“...”

*Hwiing~*

The wind blew. Piaro was ashamed.

“This baby...?”

The depressed ground that was hit by the mortar. Kraugel found the baby crawling towards him and was disconcerted. It was so unrealistic that he couldn’t say anything to Lord.

“Abu! Abuuuu! Bubu!”

“...?”

Kraugel couldn’t understand the language of a newborn baby. But he dimly understood the meaning. The blue eyes staring at him. There was clearly envy in the eyes that shone as bright as jewels.



[Thunder Bow]

Rating: Unique

Durability: 366/490

Attack Power: 370~601

\* Arrows can’t be loaded.

\* 100 mana will be consumed per attack.

\* The skill ‘Penetrating Flash’ will be generated.

\* 10% increase in firing speed.

A heirloom of the Bon family in the Eternal Kingdom.



A bow made from a mixture of magic stones and ure stones, it consumed the user's mana every time the bowstring is pulled to create a light arrow.

If a common arrow is loaded, it won't be able to withstand the lightning and will become ashes.

User Restriction: Level 300 or higher. More than 2,000 agility. Advanced Bow Mastery level 5 or higher.

This was the bow dropped by the best archer in the Eternal Kingdom, Ferrell. It was something that many archers would covet. However, Grid didn't appreciate the Thunder Bow's performance.

'How many archers will have such high mana?'

Consuming 100 mana just to shoot one arrow? Even Jishuka, an expert archer, wouldn't be able to fire more than 40 rounds. Its endurance was poor.

'The attack power is twice as high as similar bows.'

In the first place, the attack power of the bow itself wasn't important.

'The attack power of the arrow is more important.'

Yet arrows couldn't be loaded? Could this really be called a bow?

"Trash."

Grid came to this conclusion and dismantled the Thunder Bow. He didn't hesitate at all. The reason why Grid coveted this bow from the beginning was the 'ure stone.'

"Then I'm starting."

Grid approached the blast furnace. The four God Hands kept the furnace temperature high. Their ability to control the bellows was at the level of advanced blacksmiths.

"This should be enough."

Grid confirmed the temperature and threw the disassembled Thunder Bow into it. It was to dissolve the rush, debris and other foreign matter through smelting in order to extract pure ure stones.

After a while.

[You have succeeded in refining the mineral!]

[3 pieces of ure stone has been acquired.]

*Ttiring~*

[Ure Stone]

A mineral that is produced only when the great demon Astaroth is present in the human world.

The lightning attribute could be given to an item and it is also good to feed to demonic beasts.

The demonic beast will be very pleased when fed.

Weight: 5

“The concept of the mineral is similar to the fire stones that show up when Hell Gao appears... Eh?”

Grid was immersed in reading the item explanation and suddenly made an absurd expression.

“Feed it to a demonic beast?”

Was he crazy?

“What type of crazy person would feed these precious minerals to a demonic beast?”

It was a really useless function. He had no intention of feeding this to Noe. Grid put the three ure stones in his inventory. He was planning to use it as a mineral when creating new items.

At that moment.

*Kuuong!*

The large smithy that contained 100 blacksmiths shook greatly. Everything on display on one side of the smith fell to the ground, and the flames in dozens of furnaces shot upwards. The minerals were burned and lost their value.

“E-Earthquake?”

“What are you doing? Go and grab the minerals!”

The smithy instantly became a mess. An earthquake in the middle of a desert city? The blacksmiths were unfamiliar with natural disasters but they showed professionalism, gathering the minerals and turning off the fire.

On the other hand, Grid was angry.

‘It isn’t an earthquake.’

His high insight let him know. The previous shook was due to the aftermath of battle.

“Khan, please deal with the situation here.”

It was good to have someone to trust. Grid entrusted the smithy to Khan and left.



Kraugel recovered his stamina to a certain extent.

“Brother, you truly are great. I was able to learn many things. I’m not lying when I say that I admire you.”

“ .. ”

Piario always wanted to be the strongest. It was the destiny of the strongest to be connected with strong people. But there was something that couldn't be helped. Kraugel's talents were beyond prediction, so Piario had to be prepared.

“Really? Someday you will surpass me.”

He had learned this from the young Lord. The young Lord had gone to Kruagel. The young Lord felt that today's winner was Piario, but it would be different in the future. Kraugel asked the jealous Piario.

“By the way, what is with this child?”

At first glance, this baby wasn't ordinary. It wasn't Piario who answered the puzzled Kraugel.

“My son.”

A heavy voice resonated through the training ground.

“I greet My Lord!”

Piario, the absolutely strongest man who could look down at the whole world, and the best knight Asmophel, bowed down. It was shocking for Kraugel.

*Step, step.*

“Abu! Abuuuu!”

Lord smiled brightly. The owner of the voice, Grid, smiled at Kraugel.

“What is the 1st ranked user doing in my land?”

Grid was showing obvious hostility. It was natural. He didn't feel good because he witnessed a person he didn't know laughing with his family and friends. Wasn't he also the culprit because the destruction of the training ground?

“ .. ”

Kraugel couldn't open his mouth. Piaro spoke on his behalf.

"My Lord, this person is called Kraugel. He is a brother that I have a close friendship with."

'Brother... '

Kraugel's heart warmed. He was touched that Piaro tried to defend him. But this impression didn't last long. Piaro wasn't 'defending' but 'reporting.' Brothers? That was important, but his loyalty came first.

"After not meeting for a long time, he applied for a spar and I accepted, resulting in the training ground being like this. I will dispose of him according to My Lord's decision."

"..."



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